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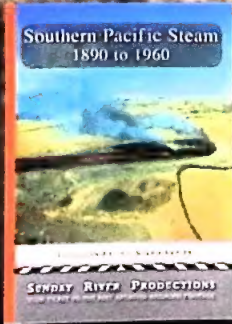
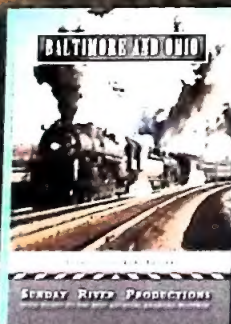
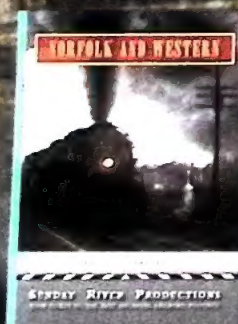
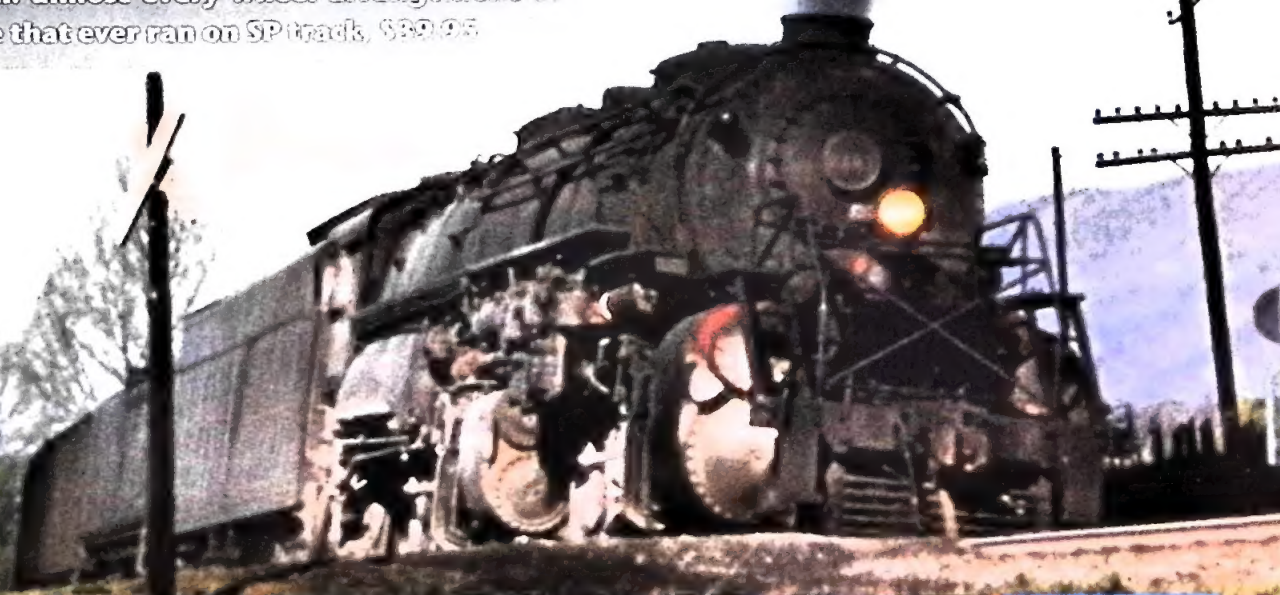
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 Contributing Illustrator Bill Metzger
 Librarian Thomas E. Hoffmann
 Publisher Kevin P. Keefe

Editorial

Phone: (262) 796-8776
 E-mail: editor@classictrainsmag.com
 Fax: (262) 798-6468
 P.O. Box 1612
 Waukesha, WI 53187-1612

Display Advertising sales

Phone: (888) 558-1544, ext. 625
 E-mail: adsales@classictrainsmag.com
 Fax: (262) 796-0126

Customer service

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Editor's Page

Steam's golden anniversary

Five decades ago, the year 1960 began with scores of steam locomotives engaged in routine work on the major railroads of the United States and Canada. Not *all* the majors, of course, just the handful on which pockets of steam had survived the dieselization wave of the 1950s. By the time 1961 rolled in, the biggest of these holdouts had succumbed, bringing the steam era to an end after 130 years.

To mark this "50 Years Since Steam" anniversary, we devote this special expanded issue to the major carriers on which regular, everyday steam lasted the longest. By "major," we mean U.S. Class 1 railroads and the two big Canadian systems. Although the end came in 1960, we also include roads that used steam into 1959 and 1958. Because 1957 was the last big year of steam-to-diesel conversions, the 15 roads remaining after that constitute a select group, each of which is the subject of an article. Some of the articles focus on the last days or weeks of steam on a carrier; others deal with steam operations as much as 3 years before the end. If you don't find your favorite road in these pages, it's because it dieselized before '58 or was not a Class 1.

The end-of-steam boundary was not always sharp. There were six Class 1's that dieselized before 1958 but still kept an engine or two for some specialized, albeit routine, duty. Our term around the office for these roads—"The Asterisks"—became the title of our story about them [pages 97-99]. The Rio Grande's narrow-gauge lines remained steam-powered well past 1960; this unique aspect of the Class 1 steam story is covered in "Classics Today" [pages 72-73]. A few roads retained engines for excursion duty, but that's beyond the scope of this salute to the end of everyday operations.

An important resource we used in compiling this issue was *American Steam Finale, 1954-1970*, by the late Lloyd E. Stagner. Published in 2001 by South Platte Press, this book is still available. Stagner authored innumerable books and articles about steam locomotives before he died in 2008, but *American Steam Finale* may be his most valuable work. Thanks, Lloyd.

Thanks also to you, our readers, for you are responsible for another anniversary: CLASSIC TRAINS' 10th. It's your passion for the great, fondly remembered years of 20th century railroading that have made the magazine possible since its first issue in Spring 2000.

Robert S. McGonigal



J. Parker Lamb

Illinois Central 4-8-2 2527 is in its final weeks of service as it steams south from Centralia, Ill., in January 1960—50 years ago.

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Spring 2010 • Volume 11 Number 1



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Last big steam citadel: N&W 0-8-0 261 switches in Roanoke, Va., in 1957, for two visiting teenagers from New Jersey.



- 22** *Canadian Pacific Last Day of Steam on a CPR Mixed* • David Plowden
An era draws to a close on March 29, 1960, in the chilly North Woods of Maine
- 32** *Baltimore & Ohio Glimpses at Garrett* • J. David Ingles
Born too late: Witnessing Class 1 steam was a consequence of geography and age
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- 46** *Nickel Plate Curtain Call at Conneaut* • Norm Herbert
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California's last big steam show took place on the San Francisco Peninsula
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A 1956 Illinois interlude in this town was with the CB&Q, not the IC
- 58** *Norfolk & Western Roanoke Remembered* • Roger Cook and Karl Zimmermann
Two boys from New Jersey ride a Pullman to the last great citadel of steam
- 68** *Northern Pacific Northtown Memories* • David A. Nealy
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- 72** *Rio Grande Slim Gauge, Long Careers* • Robert S. McGonigal
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- 74** *Union Pacific Snowy Show on Sherman Hill* • Frank Barry
A college sophomore gets caught in a blizzard in his quest to photograph UP's Big Boys
- 82** *Grand Trunk Western Ride of a Lifetime* • Charles Chauncey Wells
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- 86** *Colorado & Southern The Jim Ehernberger Special* • James L. Ehernberger
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- 92** *Canadian National Three Days in December* • James A. Brown
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- 97** *PRR, T&P, C&NW, RDG, SAL, C&O The Asterisks**
*On a half-dozen otherwise dieselized railroads, specialized steam hung on after 1957

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On the cover: Canadian Pacific 2-8-2 5107 is about to leave the servicing area at Megantic, Quebec, on March 29, 1960, to end an era on the mixed train they called "the Scoot." (see page 22). *David Plowden photo.*



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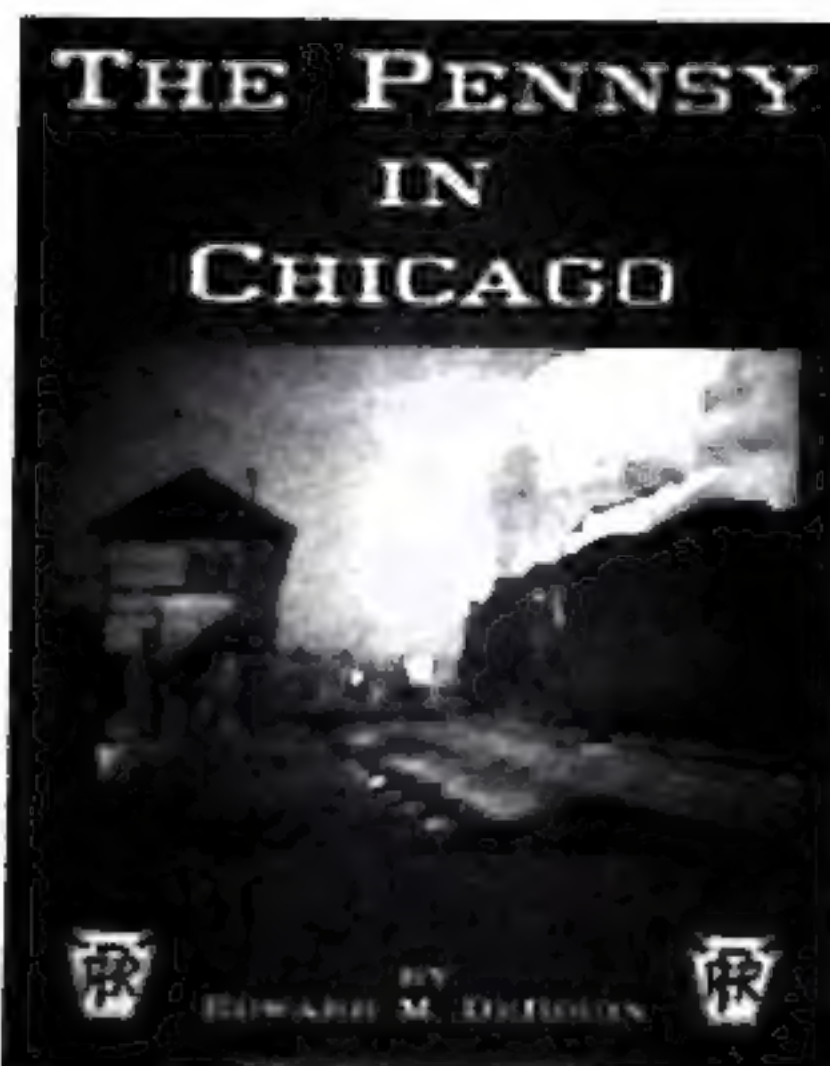
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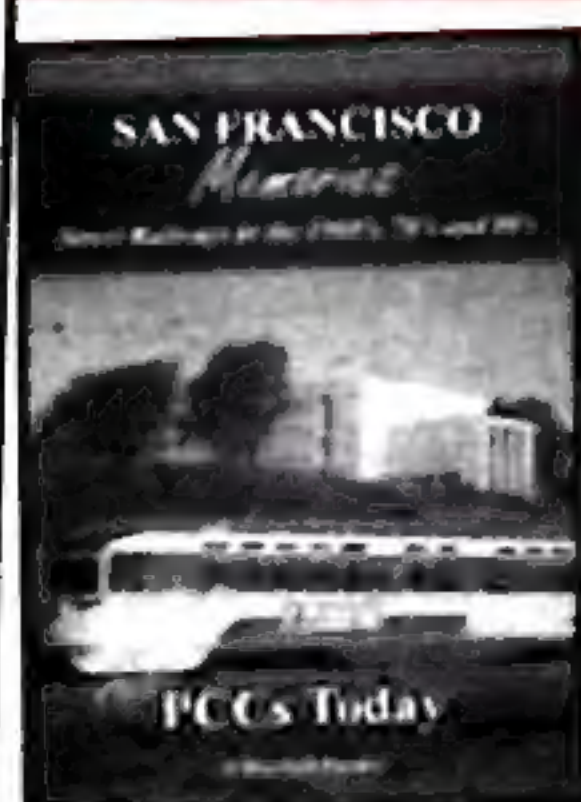
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Contributors

ROBERT C. ANDERSON ["Swan Song on the Range," pages 40-45] received a degree in mineral processing from Michigan Tech in Houghton in 1966, and worked in the iron-ore pelletizing industry in Michigan and Minnesota until 1999. Bob and his wife Judy split their retirement time between Minnesota, where their kids live, and Ocala, Fla., where Bob says "rail photo opportunities are few" compared with the Midwest. This is Bob's second CLASSIC TRAINS byline, after "Copper Range Remembered" in Winter 2003.

FRANK BARRY ["Snowy Show on Sherman Hill," pages 74-81] began photographing trains in 1946 at age 9. In 1959 he began a 40-year community development career with a volunteer stint in Mexico, where he worked for several years. He lived near active steam lines until 1967, when he began graduate study at Cornell University. He's retired after 28 years of extension work at Cornell and still lives near Ithaca, N.Y. Frank has photographed active steam in 20 countries, and his photos and articles have appeared in more than 50 publications. This is his third contribution to CLASSIC TRAINS, following pieces on the Rio Grande narrow-gauge [Winter 2005] and Canadian steam [Spring '07].

JAMES A. BROWN ["Three Days in December," pages 92-95] had a 41-year career with CPR, CNR, and GO Transit. He admires the industry's ability to reinvent itself in a changing world. But he laments the passing of railroading by rulebook, timetable, and standard time, when trains somehow had more relevance than they do now, and much was accomplished by skilled railwaymen working in a delightful, relatively low-tech environment. Now retired, Jim lives in a former CPR station in Tottenham, Ontario. This is his second CLASSIC TRAINS byline, following his piece on CNR's Big Shop at Stratford in our Summer 2004 issue.

ROGER COOK and KARL ZIMMERMANN ["Roanoke Remembered," pages 58-67], lifelong friends who once again live across the street from each other in their boyhood homes in Oradell, N.J., are coauthors of two books, *The Western Maryland Railway: Fireballs and Black Diamonds* and *Magnetic North: Canadian Steam in Twilight*. Roger's photos have appeared in numerous other books and articles, including several written by Karl, such as "Port Jervis: A Place to Watch Trains" [Summer 2000, CT's second issue]. Karl's 13 previous bylines with us are among his hundreds of articles in numerous publications. Roger (left)



and Karl posed on the pilot beam of N&W class A No. 1238 at Shaffers Crossing in Roanoke.

TOM DILL ["SP's Fleet by the Bay," pages 48-53] has been fascinated by trains since childhood. In 1967 he hired out in engine service on SP's Coast Division. He moved to the Oregon Division in 1970, was promoted to engineer in '74, and worked, for SP and UP, on virtually every mile of SP track in Oregon before his recent retirement. Tom has authored or coauthored several books on SP topics, including a forthcoming work on the Peninsula commutes. This is his third CT byline.

JIM EHERNBEGER ["The Jim Ehernberger Special," pages 86-91], an Omaha native who moved to Cheyenne as a teen in 1950 and still lives there, retired in 1988 after 34 years with the UP. Interested in trains from childhood, Jim rode his first fan trip, on May 17, 1953, from Borie, Wyo., to Laramie on a Rocky Mountain Railroad Club special behind 4-6-6-4 3967. He met Dick Kindig, Otto Perry, and others, and soon made a deal with a UP employee friend to buy a Graflex camera, providing he got a rail job to pay for it! Jim began at age 16 as a crew callboy and later was a crew dispatcher, clerk, personnel supervisor, superintendent's secretary, train dispatcher,



and division rules examiner. A veteran author, photographer, and historian, Jim has had many photos in rail publications, and he's written or coauthored numerous books, but this is his first CT byline. Active in the Rocky Club plus several historical societies including UP and Wyoming State, Jim still shoots 6x7 black-and-white negative and 35mm color print and slide film.

L. N. "NORM" HERBERT ["Curtain Call at Conneaut," pages 46-47, and "Last Gasps on the LS&I," page 96] retired from a 44-year dentistry practice in 2005. A Motor City native, he graduated from the University of Detroit's School of Dentistry in 1957. After working for the Oakland County Health Department for two years and serving his two years of active duty in the Army (at Fort Benning, Ga.), Norm began his practice in East Detroit. He continued in the Army Reserve, retiring as a Colonel in 1981. His top interests are CN, CP, Western Maryland, and street railways. He and his wife Joan live in Sterling Heights, Mich. These are Norm's first bylines in *CLASSIC TRAINS*.

J. DAVID INGLES ["Glimpses at Garrett," pages 32-35], *CLASSIC TRAINS*' Senior Editor, despite his reputation as "Diesel Dave," has—since 1958—ridden behind more than 50 steam engines (of types 2-8-0 or larger) from 25 North American railroads.

KEVIN P. KEEFE ["C&E Had the Power to Enthrall," pages 16-20] is a past editor of *TRAINS* (including *TRAINS CLASSIC* 1999, a special publication that was the template for *CLASSIC TRAINS*) and currently serves as publisher of both magazines. Kevin has had three previous bylines in CT, on photographers Robert A. Hadley [Winter 2003] and Jim Scribbins [Winter '07] and the Pere Marquette Railway [Winter '05].

J. PARKER LAMB ["A Day with IC 2613," pages 36-39] retired from the University of Texas at Austin in 2001 after a 40-year academic career in mechanical engineering. He has authored or contributed to numerous books, magazine articles, and historical society publications. He received the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's photography award in 1991 and now serves as president of that venerable organization. This is Parker's sixth byline with us; he also was the subject of the "Great Photographers" piece in our Winter 2000 issue.

ROBERT S. MCGONIGAL ["Slim Gauge, Long Careers," pages 72-73] traces his interest in Rio Grande's K-28's to a photo he first saw as

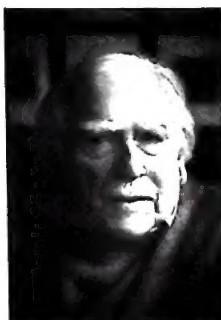
a boy of No. 473 that opened the "Varnish Vignettes" chapter of Lucius Beebe's 1941 book *Trains in Transition*. Rob has been Editor of *CLASSIC TRAINS* since its founding in Spring 2000.

DAVID NEALY ["Northtown Memories," pages 68-71] is a retired mechanical engineer who, after obtaining degrees from the University of Minnesota and Purdue University, had a career involving design, development, and research related to advanced gas turbine/jet engine systems in the U.S. and Europe. He has traveled Switzerland's railways extensively, and spent three weeks in China in 2001 to witness its last great mainline steam show. David and his wife Toni live in Indianapolis. This is his second byline in *CLASSIC TRAINS*, after "Kindnesses on the Omaha Road" in Summer 2007.

DAVID PLOWDEN ["Last Day for Steam on a CPR Mixed," pages 22-31] has used black-and-white photography to chronicle and interpret disappearing aspects of the American scene—particularly industrial structures and systems—for more than 50 years. A world-renowned fine art photographer, he has produced more than 20 books showcasing his work. David wrote briefly about his time as an assistant to O. Winston Link in our Summer 2001 issue and was the subject of our Fall 2002 "Great Photographers" article, but this is the first feature story he has penned for us.

JIM SHAUGHNESSY ["Centralia's 'Other' Steam Bastion," pages 54-57], the well-known author and photographer from Troy, N.Y., has had 18 articles in CT, including this, the 13th installment of "The Shaughnessy Files."

CHARLES CHAUNCEY WELLS ["Ride of a Lifetime," pages 82-85], 64, is an author and historian specializing in the cemeteries of Boston, Mass. A resident of Oak Park, Ill., he operates Chauncey Park Press, a specialty book-publishing firm. This is his first article in *CLASSIC TRAINS*. ■



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Here's the crew of the CB&Q-D&RGW-WP Chicago-Oakland *Exposition Flyer* in 1947: 1 train conductor, 1 ticket collector, 1 engineer, 1 fireman, 1 brakeman, 1 flagman, 1 news agent, 1 baggageman-express messenger, 1 tavern car attendant, 2 chair-car porters, 2 stewards, 2 chefs, 2 pantrymen, 6 cooks, 8 waiters, 1 Pullman conductor, and 7 Pullman porters—39 men! The *Flyer's* typical consist then was 1 baggage car, 3 coaches, 2 tourist sleepers, 2 diners, 5 standard Pullmans, and 1 observation-lounge. Today, Amtrak's *California Zephyr* has a crew of 13.

A whistle that worked

The familiar grade-crossing warning signal of two long sounds, one short, and one long (generally "— — o —" in print) is standard throughout North America. Signs—marked with a "W," "X," or on some lines, such as those of the former Southern Railway, two bars, a dot, and a bar—tell engineers to whistle for a crossing ahead. But it was not always so: 100 years ago the signal was as shown on this old Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis sign preserved at Wartrace, Tenn.: — — o o. Why the change? It was found that hoggers were prolonging the final sound until they reached the crossing. Rulebook writers saw this as an adaptation to operational realities, and made — — o — official around 1920.

Robert S. McGonigal



PRR

Humping at Conway

When I was just getting started in the industrial traffic management business, my boss thought it would be a good thing to send me out to see how a railroad yard worked. This sounded like a dandy way to escape the office for an afternoon, so I did not tell him I was pretty well dialed-in on this. Arrangements were made, and I duly showed up at one of the hump towers at the Pennsylvania's vast Conway Yard west of Pittsburgh. After a while I saw a boxcar with a very prominent "DO NOT HUMP" sign going over the crest. I inquired of the tower man about this. His reply: "Oh hell, sonny, at Conway we hump everything except dynamite, and after dark we hump that too!"—Dwight Long

A 'circus' GG1 in Syracuse

As we related in our recent GG1 issue [Summer 2009], 10 of the 16 surviving G's came from Amtrak; of those 10, 2 wore the silver-blue-red livery the carrier applied to 6 of its 40 G's. Though garish, the "circus" scheme, as some called it, was a bold vote of confidence in the aging motors. It's fitting, then, that Central New York Chapter, NRHS, took the bold step last summer of giving its GG1 (AMTK 926, ex-PRR 4933) the colorful look. She's displayed on the state fairgrounds at Syracuse, next to CSX's former NYC main line.



Jack Humphrey



Emil J. Skok

Boyhood joy aboard a 4-8-4

When you were a kid, did you dream of taking the throttle of a 4-8-4? That dream came true for this little fellow at Northern Pacific's Northtown (Minneapolis) Yard in 1953. With help from NP's Art Williamson, the boy—son of a fellow employee—is just able to reach the throttle of A-4 Northern 2676. We don't know the boy's name, or if he grew up to be a hogger, but his joyous expression is familiar to all of us.



Frank Barry

NdeM engines near Zacatecas, Mexico, 1961.

Photography conference set for April

Three photographers featured in this issue—Frank Barry [UP, pages 74–81], James Brown [CNR, 92–95], and David Plowden [CPR, 22–31]—are scheduled to appear at the Center for Railroad Photography & Art's annual "Conversations about Photography" conference April 23–25 at Lake Forest College, north of Chicago. On Saturday, Barry will share stories and photos of his travels to document the end of steam in North and Central America, and Brown will present a retrospective of his work, which spans six decades, nine Canadian provinces, and several U.S. states. In a Sunday morning workshop, Plowden will discuss his approach to composition. Saturday's program also includes California photographers Ted Benson, Tom Taylor, and Alex Ramos; photographer Joel Jensen and writer Linda Niemann on their new book, *Railroad Noir*; and Jeff Brouws on rail archeology and photography. New in 2010 is a dinner on Friday evening; the speaker is Ian Kennedy, who curated the 2008 "Art in the Age of Steam" exhibition. Following Plowden on Sunday, Brouws will lead a discussion of book publishing. Work by many of the presenters is on the Center's Internet archive, www.railroadheritage.org. For details, go to www.railphoto-art.org/conference or write the Center at P.O. Box 259330, Madison, WI 53725.

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Video: Class 1 steam in twilight

Our biggest online video supplement package ever! Watch footage of steam in action on several of the railroads featured in this issue. Included are scenes on N&W (above, from Herron Rail Video), B&O, IC, CPR, CNR, SP, and more!



CLASSIC TRAINS Forum

Exchange ideas, ask questions, provide information, or just enjoy lively discussion with fellow readers at our online forum. It's free and open to all.

Who's in, who just missed

The wheel arrangements in service at the end of the Class 1 steam era were sur-



prisingly varied: 18, ranging from 0-10-2 on the Missabe (above) to NP Prairies to UP Big Boys; view a chart online. . . . Don't see your favorite road in this issue? That's because it dieselized before 1958; check our Web site for the "D Dates" of some major systems.

Steam locomotive profiles

Look under the "Railroad History" bar for illustrated essays on two dozen steam locomotive wheel arrangements, from the 0-4-0 switcher to the 4-8-8-4 Big Boy.

Photo of the Day

Our popular online feature "Photo of the Week" is now "Photo of the Day." Each weekday, we present a different black-and-white or color photo from our collection. Plus, subscribers to CLASSIC TRAINS can view past photos in the archives—free!



Cannon Ball riding, and in song

Thank you for Dave Ingles' excellent article, "Cannon Ball Runs" [pages 22-33, Winter 2009 CLASSIC TRAINS]. In 1962, in my quest to ride every passenger train remaining in northern Ohio, the Wabash was a problem. From Cleveland, where I worked for the *Wall Street Journal*, I could reach Akron, Youngstown, or Toledo, but Montpelier was a stumper! In early September I took a few days off before my classes resumed at Western Reserve University, and drove to Defiance and got a night photo of B&O's *Columbian*. Unable to sleep well in the back seat of my '52 Olds, I drove the back roads to Montpelier and bought a round-trip ticket to Adrian, Mich., next stop toward Detroit. At 3:55 a.m. I was the sole passenger boarding the darkened coach on the overnight *Detroit Limited* for the 38-minute ride. By 8:30 a.m. I was back at the Adrian depot, and right on schedule, in came No. 1, the *Wabash Cannon Ball*, with an Alco PA up front. By 10:40 I was waving good-bye. Five years later, I married a girl from a town south of Delphi, Ind. Part of her family had lived in Cerro Gordo, Ill., also on the Wabash's Detroit-St. Louis line, and I assume they traveled between the towns by train. The only northern Ohio train I didn't ride was C&O's *Sportsman/George Washington* between Marion and Toledo.

Ken Brownlee,
Atlanta, Ga.

Although the 1936 recording of the song "Wabash Cannonball" shows Roy Acuff as singing, it was, in fact, a member of Acuff's band, Sam "Dynamite" Hatcher, doing the singing. In 1947 Roy did sing it, as the article states, for Columbia. The "definitive" version of the song, though, which was copyrighted by William Kindt in 1904, is that by the Delmore Brothers, who recorded it for Bluebird (RCA) on September 23, 1938. When the train made its final run in 1971, the late Utah Phillips recorded "Tolono" to memorialize it.

Also, Merle Haggard, mentioned in "Second Section" [page 96], deserves all



Hal Lewis

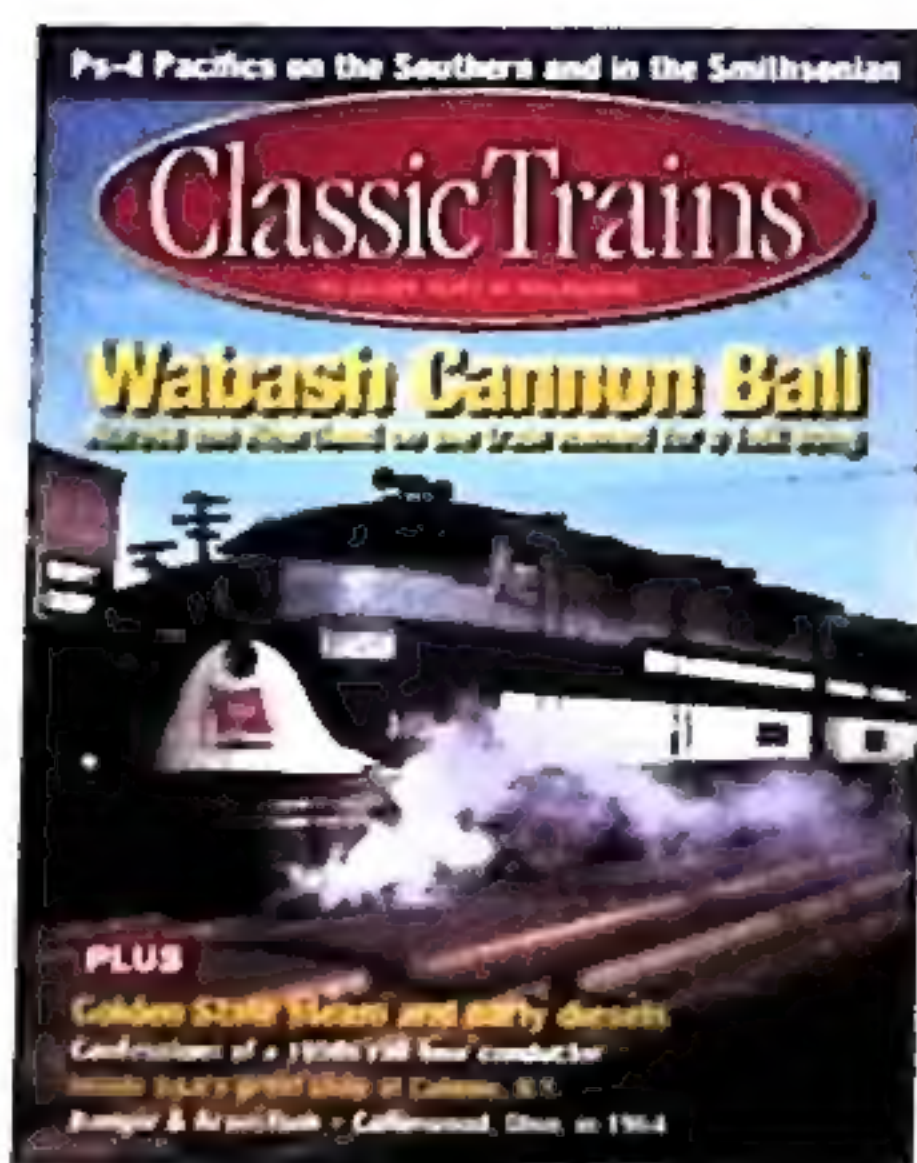
At Kankakee, Ill., in 1951, IC 2452 is about to replace the NYC J-1 4-6-4 (far right) on train 419.

the credit given him as one of the all-time country music greats. As to who recorded the most railroad, train, or hobo songs, it probably was the late Hank Snow, starting with his signature hit, "I'm Moving On," recorded in 1950.

Mike Gleason, Mendota, Ill.

The caption on the photo, taken from the *Cannon Ball*, on page 31 says Illinois Central passenger trains did not stop at Tolono, Ill. This is incorrect, for one in each direction did: No. 25, the *Southern Express*, and No. 8, the *Creole* (under several schedule, name, and number changes). After February 1, 1969, the station stop—by then for Nos. 7 and 8, the *Illini*—was eliminated. I started my seniority as an operator for the IC at Tolono on December 13, 1966.

Terry Shearer, Urbana, Ill.



Workin' on the MC?

The NYC J-3a 4-6-4 at Chicago's Central Station, in "Workin' on the Railroad" [page 80], in all likelihood is not just in off a Big Four train, but rather one off the Michigan Central, and the photo likely predates 1950. In 1950, all NYC trains from Indianapolis dropped their NYC engine at Kankakee, Ill., and were taken into Chicago by locomotives of the Illinois Central, on whose trackage they ran. Moreover, by 1950, all J-3's had the large PT tenders, according to

Al Stauffer's NYC motive power books. Could the 5417 have come into Central Station from Michigan? But really, who cares? It's a picture of an NYC J!

Hal Lewis, San Jose, Calif.

I don't know why the Big Four power changed at Kankakee, but perhaps IC's cab signals had something to do with it, NYC steam locomotives not being so equipped. I don't know where IC's cab-signaling began, southward, but apparently south of Kensington because MC engines did not require it. Perhaps Markham Yard? In later years, NYC and IC diesels ran through.

In 1950 there were rarely if ever any J-3a's on the Big Four, but they were running on the MC by that date. The Big Four had its own J-1's without water scoops, plus K-5 Pacifics.

Jerry Pinkepank, Seattle, Wash.

Those magnificent Ps-4's

I really enjoyed John C. Watkins Jr.'s "Twilight Encounter at Danville" [pages 34-36], for it bought back my own early memories of Southern's green Ps-4 passenger engines. When I was about 5, my dad would take me to the station in Hattiesburg, Miss., to meet or see relatives off, and those magnificent engines would come gliding into the station with bells clanging. When I was 7, I traveled to New Orleans by myself and was pulled by one. The conductor took me to the baggage car to meet the other crew members. They gave me a cup of coffee (mostly milk, I suspect), and I

propped my feet up on the ring around the potbellied stove. Needless to say, I was hooked on train travel.

Michael M. Sinclair, Louisville, Ky.

Fort Wayne's Berkshire

I can't argue with my friend Dave Ingles about the importance of Conneaut, Ohio, to the Nickel Plate's well-being ["Second Section," page 94]; it did indeed rank right up there with Bellevue, Ohio, and Frankfort, Ind. But the reason the city of Fort Wayne wanted NKP S-2 class Berkshire 767 for display was that 767 was the locomotive that "opened" the newly elevated main line through downtown in 1955. [NKP donated 765, carrying number 767; it was reactivated for excursions in 1979, as 765.] The 767 was not the last NKP 2-8-4 to steam through town; that was the first S-2, 740, on June 20, 1958, on train 32 from Calumet Yard, Ill., to East Wayne yard. It continued east to Bellevue the next morning, wrapping up steam operations on the "west end."

Tony Koester, Newton, N.J.

It's all about people, too

Thank you for publishing Michael Hauk's piece, "W.A. Eby, PRR Engineer and Foster Dad," [pages 84-85 in "The Way It Was"]. I grew up just across Pa. Route 45 from the L&T [Lewisville & Tyrone branch of the Pennsylvania], and my bedroom faced the tracks. No doubt this branch played a large part in developing my interest in railroading. I really appreciated learning about Mr. Eby—after all, railroading is about more than just cars and locomotives.

Dave Woormer, Springfield, Mo.

Keep "Head End" historical, please

I would like to register a mild protest about your new department, "Head End" [pages 8-9]. News that VIA Rail Canada has dropped train names, or reviews of the July 2009 steam festival in Owosso, Mich., are interesting but they are the sort of news I expect to see in TRAINS, your sister publication. Even the current appeal for restoration funds for Florida and Pennsylvania are questionable. Each time you publish contemporary news or photos you erode the basic premise of CLASSIC TRAINS.

Dick Izen, Oro Valley, Ariz.

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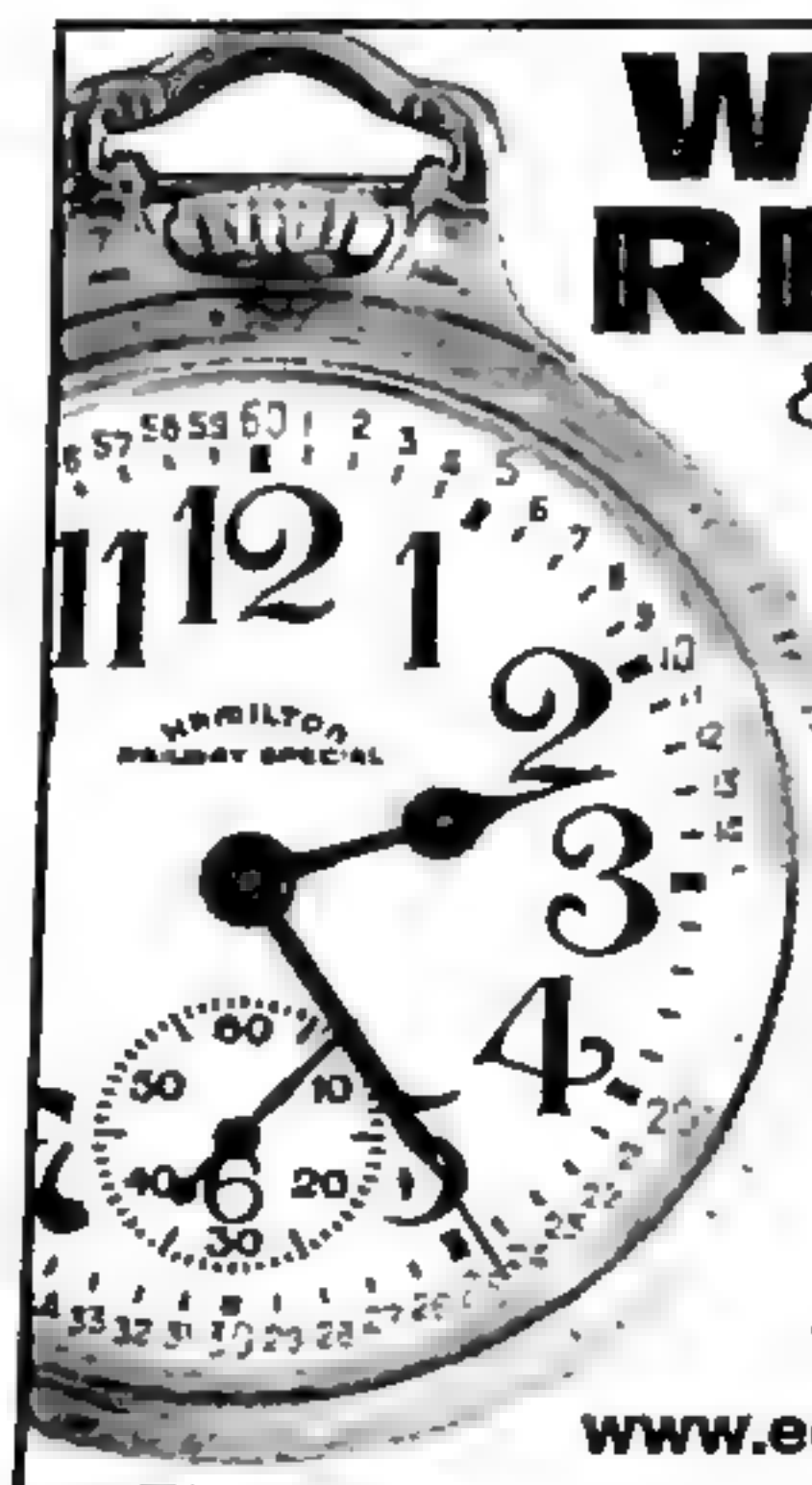
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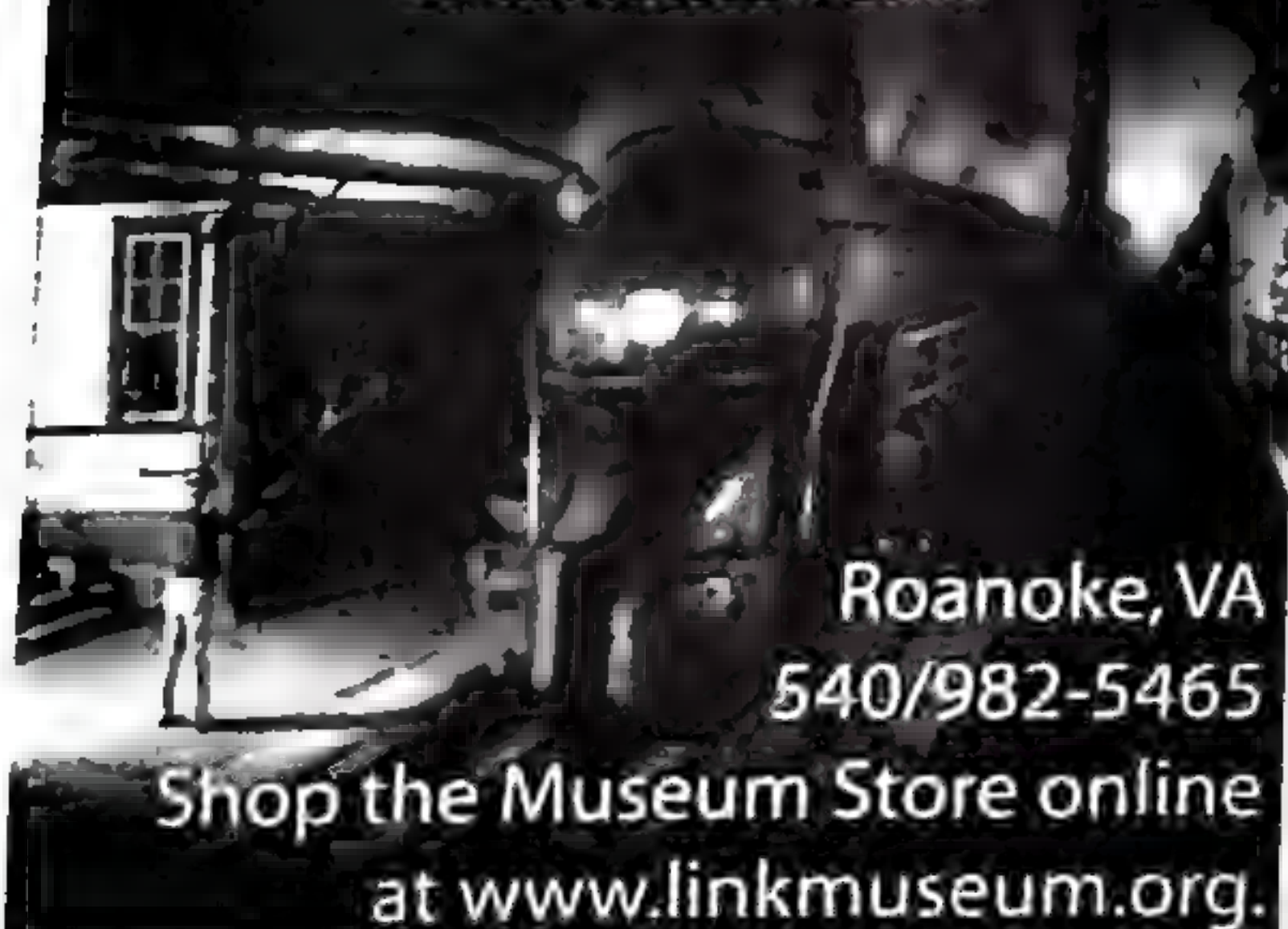
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Fast Mail

Donald Duke and the pair of gloves

I have just completed reading "Donald Duke, Spinning Gold in the West," ["Great Photographers," by Michael Patris, pages 50-61]. It is one of the finest such stories I have read. I congratulate author Patris. It was lively, informative, and interesting, and was free of the usual clichés which so often clutter railfan writing.

I was most powerfully struck by the photo at the top right of page 61, of the pair of gloves resting on a freight-car wheel. It is not only a fine railroad photo but, in my judgment, a splendid piece of photographic fine art.

David Knisley, Weaverville, N.C.

Collinwood capers

Thanks to Dave Ingles for all his articles over the years, especially the most recent "One Day at . . . Collinwood, Ohio" [pages 62-67]. That intense level of mainline action is how I remember the New York Central in the Cleveland area in those days of the 1960s. I knew of and saw those NYC

FT diesels in earlier years on a daily basis. My uncle, Howard Ehlert, worked for the NYC in downtown Cleveland but passed away before he could take me to Collinwood. I didn't know about the big junction at Berea, and by the time I discovered Linndale, where electrics and steam engines swapped, the electrics were gone. My old hangout was Clogville yard.

Mark D. Stotzer, Pacific Grove, Calif.

My CLASSIC TRAINS and TRAINS arrived on the same day, but picking which one to look through first was no contest when the teaser, "Collinwood, Ohio, in 1964" jumped off the CT cover at me. I grew up west of Cleveland, in Elyria, just two blocks from the "Road to the Future," and had a brother who worked for the Central. Even as a teenager when a lot of diversions could have replaced trains as an interest, I went trackside to watch the same trains parade through Elyria that Dave Ingles caught on film. The variety of NYC diesels in his photos was outstanding, but

A Wabash Cannon Ball for today

A "well done" to Dave Ingles on the *Wabash Cannon Ball* article. When I was a kid, an agent at our local Grand Trunk Western depot in Durand, Mich., would occasionally hand out passenger timetables, windows to the world. Adventures were planned, but none were completed. One timetable that stands out is Wabash's of October 25, 1959: "Modern Service . . . In The Heart Of America." Opening it up, there it was: "Wabash Silver Dollar Dinner." I wanted to start eating right there and then! That concept sat collecting mental dust until November 3, 2009, when Norfolk Southern's F units would be pulling Office Car Special 952 from Decatur, Ill., to Peru, Ind., on the storied route. The day was sunny. I found Attica and the bridge over the Wabash River. The train fell behind schedule, and as the sun set, so did the possibility of a picture there.

After supper, I returned, to the sharp curve in Attica, and heard the special descending the grade. The headlights appeared through the trees as 952 left the bridge. The F's canted into the curve and glided into full view at 5:49 p.m., and engineer Larry LeCrone, age 70 and senior on the Illinois Division with 50-plus years of service, blew the horn. I'm sure I saw Wick Moorman seated front and center in the last ("theater") car. This streamliner is today's *Wabash Cannon Ball* of my dreams.

Tim Lab, Owosso, Mich.



Tim Lab

A modern equivalent to the *Wabash Cannon Ball* of old: NS's executive F units just beat sunset to Attica, Ind.

the highlight for me was the shot of the three Nickel Plate Alco switchers passing the Collinwood coaling tower.

Mark Nilges, Gibsonville, N.C.

I was pleased to see Boston & Maine GP7 1568 pictured in the story. In summer 1952 I was a junior engineer at Electro-Motive in La Grange, Ill., and from work there grew my topic for my Bachelors Thesis for an Electrical Engineering degree from MIT: "Diesel Locomotive Load Regulator Controls." In early 1953 I was an employee of B&M under Ernie Bloss, and regularly rode Geeps 1567 and 1568 from North Station to Portsmouth, N.H., on the 4 p.m. passenger train, returning to Somerville Yard on a freight with the same engine crew. At least once I got to run the freight. These two locomotives, practically new, had two experimental load regulator circuits in preparation for the GP9 design.

David Lloyd Klepper, Jerusalem, Israel

I grabbed my son's copy of CLASSIC TRAINS while in Utah and then read Dave Ingles' Collinwood piece on the eastbound Amtrak Empire Builder. His Cleveland auto accident reference reminded me of an attempted trip in 1961 or '62 out to Pen Argyl, Pa., to shoot the out-of-service Lehigh & New England Alco diesels. On the way west, our car got hit by another one in Newfoundland, N.J., and we never did get to shoot the L&NE equipment. However, we were still able to drive the car home.

Bob Mohowski, Greenfield Center, N.Y.

Winter whiffs

- Page 71: West Yellowstone is in Montana, not Idaho.
- Page 77, CP's *Dominion* is entering the lower spiral tunnel, not the upper.
- Page 94, Bessemer & Lake Erie Alco 883 is an RSD15, not an RSD7. ■

Got a comment?

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George Krambles, 10 years after his passing, is still the most respected person in electric railroading, both from a professional standpoint (43 years with the Chicago Transit Authority, the last four as their Executive Director), and as being a prominent historian. In addition to taking many slides himself, he obtained the collections of Barney Stone, Frank Butts, J. R. Williams, Tom Desnoyers and others.

This archive, one of the largest in the private sector, is now owned and being managed by Mr. Krambles nephew Art Peterson. The apple did not fall far from the tree, as Art has added significantly to the collection; as an example, he has added the slide collection of Bill Janssen, Henry Stange, Bob Mehlenbeck and others, as well as many other paper and black and white photo items.

This slide collection is one of the best and most comprehensive collections I have ever seen, and it is not limited to only electric operations. It is varied enough to include such items as Rio Grande Southern, Virginia and Truckee, Illinois Central, Union Pacific and Pennsylvania Railroad; the list goes on and on.

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Rainbows, not smoke

The one region of the U.S. barely represented in this issue's celebration of the end of Class 1 steam is the Southeast. Subtract the coal regions of Kentucky and Virginia, and you have one lonely Seaboard 0-4-0T in Columbus, Ga. [page 99]. But that's only big-time steam. More than a dozen short lines from the Virginia Blue Ridge to Georgia's Gainesville Midland all ran steam into the 1960s. What southeastern Class 1's had instead was colorful diesels: Coast Line's purple; Seaboard's "citrus"; FEC's red and yellow; IC's orange and brown. In Atlanta, you could find color on all eight Class 1's, evidenced here in 1957 south of Terminal Station as a Southern freight from Macon rolls north behind A-B-B-A green-and-white F's while two gray, blue, and black Central of Georgia passenger units, E7 810 and an RS3, await clearance to couple onto the *Man O'War* for Columbus.

Richard A. Sharpless photo, David W. Salter collection



C&EI had the power to enthrall

Some have called the railroad "mediocre," "plain vanilla," or "respectable but unremarkable"; I disagree



Dan Pope collection

C&EI's Florida varnish "compared favorably" with star Santa Fe among the seven roads at Chicago's Dearborn Station, but nameless No. 1 to Evansville was a lesser light. With ATSF stock as a backdrop, the local departs in April '57 with an NC&StL baggage car behind the FP7-E7 duo.

In the pantheon of great railroad names, "Chicago" was so often the magic word. Think of all the carriers with Chicago on their letterhead, railroads with thousands of miles on their system maps, railroads whose names

imply vast, continental distances: Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific. Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific. Chicago & North Western. Or railroads that, at one point in their history, set gold standards of one kind or another: Chicago,

Burlington & Quincy, with its incomparable *Zephyrs*. Chicago South Shore & South Bend and Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee, with their thundering high-speed interurbans.

And then there's the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, a railroad with a name that's utterly practical and prosaic. C&EI went pretty much where it said it did: from Chicago due south through the cornfields along the Illinois-Indiana state line. Its route map looked like a trident, splitting at Woodland Junction, 64 miles south of Chicago, into two main lines that served St. Louis to the southwest and Evansville, Ind., to the south, with a secondary main off the St. Louis line that went straight south into Illinois' southernmost "Egypt" region. C&EI was headquartered in Chicago; its operations hub was Danville, 123 miles south.

C&EI was often described as respectable but unremarkable. Through most of the 20th century, its revenues placed it in the middle on the AAR's list of Class 1's. Its 1940 route-mileage was a



Robert R. Malinoski

Any resemblance of C&EI steam to Frisco's is intentional, as during 1909-13 under SLSF control, the roster was overhauled. K-2 Pacific 1016 leads the *Dixie Express* out of Chicago in 1946.

modest 925. It was a minor player at Chicago's Dearborn Station, even more so at St. Louis Union Station. In the steam era, C&EI operated a conventional fleet of locomotives dominated by 2-8-2's and 4-6-2's; it never owned an engine with a four-wheel trailing truck. C&EI dieselized after World War II with mostly off-the-shelf EMD F units, Geeps, and switchers, although three BL2's and four Alco RS1's spiced up the mix. C&EI's overall complexion caused my friend, George H. Drury, to write of the C&EI being "mediocre."

George meant no harm. His essay, "Unremarked, Unremarkable," in July 1983 *TRAINS*, explained that mediocre meant "not outstandingly good or outstandingly bad." (This from a guy whose favorite railroad is the Boston & Maine!) In his book, *Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad in Color* (Morning Sun Books, 2001), Ed DeRouin called the railroad "Plain Vanilla."

A railroad of my youth

I've decided George and Ed were wrong. Take it from someone who, as a 9-year-old, spent many a happy summer hour walking along C&EI's gleaming double-track main, which slashed imperiously through the sleepy farm village of Alvin, Ill., home of my Aunt Bessie and Uncle John.

My great aunt, Bessie Alison, was a sweet yet stalwart woman who cooked from a coal stove, drew water from a hand pump by the front porch, and once worked as C&EI's caretaker at the Alvin depot, a few hundred feet from their house at the crossing of Illinois Central's Rantoul & Eastern branch (abandoned in the 1930s). Her husband,

John Alison, also was a C&EI retiree, a wiry little guy with years of back-breaking labor as a section man to his credit.

(Full disclosure: My father's entire side of the family was "deeply C&EI.")

My great-grandfather, Peter

Keefe, was a leverman, and his son, my grandfather Edgar Keefe, was an operator who retired around 1951, finishing at the train-dispatching office in Danville.)

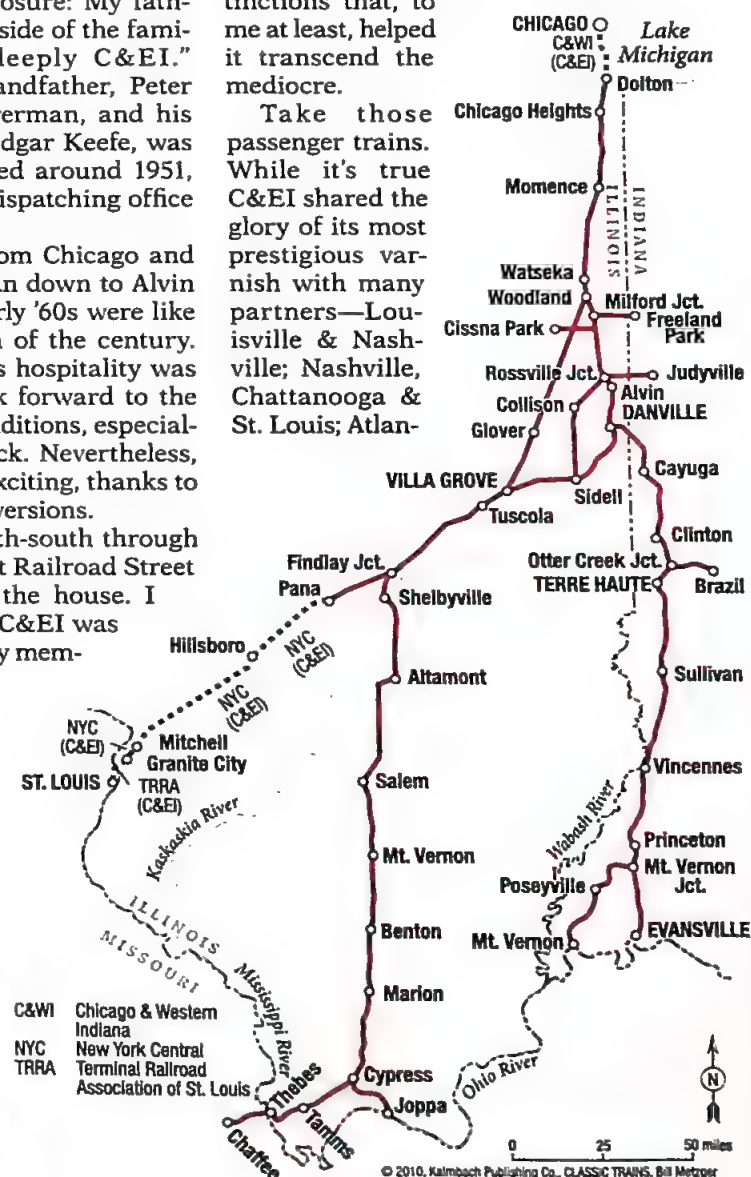
Our family trips from Chicago and later southern Michigan down to Alvin in the late '50s and early '60s were like visitations to the turn of the century. Although Aunt Bessie's hospitality was generous, I didn't look forward to the relatively primitive conditions, especially the outhouse in back. Nevertheless, any trip to Alvin was exciting, thanks to C&EI's spectacular diversions.

The tracks ran north-south through town and crossed West Railroad Street a half-block west of the house. I don't know how busy C&EI was in those days, but in my mem-

ory the long summer afternoons were interrupted frequently by the distant sound of air horns, at which point I'd drop whatever I was doing, ditch my brother and sister, and run down the street in time to catch a blur of blue-and-orange cab units and silver passenger cars roaring through town. The sight and sound was enthralling.

Yes, little C&EI had the power to enthrall. And not just for a 9-year-old. In fact, as I learned over the years, the railroad could claim a number of distinctions that, to me at least, helped it transcend the mediocre.

Take those passenger trains. While it's true C&EI shared the glory of its most prestigious varnish with many partners—Louisville & Nashville; Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis; Atlan-



C&EI

The big Oaklawn shops in Danville served C&EI well, and survive today as a freight-car plant. No. 65020 was the first of 600 new cars in March '51.

The "Chicago wishbone," circa 1945, evidences that C&EI went where it said. MoPac sold Woodland-Evansville to the L&N in 1969.

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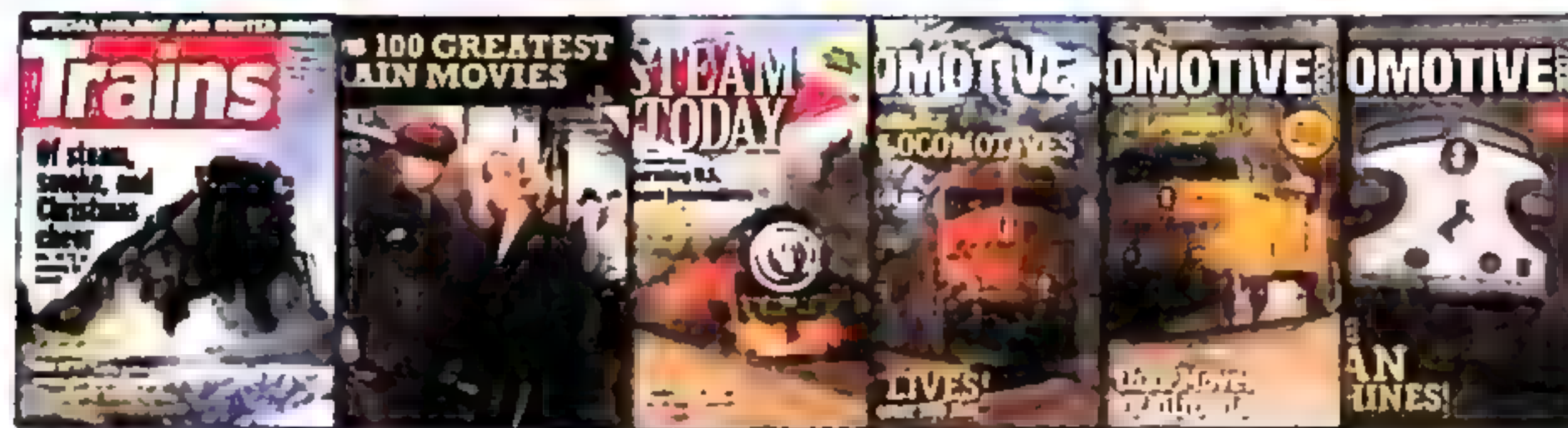


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Fallen Flags Remembered



J. David Ingles

Bulwarks of C&E's early road-diesel roster were 33 F units and 30 GP7's, two of which are on a southbound transfer in Chicago on June 25, 1961, as seen from Monon's *Thoroughbred*.

ta, Birmingham & Coast; Atlantic Coast Line; and Florida East Coast—C&E hosted them in Chicago, providing the Windy City's premier Florida train service. Those famous C&E trains included the *Dixie Flagler*, *Dixie Flyer*, and *Dixie Limited*, as well as L&N's *Georgian* and *Humming Bird*, sleek streamliners with exotic southern destinations, trains that compared favorably with Santa Fe's more famous *Chiefs* on Dearborn's other tracks.

C&E had worthy homegrown trains, too, notably postwar streamliners *Meadowlark* and *Whippoorwill*. Built by Pullman-Standard and introduced in 1946, the *Meadowlark* offered daily service between Chicago and Cypress, 345 miles south, while the *Whippoorwill* linked Chicago with Evansville. Although both trains debuted amid typical fanfare, the *Whippoorwill* was downgraded to an Evansville local by 1950, and the *Meadowlark* endured only until 1962, by then equipped with the railroad's sole Budd RDC1.

For a time, C&E went up against three competitors in the tough Chicago-St. Louis market. By the 1930s, this corridor was already well served by Alton, Illinois Central, and Wabash. C&E entered the fray with the *Zipper*, which peeled off the 290 miles in 5 hours, a tidy 58 mph average. The *Zipper* offered a 5 p.m. departure from Chicago and an 8:50 a.m. train from St. Louis ("first to leave, first to arrive," the

railroad said of the morning train). But the performance allowed C&E only to boast the "fastest standard weight train" in the corridor, for IC bested it by 5 minutes with its new "diesel-electric articulated streamline train," the *Green Diamond*. Shortly after the war, C&E gave up on the St. Louis market.

Modest power, big-time shop

C&E's modest motive-power fleet had an immodest home: Oaklawn Shops, on the east end of Danville [Spring 2008 *CLASSIC TRAINS*]. Built in stages in 1903 and 1907, Oaklawn featured a 628-foot-long machine and erecting shop, with accompanying coach shop, boiler shop, and 56-stall roundhouse, a facility nearly as sprawling as anything in Roanoke or Altoona. The shop crews were capable of more than routine maintenance, too. In 1940, they fully streamlined and modernized 29-year-old Baldwin USRA Pacific No. 1008 for service on the *Dixie Flagler*, being introduced as a new Chicago-Miami coach streamliner [Spring 2006 CT]. The old K-2 Pacific received new Scullin disc driving wheels, a cast-steel drop-coupler pilot, and a sleek black-and-silver skyline casing.

Oaklawn's labor force also built and rebuilt freight and passenger cars, from boxcars and cabooses to upgraded heavyweight diners and lounges. It's fitting that today much of Oaklawn survives as a FreightCar America plant,

Fallen Flags Remembered



John S. Ingles



Louis A. Marre collection

MoPac instituted a "C&EI buzzsaw" emblem in 1963, evidenced on re-numbered GP9 340 towing Oaklawn-built caboose 17 in October 1969.

C&EI's last new pre-MoPac power, 31 GP35's, had dynamic braking. Its first six-motor diesels were 14 SD40-2's in 1974 . . . in MoPac blue.

acquired by the carbuilder in 1995 as a repair facility and since upgraded to car manufacturing.

C&EI wasn't just your typical Midwestern freight hauler, either. Certainly it carried its share of agricultural products and participated in the fast delivery of merchandise to and from Chicago and its connections. But C&EI had a singular history with another commodity: bituminous coal. After 1911 it absorbed several smaller carriers in southern Illinois and Indiana to serve coal mines. Although competition from lower-priced Appalachian coal severely

curtailed C&EI's tonnage by the 1930s, the traffic surged again in the mid-1950s to meet the demand of new power plants in Danville, Terre Haute, Ind., and along the Ohio River.

Coal also fueled a curious but significant C&EI footnote: Elgin, Joliet & Eastern's use of 100 miles of C&EI trackage rights to tap coalfields. The agreement dated from 1893, when U.S. Steel-owned EJ&E began running three or more coal trains a day from its own small terminal along the C&EI main line at Rossville Junction, Ill., 105 miles from Chicago. From Rossville, EJ&E served a number of USS-owned mines near Westville, Ill., and Jackson, Ind. The Depression hit EJ&E's coal business hard, and despite an upsurge during World War II, "the J" ended the arrangement in 1947 as it was dieselizing. Amazingly, the ruins of EJ&E's roundhouse still stand east of Illinois Highway 1 south of Rossville.

Alas, C&EI's corporate history was, shall we say, "checkered," and as a business entity it could not remain independent. After C&EI Railroad emerged from the Frisco-caused 1912 bankruptcy in 1920, the new C&EI Railway struggled under the ownership of Cleveland's Van Sweringen brothers, and by 1933 was back in receivership. A new C&EI Railroad emerged in 1940 and remained independent until 1963, when the ICC awarded control to Missouri Pacific, under the condition that the Evansville line go to L&N, which took

effect in 1969. Thus did C&EI gradually lose its identity to its two successors, which in turn have given way via merger to today's Union Pacific (the ex-MoPac St. Louis and Cypress lines) and CSX (ex-L&N to Evansville).

It's comforting—to me, anyway—that the Evansville line is busier than ever. The line is part of CSX's Southeastern Corridor, a prime route for freight moving between the Upper Midwest and the Southeast, with some 30 freights a day, including plenty of intermodal. UP continues to run numerous trains on the St. Louis line, and maybe more south from Findlay Junction. Trains to Little Rock go south on the ex-C&EI to Benton, then turn southwest to meet UP's main line along the Mississippi River. Coal trains continue to the end of the Cypress line and a huge Ohio River coal transloader at Joppa.

And what of the Alvin of my childhood? The ensuing decades haven't been kind. The old farm village looks rough. When I drove in on County Road 3 a couple of years ago, I was saddened to see that someone had recently torn down Aunt Bessie's old house. An old walkway still led to the pipe where her water pump stood by the front porch, but that was all that was left. I stood there, a bit stunned. But my mood brightened when air horns pierced the quiet summer afternoon. Once again the crossing lights and the bells came alive on West Railroad Street, and I ran to see the train. ■

C&EI FACT FILE

(Comparative figures are for 1929 and 1962)

Route-miles: 946; 864

Locomotives: 334; 97

Passenger cars: 284; 89

Freight cars: 14,818; 8,057

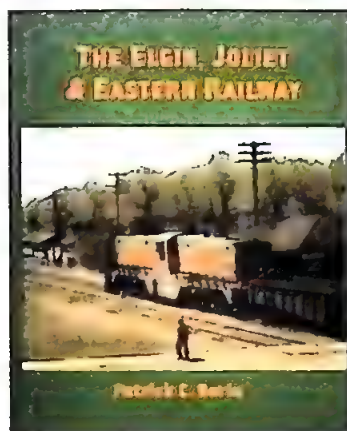
Headquarters city: Chicago

Special interest groups: Chicago & Eastern Illinois Historical Society, P.O. Box 47, Bucklin, MO 64631; C&EIHS maintains a C&EI museum at the depot in Watseka, Ill. Danville Junction Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 1013, Danville, IL 61834; the group has a C&EI museum in the depot in Rossville, Ill.

Recommended reading: *Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad in Color*, by Ed DeRouin (Morning Sun Books, 2001).

Source: *Historical Guide to North American Railroads* (Kalmbach, 2000). *Moody's Transportation Manual*, 1962

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LAST DAY OF STEAM

on a CPR mixed

An era draws to a close on March 29, 1960, in the chilly North Woods of Maine

By David Plowden • Photos by the author

Canadian Pacific Railway mixed trains 517 and 518, known locally as the “Scoot,” would probably never have been known to me, or anyone outside of the remote regions of Piscataquis and Somerset counties in Maine, had it not been for the fact that they were among the very last regularly scheduled Class 1 trains in the United States to be powered by a steam locomotive. By early 1960, the only others were the Grand Trunk Western’s Detroit Division trains and the Rio Grande’s narrow-gauge *Silverton*, a summer-only, tourist-oriented operation.

The Scoot was anything but a tourist attraction. It was a no-nonsense, tri-weekly mixed train that ran between Brownville Junction and Megantic on the other side of the Boundary Mountains in Quebec. Its 117-mile route was part of CPR’s important artery from the Atlantic Ocean port of Saint John, New Brunswick, to Montreal. The Scoot was an institution in that part of Maine, being the only connection with the outside world for many who lived along its route. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday it would leave Brownville Junction at 7:15 Eastern Standard Time—let us say according to the schedule it was to leave at 7:15. It left whenever the train was put together.

Once on the road, the Scoot would spend the better part of the day meandering through the North Woods, setting out or picking up a car of lumber or pulpwood here and there until it finally reached Megantic sometime mid-afternoon, or later, depending on how much switching had to be done along the way. Although the timetable listed fixed departure times at various stations, to say the Scoot kept to any schedule but its own would be stretching a point. It stopped almost anywhere to let off a family of campers or to pick them up at a road or trailhead off in the middle of nowhere. I remember being in the cab of Mikado No. 5137—

the regular engine assigned to the Scoot in summer 1959—when a fisherman stepped up from the bank of a stream in some remote spot and hailed the engine down. Bob Thombs, the engineer, stopped and the fisherman climbed up into the cab, where he rode a few miles to the next promising stretch of water. Before he climbed down he gave Bob and the fireman each a nice brook trout from his creel by way of thanks.

Much of that part of Maine was without roads—and still is. There were only two towns of any size on the route: Jackman Station on the U.S. side of the border with Quebec, which, combined with the adjacent Jackman proper, had but 800 residents. The other was Greenville Junction, the station for Greenville on Moosehead Lake, which boasted a “metropolitan” area with a population of 1,640. The rest of the places on the timetable could hardly be called communities. Most were simply passing tracks or sidings; the others were no more than a collection of houses or cabins around a saw mill or beside a lake, places with names like Bodfish, Attean, Squaw Brook, Camp 12, Morkill, Tarratine, and Holeb. All in all the Scoot could be flagged at 29 places named on the timetable, aside from its 3 positive stops at Onawa, Greenville Junction, and Jackman, on its trek between Brownville Junction and Megantic.

Greenville Junction was by far the most important of the lot, boasting a small, but elegant, old red frame depot. As I remember it, the waiting room was filled with light that streamed through the tall windows on sunny days. This outpost of the Canadian Pacific, the self-proclaimed “World’s Greatest Travel System,” would have been a wonderful place to anticipate a journey. However, I never saw a soul waiting for “train time.” By the time I rode the Scoot, the line’s only passenger trains, Nos. 41 and 42—stopped at 2:36 and 2:04 a.m., respectively—and only if flagged. And I never saw anyone get on or off the Scoot at Greenville Junction.



Mikado 5107, facing Consolidation 3514 at Megantic, Quebec, is prepared for steam's final run on the "Scoot" to Brownville Junction, Maine.

Passengers notwithstanding, the Scoot's schedule allotted half an hour at Greenville Junction to switch cars and make a run down the spur into Greenville proper, if necessary. Also, its engine always took water at one of the CPR's trademark wood-sheathed water towers north of the platform.

Greenville Junction was for years where the Bangor & Aroostook connected with the CPR. In the 1950s, after Brownville Junction became the main interchange between the two railroads, traffic dwindled and BAR's Greenville line became a marginal branch line that was finally abandoned in 1959. There were several feeble bridges on the Greenville branch that needed to be strength-

ened in order to carry the additional weight of a diesel locomotive. As a result, BAR's last steam engine pulled the daily-except-Sunday mixed train into Greenville for several years after the rest of the system was dieselized in 1952.

South of the station was an old "Armstrong" turntable where the BAR engines used to be turned. By the time I came to know Greenville Junction, in summer 1959, although the branch may have been defunct, the turntable was still there amongst the weeds and was used occasionally by the CPR to turn the engine of a work train.

Several times during that summer I spent the night in Greenville so as to be able to photograph the Scoot or a work train at the one of the few highway crossings between



Viewed from the Megantic coal tower, Pacific 2663 gets ready to run west, while Nos. 3514 and 5107 steam in the distance—near two diesels.

Brownville and Jackman. I stayed in a lovely old white frame guesthouse on a hill on the outskirts of town run by an elderly lady. When I close my eyes I can remember the place as if I were still there, half asleep in the pre-dawn light. The floor creaked when you stepped on it and was covered by several hooked rugs. The room had a huge bed with a comforter, on which were two needlepoint pillows. There was a big easy chair in one corner and a washbasin with a hard rubber plug on a chain on the other. There were immense windows with lace curtains on two sides of the room which looked out on a beautifully tended flower garden. I kept the windows open all night and heard whippoorwills calling to each other in the distance.

In the early morning, before the sun burned off the mist, the room was suffused with the smell of flowers. One morning I was awakened by the sound of the work train's engine whistling in the distance. It reminded me of all the times as a boy in Putney, Vt., when I used listen to a Central Vermont whistle echoing through the hills. That morning in my room outside of Greenville, the whistle was even more poignant, a baleful, mournful sound that grew fainter and fainter. I lay in bed until I could no longer hear it. I was deeply saddened, thinking it would be one of the last times I would ever hear a steam whistle.

Greenville Junction was special to me in another way. It's where I met Bob Hardy, a boy of about 10 or 11, who used to come down to the depot to meet the Scoot. He reminded me of myself when I used to spend those hours at the Putney depot. As soon as he heard the Scoot whistling east of town he would run up to the end of the platform to be next to the engine when it stopped. There he would watch as the fireman filled the tender with water or walk around beside the engineer as he oiled 'round. If the Scoot had to make a run down the spur into town, Bob would invariably be invited up into the cab. Whenever there was a work train engine to be turned on the old Armstrong turntable, Bob would be there too, a little mite of a fellow, pushing for all his worth, next to one of the crew members. He and I struck up a friendship of sorts in the course of the summer. I took several photographs of him, which I sent him. We kept up a correspondence for several years but our paths diverged and I have often wondered what happened to my little friend at the depot.

By the end of March 1960, I was exhausted from nearly a month of frantically photographing Canadian Pacific steam locomotives. Having secured permission from Director of Public Relations D. B. Wallace to go essentially wherever I wanted on CPR property, I'd started in Montreal, where the road's commuter operations were still steam-powered. I then went east, photographing as far as McAdam, New Brunswick. Finally, it appeared that virtually every train east of Montreal had been dieselized. I wondered about the Scoot, so I called Bill Laidlaw, Chief Dispatcher at Brownville Junction. "Yes," he said, "it's still steam-powered—for now." There was a sense of urgency in those words "for now." I realized it was time to go. It was a long way from McAdam—all blue roads and lots of snow. By the time I reached Milo, just 8 miles from Brownville Junction, it was late and I was dog-tired. I decided that rather than catch the Scoot the next morning, as I had arranged with Bill Laidlaw, I would spend the night in Milo and catch the next trip, two days later. I called Mr. Laidlaw

at home and asked if he would mind if I changed my plans.

"Well, David," I heard his voice on the other end of the telephone say, "I'd come tomorrow if I were you."

I was packed up and off within 20 minutes.

I arrived in Brownville Junction long before first light and went straight to the roundhouse foreman, who told me it was good I was here, because the diesels were coming "any day now." I went inside the immense roundhouse and walked past stalls of silent engines. In the last stall I came upon the 5107, the Mikado that had been called for the Scoot that morning, steaming away reassuringly. I took a shower in the locker room and went uptown for breakfast.

If ever there was a place that seemed out of step with its time, it was Brownville Junction. When I first saw it in July 1959, I felt as if I had stumbled into one of those railroad towns on the edge of civilization that exist only in the pages of illustrated histories of the Old West. Brownville Junction, in fact, was not on the edge of civilization—it *was* civilization in that part of Maine. All else was forest. As the name implies Brownville Junction was a junction (with Bangor & Aroostook's Katahdin branch), but only peripherally. Its main role was as a division point midway across Maine between McAdam and Megantic.

Brownville Junction was a collection of nondescript storefronts clustered along both sides of an unpaved roadway. The only place that passed for a hotel was a shabby old building with a bar on the first floor and three rooms on the second, which the owner could sometimes be persuaded to rent by the week. I had stayed there the summer before

while riding the Scoot. Because I was "known to the company," as he put it, I was let the corner room for \$75 a week and allowed to use the single shared bathroom as my darkroom at night "so long as no one needed to go"—which happened only once. After the bar would close

for the night, the only traffic I saw on the street was a young bull moose who came trotting in and out of town every night on schedule as if the Canadian Pacific regulated his life, as it did everyone else's in town.

During my stay the previous summer, all night long came the sound of freight cars crashing together as they were being switched, and the incessant huffing and puffing of the yard's switch engine. This morning was no different; the old engine was busily putting together the Scoot's train.

After breakfast I stopped in to see Bill Laidlaw. He reiterated the fact that the diesels were on their way. Then he and I walked across the yard to the roundhouse, where the 5107 was outside with a full head of steam, standing impatiently as the hostler cleaned the fire and performed all the servicing rituals making it ready for its run. He introduced me to the engineer, Bud Rolf, and his fireman, Doug Blue, and the three of us climbed up into the cab.

The 5107 was a classic old freight hog. It was one of 20 class P1a Mikados built in 1912 by CPR's Angus Shops in Montreal. The engines of the P1a class were rebuilt between 1926 and 1930 and reclassified as P1d's.

Winter doesn't give up easily in Maine, and March 28, 1960, was a beautiful, crystal-clear day with the temperature nearly zero. Except for the sense of foreboding I felt, the trip to Megantic was everything an engine ride could be. I sat on the seatbox on the fireman's side of the cab, soaking up all the familiar locomotive sounds I had known since childhood as the old

THE ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN TOLD ME THE DIESELS WERE COMING "ANY DAY NOW."

5107 roared, howling across Maine, up over the Boundary Mountains and down into Megantic. The ride was a mélange of exhilarating sensations. The only thing I remember specifically was that, as we crossed the Ship Pond Stream viaduct, I mentioned to Doug that as a boy I had seen a picture of a train on it in *Railroad* magazine and always wished I could make one myself.

At Megantic I took a room in the hotel across from the station, where I had stayed the summer before. After dinner I went to bed, but there was too much on my mind to sleep. Shortly after midnight I dressed, packed up my gear and went down to the roundhouse, where I spent the rest of the night in the cab of the 5107.

A roundhouse, the engine room of a steamship, and an open-hearth shop in a steel mill are three of the most remarkable spaces I have ever known. To say that a roundhouse is reminiscent of a stable is not as much of a cliché as it would seem. It was always warm, and I imagined the sounds of locomotives sighing and thumping away in the semi-dark to be like the breathing of leviathan creatures. Whenever I was there I understood what was meant by "iron horse." The engines, which seemed alive and at rest in their stalls, were infinitely approachable. It was possible to walk among them and contemplate their wondrous mechanism. At regular intervals, a hostler, whose very name means "one who takes care of horses," came by to tend the fires and make sure that there was enough water in their boilers.

Aside from the 5107, there were two other engines under steam in Megantic that night: ancient Consolidation 3514, which was serving as the switcher in the yard because the regularly assigned diesel was away on plow duty, and Pacific 2663, which was to head west to Sherbrooke in the morning with the local freight.

THE MEN POSED WITH THE 3514 IN THE CLASSIC MANNER— BUT THIS WAS NO CELEBRATION.

Dawn on the 29th found me on top of the coal chute photographing the yard, which was bathed in steam from the three engines that were setting forth to work. After nearly freezing to death, I climbed down and went back to the roundhouse to thaw out. Bud and Doug were already there and gave me the news: The diesels were here! Two were to arrive in Megantic on the local from Sherbrooke that very afternoon, and another was already in Brownville Junction being prepared to head the Scoot on its next trip.

I was stunned. This was it, the moment I had dreaded for years. How to cope? By photographing with all my heart. I went outside once again and did my best to record the 5107 while it was being serviced one last time. On my way out, the roundhouse foreman stopped me and asked if I would take a photograph of him and his crew with the 3514, because this was to be the last day of steam. "Of course," I said, and the old 2-8-0 was brought up in front of the station. Suddenly what seemed to be everybody on the Canadian Pacific's payroll in Megantic that morning came forth to be photographed. They took their places beside the engine and on its running boards and stood there proudly in the freezing cold to be recorded for posterity.

Seeing all those men standing there reminded me of photographs from decades before, in which a new locomotive fresh from the erecting shop was posed with all the men who had had anything to do with its construction draped all over it. Remembering those photographs made the picture I had just taken all the more poignant. These photographs were to me more than anything else a celebra-

tion of pride. The picture I made for them may have been the record of a little piece of history, but it was much more. It was a souvenir.

This was not a celebration. The arrival of the diesels meant that most of the men in the picture who worked in the engine terminal would be out of a job tomorrow. They knew full well the significance of the occasion.

When I climbed up into the cab of the 5107 I too was fully aware of the significance of what was about to happen. Yet strangely, nothing seemed any different. Reality was the 5107 *now*, not the fact that it wouldn't be here tomorrow. The engine, the cab, the sounds, the smells were all familiarly reassuring. As I watched Bud go through all the rituals of departure that I had seen a hundred times before, I kept saying to myself, "Be aware of what's happening! Drink it all in. This is the last time you will ever be in the cab of a steam engine! *Ever!*"

At that moment, I gave no thought to the possibility that I might come to know other steam locomotives, on short lines, the Rio Grande narrow-gauge, and elsewhere. Certainly I had no notion that steam would still be active on tourist railroads and mainline excursions 50 years hence. On that freezing morning, it seemed like the engines in remote Megantic were the last ones in the world.

I had my Rolleiflex around my neck ready to go to work. But what to photograph? How could I capture how I felt, convey the significance of this moment? I looked for something tangible to convey my emotions, something to photograph that would say to anyone generations hence that

this is the way it was on March 29, 1960, in Megantic, Quebec, at the end of the steam era. Where was the indisputable evidence that this was different from all other mornings? I was in despair. Then it dawned on me. Perhaps there was nothing more I could say. I had been

photographing my heart out for nearly a month. Perhaps now the time had come to put the cameras away and just sit quietly on my seatbox absorbing everything about this wonderful creature, the steam locomotive I loved so much.

From my vantage point on the left side of the cab I looked down and saw Bud begin oiling 'round. I watched him raptly as I had countless other engineers before. I wondered what was going through his mind as he walked methodically beside the running gear, thrusting his long spouted oilcan here and there to leave a drop or two of precious lubricant wherever it was necessary. There was nothing casual about the way he, or any before him, went about the task. As I watched I realized this ritual was something he must have performed so many times that it had become innate, part of life as an engineer. I wondered how he would feel on the Scoot's next trip sitting in an immaculate, sterile diesel cab. There would be no need for this ritual on a diesel.

When Bud had finished, the conductor came up with a sheaf of orders in his hand. The two men read them together and compared watches. They said a few words and then Bud climbed up into the cab. He showed the orders to Doug, moved to the right hand side of the cab, took a wad of cotton waste out of his pocket, and wiped off the throttle and brake levers. Then he checked the water glass and the boiler pressure gauge; when he was sure everything was in order, he sat down. In a moment the signal for the brake test filled the cab. A minute or two later the test was made and we were set to go.



The railroaders of Megantic, some likely facing unemployment, stand proudly for a photograph to commemorate the last day of steam.

Suddenly I was aware of the sound of rushing steam being blown out of the cylinder cocks and of the 5107's first deep breath—we were on our way. Our departure was without fanfare of any sort. Except for a wave or two from the group of men by the yard office, there was nothing visibly different from any other morning when the Scoot departed. There was no bunting on the pilot beam proclaiming "Last Run of Steam Engine"; no TV cameras or newspaper reporter eager for interviews with the crew. In fact, as far as I could tell I was the only person on hand who wasn't an employee of the railroad.

The sun was well up by now, and the light caught the engine's driving rods flashing back and forth as we picked our way through the switches and out of Megantic. Trailing the 5107 for now, before en route switching altered the consist, were eight freight cars, a caboose, a combine, and an open-platform observation car that was serving as the

weekly pay car for railroad employees—the last one in North America (it would cease running a few months later, about the time the Scoot stopped carrying passengers and became a simple way freight).

Then all at once I felt a great surge of power as Bud pulled back the throttle and we began to climb the west slope of the Boundary Mountains. I turned and looked back at the train following behind us under a cloud of steam and smoke. We passed a few farms, and then all signs of humanity disappeared. There was nothing but snow and trees and sky, except the smoke, which hung like a contrail in the still air for miles behind us.

The power of the engine was magnificent. It was as if the 5107 had drawn upon all of its remaining energy to surmount, this, its final obstacle. I leaned out of the cab listening to the old engine's relentless assault on the mountain. As it stormed upgrade its thundering voice shattered



CPR's Scoot crosses the Ship Pond Stream viaduct east of Owana, Maine, for the last time behind steam; tomorrow, an RS3 would be in charge. Tucked behind Mikado 5107 is an outfit car picked up en route, while a combine and a pay car trail the caboose.

the silence, drowning out all else and made goose pimples rise on the back of my neck. Here on that morning in the wilderness those old adversaries, technology and nature, were once again pitted against each other.

I looked down from my seat in the cab at the wondrous mechanism: rods and pistons and wheels all orchestrated in unison to drive the engine onward. I looked across the cab at Bud, one of the last men in America to put his hand on the throttle of a steam locomotive as a matter of daily routine. If he was aware of the significance of who he was at that moment, his demeanor gave no clue. This taciturn old New Englander in bib overalls and a checkered cap, who looked as much a farmer as engineer, was destined by fate to assume the role of "engineer" ever after in my mind. He had assumed the same classic pose as all locomotive engineers I remembered—hunkered down on the seat box, left hand draped over the throttle, head inclined toward the window so as to hear the exhaust. I looked at Bud and remembered the words of an engineer in whose cab I often rode when I was working for the Great Northern: "I listen to the exhaust. It tells me everything. Just like playing the piano by ear."

As we neared the summit I was suddenly overcome by a sense of despair. Despite the fact that this was only the beginning of the journey to Brownville Junction, it might as well already be over, for the great effort was behind us. Was this the last time a steam locomotive would storm these mountains, shatter the silence of the forest?

It was all downhill now. Once again the 5107 seemed to defy its age, fairly freewheeling along the Moose River with all the exuberance of youth. It burst upon Holeb with whistle howling a mournful, spine-tingling cry. Holeb, too, was but an echo, now just a name and a few derelict shacks. Only the railroad and an occasional fisherman knew that it even existed. But as I knew well, Holeb once had its place in the sun. It was a coaling station years ago, in the time when freight trains east and west and four passenger trains a night paused there on their way across the North Woods. It, too, was the place where customs and immigration officers laid over between trains. Holeb was one of those countless places in history that have an ephemeral grasp on existence, then wither and die when they are no longer useful.

We roared past lake and forest and muskeg until civilization reappeared momentarily at Jackman Station, where we stopped to get train orders and take water. When Bud climbed up into cab with a fistful of orders, he handed me a piece of paper.

"It's for you," he said.

The message read:

To D. Plowden on train #518 at Jackman:
No. 517 will have diesel engine tomorrow.
Wm. Laidlaw, Ch. Ds. Brownville Jct. 3/29/60

It was confirmed. Doug climbed back into the cab after filling the tender with water. Bud sat down and read the orders, then handed them to Doug who put them in a pocket of his coveralls. We departed Jackman Station, and no one said anything for a long time. I just sat in silence listening to the sounds of the engine as it racketed along toward its rendezvous with history. It was all going too fast, almost as if Bud wanted to finish the job as quickly as possible. Yet

there was something in the way the whistle sounded, and that he blew it far more than necessary, which made me realize that perhaps the old Yankee had found a voice to express his feelings.

We made the usual stop at Onawa to take more water and switch a few cars. As we started on our way again, I realized the train had been left behind and that the 5107 was heading over the Ship Pond Stream viaduct by itself.

I looked at Doug.

"You want your picture don't you?" he said smiling broadly. "Well, this is your last chance."

Then he explained that he and the rest of the crew had talked about my story of the picture in *Railroad* magazine, and had come up with a plan.

"We'll run you over, leave you on the other side and we'll slow up just enough so you can catch the engine as we go by. We can't stop because we'll be on the grade by then. But you're an old railroader. You should have no trouble climbing aboard."

I admit I was aghast and not a little apprehensive.

We headed across the viaduct. When we reached the other side, Bud stopped the engine and waited while I climbed down with my gear. Once on the ground, I watched as the 5107 backed across the viaduct and disappeared around the curve into Onawa. I was all alone, knee-deep in snow in the wilds of Maine. My first thought was, "What would I do if the engine were going too fast when it came by? Would they

really leave me out here?" I seriously doubted it. "Did I remember how to board a moving engine?" Yes: Catch the grab iron with my right hand, while thrusting my left foot into the corner of the bottom step of the cab ladder at exactly the same instant, then catch

the other grab iron with my left hand in order to steady myself. I had done it many times before on the Great Northern. But that was four years ago, and today there was no chance to practice. I remembered one incident on the GN only too well. I had caught a train once when it was going too fast. The force of the jolt pulled my right arm out of its socket.

Damn that sonofabitch Burns, the GN brakeman, who hated the little "snot-faced" Assistant to the Trainmaster from Yale. "I can't catch it," I remember saying to him as we stood together, waiting to catch the caboose of an accelerating freight train. "It's going too fast."

"Well you'd better, 'cause there won't be another train along till Monday." It was Friday. I was miles from anything in the dead of winter on the windswept plains of South Dakota. I had no choice. I watched with my heart in my mouth as the caboose came into sight. I looked pleadingly at Burns who ignored me as he caught the caboose's front steps. I remember only reaching for the curved grab iron by the rear steps—and then the pain! And then seeing my right arm in front of my chest as I staggered onto the rear platform. I stayed out there in a daze, tears streaming down my face, before I had the courage to shove my arm back in place. I was damned if I would let Burns see that I was hurt. I stood there for a long time before going inside and pouring a mug of coffee from the pot on the stove. For years afterwards I had to sleep with a sling to prevent the shoulder from popping out, and to this day it is still in pain. And right now it was with my right arm I was going to have to catch the grab iron and lift myself up into the 5107.

"YOU WANT YOUR BRIDGE PICTURE, DON'T YOU? WELL, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE."

There was no time to think about Burns and that disaster on the prairie. The sound of the engine whistling off from Onawa brought me back to the task at hand. I heard the sound of the 5107's exhaust as it started up. I made sure everything was ready: exposures, film in both the Rolleiflex and, as a backup, the Leica. I knew the exact point on the bridge where the engine would be when I fired the shutter.

Suddenly the 5107 hove in view at the other end of the viaduct. I saw my photograph materializing before me in the form of a locomotive bearing down on me under a cloud of smoke and steam, whistling like a Banshee from Hell. I fired a test exposure, listening carefully to make sure the shutter was working properly in the cold, and advanced the film. Then I fired the shutter once again as insurance to make sure my picture would be near the center of the roll, lest I kink the beginning of the roll in the process of developing it. Then I waited for what seemed an eternity until the 5107 reached the place on the viaduct I had chosen. I held my breath . . . and fired the shutter. That was it. I threw the cameras across my back, turned, took a few steps toward the tracks.

All at once the engine was upon me, suddenly transformed from a photograph to an immense, terrifying creature. I held my ground as the driving wheels and rods churned by just inches from my face. My eyes were riveted on the first step of the narrow ladder that led up to the cab. It drew closer. I gauged the distance. A vision of Burns—and the pain as my arm torn out of its socket—flashed across my mind. No time for those thoughts now. I raised both my arms into position, as I had done so many times before. *OK, Plowden—NOW!* My right arm instinctively reached for the right-hand grab iron at the same instant I thrust my left foot into the corner of the bottom step as it drew abreast of me. Then I caught the left-side grab iron with my left hand. Suddenly I felt the sensation of being lifted off the ground. I hoisted myself up the ladder into the cab, very glad to be sitting safely on my seat box behind Doug once again.

"Did you get it?" I heard Bud say, as he pulled the throttle back all the way and the 5107 surged into full stride once again.

I had my souvenir.

Seventeen more miles. That was all that was left and it would all be over. I sat there trying to make myself realize the importance of what was happening while it was happening. Nothing was different from a hundred other times I had ridden in the cab. I was completely at home here. It was a place I took as much for granted as any room in my house. I shut my eyes and listened.

I thought of my first trip across Maine on the CPR in August 1950. I was on No. 40, one of a brace of overnight trains between Montreal and Saint John when this line was truly the "High Iron" to the Atlantic. I thought of Holeb, where we took coal and where the customs and immigration officials came aboard. I remembered standing in the vestibule so as to hear our engine, Pacific 2396, fight its way up Johnville Hill out of Lennoxville. I was there, too, in the vestibule as we took siding at Ditchfield so as not to miss train 39 as it roared by, and at Attean as we waited for 41 with engine 2397. A coincidence, I thought, that two engines with consecutive numbers out of a class of 173 identical sisters should pass each other that evening. It was an

absolutely clear, moonlit night, and the myriad lakes were all aglitter. The steam from the engine rolled back across the sky, occasionally back-lit by the moon. I sat up all night listening to the wail of the whistle. By first light I was waiting, starving, for the café parlor car to be put on at Mat-tawamkeag. I had another of those Canadian Pacific breakfasts, which, as I remember, always featured blueberries and cream. I remember, too, watching dawn breaking over the wilderness and the sunlight catching the steam from the engine. How perfect: a steam engine up front, having breakfast on the CPR, looking for moose out the window.

I had to leave the CPR at Vanceboro, Maine, just a stone's throw from the border of New Brunswick. As I stood on the station platform watching the 2396 being exchanged for the 2307, another absolutely polished CPR Pacific, which would take No. 40 onto St. John, I realized that unquestionably the CPR was my favorite railroad. The engine whistled off, leaving Vanceboro and me behind. The magic was suddenly gone and the sun was high as I caught the Maine Central's local for Bangor and returned to the world of the diesel.

I wondered if the two sisters, the 2396 and the 2397, that had passed in the night 10 years ago had already been scrapped or were among those rows of doomed engines I had seen at Angus Shops a few weeks ago.

The sound of one long blast from 5107's whistle aroused me from my reverie as it announced to Brownville Junction that the Scoot was coming home. I heard the clatter of switches and looked out of the cab as the yard began to materialize. There was a little knot of people on platform in

front of the station. As we drew to a stop, I recognized Bill Laidlaw among the half dozen people gathered there. Bud and Doug came down from the cab and someone came up and said something to them. I gathered my gear, took a last look, and climbed down onto the

platform next to Bud and Doug. They stayed just long enough for me to take a photograph of them standing self-consciously beside the 5107. I thanked them for making the photograph on the Onawa viaduct possible. Then we shook hands and said good-bye—and they were gone. I found Bill Laidlaw and thanked him, too, for everything he had done for me. Suddenly the crowd dissipated. That was all the ceremony there was.

I climbed back into the cab and rode to the engine terminal with the hostler. Once there, he went about servicing the 5107 as if by rote, just as if it were going out on the Scoot in the morning. First he backed the engine down to the coal dock and filled the tender with coal. Next he spotted the tender under the water plug and proceeded to fill it with water. Finally he moved the engine down to the ashpit where he meticulously lubricated and oiled the running gear. Then he took the fateful step. He dropped the ashes and hot coals from the firebox. He backed the dying engine onto the turntable, turned it so the engine faced the roundhouse, and with steam still remaining in its boiler he put the 5107 in its stall.

I climbed up into the cab and sat there in complete solitude for what must have been two or three hours, listening to the sounds I knew so well grow fainter and fainter. I kept glancing at the needle on the steam pressure gauge. The needle dropped until it finally pointed to zero. When I was sure there was no more life left in the 5107, I climbed down and walked slowly past the driving wheels. As I came abreast of the main crank pin, I stopped and put

I WATCHED THE NEEDLE ON THE STEAM GAUGE DROP AND DROP. FINALLY, IT POINTED TO ZERO.



Engineer Bud Rolf (left) and fireman Doug Blue, their steam skills no longer needed, stand beside Mikado 5107 at Brownville Junction.

the back of my hand against it as I had seen many an engineer do. It was still warm. When I passed by the crosshead I reached out and ran my hand along the top guide of that as well. It too was still warm and streaked with slowly congealing grease. When I finally reached the pilot beam, I stopped again and looked up into the 5107's face and said one last farewell. I turned abruptly, took a shower, packed my gear, and said good-bye to the hostler and to Brownville Junction.

As I drove away from Brownville Junction, I turned on the radio in my car and heard the voice of an announcer say that two days previously, on Sunday, March 27, the last steam-powered train in regular service on a main line in the United States had made its final run on the Grand Trunk Western Railway from Detroit to Durand, Mich.

But what about the Scoot today, March 29? Obviously the

news hadn't reached the outside world yet. Perhaps it never did. How fitting, I thought, to have been all alone with one of my beloved locomotives, far away from everything else on this, the last day.

Within a month, steam was all but dead on the Canadian Pacific; the final regular-service operations were on Montreal commuter trains in June. Whether the Scoot was ever pulled by a steam engine again after March 29 or whether the 5107 was ever fired up again is immaterial. What is important is that the continuity was broken that day in Brownville Junction. For me the age of the steam locomotive died at dusk there on March 29, 1960. ■

This article was excerpted with permission from David Plowden's book *Requiem for Steam*, to be published by W. W. Norton this fall.

50 years since
STEAM



Glimpses at GARRETT

Born too late: Enjoying just “cups of coffee” with steam on B&O, and others, was a consequence of geography and age

By J. David Ingles • Photos by John S. Ingles

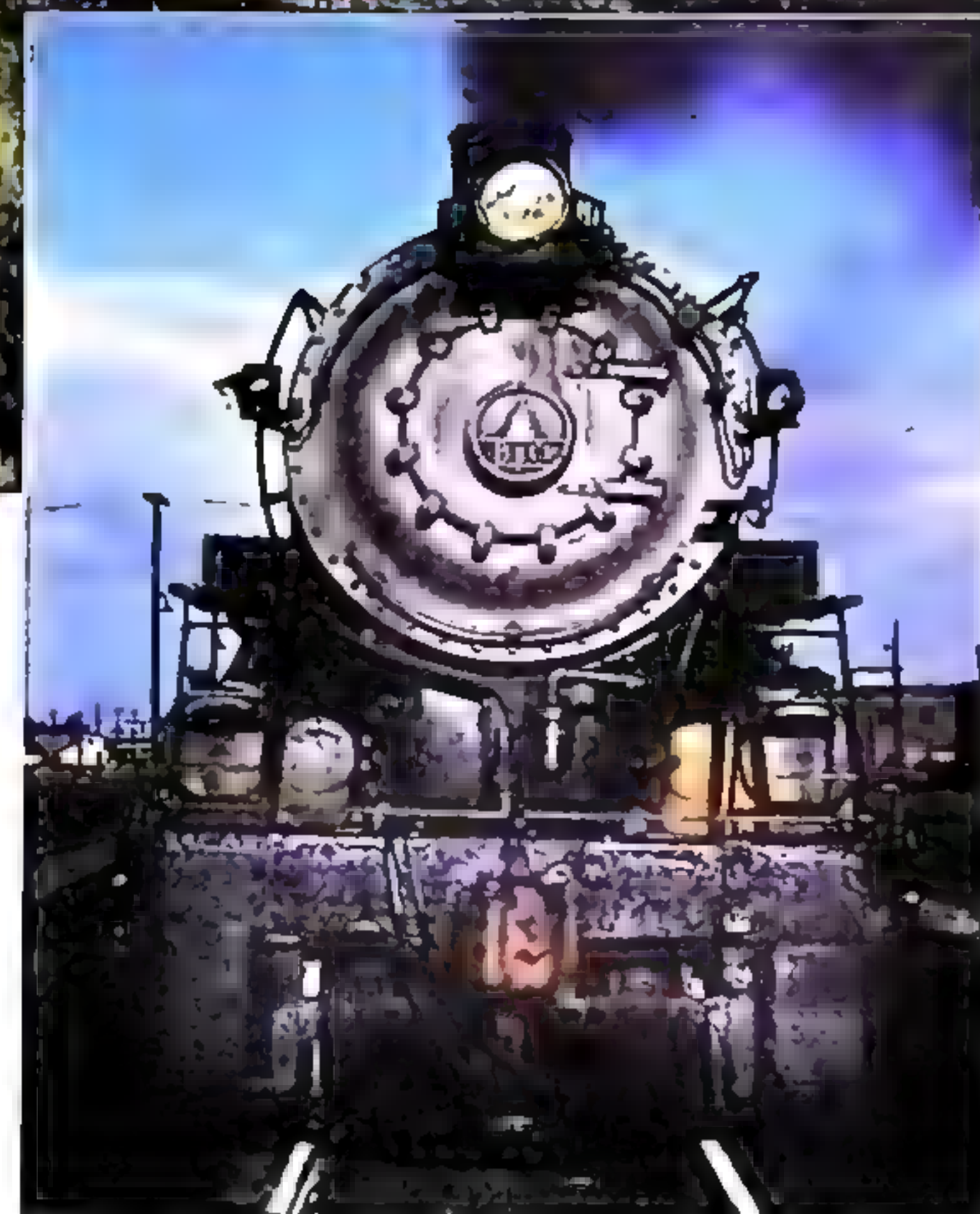
Our “coming of age” usually means high-school years, and they seem to be measured on a different scale from other periods in our lives. At least that was true a half century ago. A freshman girl dating a senior guy would be frowned upon, by their parents if no one else, but if the same couple were a few years older, no one would look askance. By junior year, most kids were turning 16 and getting their driver’s licenses. This opened up, to varying degree, a whole new world of “mobility.” Once past graduation, you’d entered “the rest of your life” and usually were able to explore at will, depending on finances.

As we got older, however, we all came to realize we “just missed” *something*—

each of us was born, or came of age, a little too late for a favorite thing. For us railroad enthusiasts, the lament was about passenger trains we didn’t get to ride, or big-city stations we weren’t able to walk through or use before they were razed, or locomotives we didn’t get to see in action.

Sometimes those four high-school years coincided with big-time changes in our world, and certainly this is true for me in regard to American Class 1 regular-service steam. I didn’t completely miss steam’s last stand . . . but it was oh, so close—I received my high-school diploma in 1959, smack in the middle of everyday steam’s dying embers.

Excluding Grand Trunk Western [pages 82–85] and Illinois Central [36–



It’s August 25, 1957, and B&O Mikado 454 faces the late-afternoon sun at Garrett, Ind. Behind the Q-4 Baldwin are two T-3 4-8-2’s.

39], my experiences with everyday steam were mere glimpses. Our family moved from the Chicago south suburb of Homewood, Ill., to Dearborn, Mich., next to Detroit, in 1956, and GTW ran everyday steam into 1960. Dad was a railroad employee (in DT&I’s general offices), model railroader, live steamer, and railfan, so I was fortunate to be able to savor steam during my high-school years in Michigan from the ground, the vestibule, and even the locomotive cab. Had GTW steam not been a mere half hour from our home, though, I would have seen next to no workaday steam as a young adult.

Before the “excursion-only era” began in 1961, I had about three dozen encounters with Grand Trunk Western



Exemplifying the massive facilities necessary to service steam is Garrett's concrete coaling tower. Sunlight glare obscures the new 700-series number on a class T-3 4-8-2 (left).

steam, but for me, "the Trunk" is the only road among the "final 14" we salute in this issue on which I had a comprehensive experience. I can't fully count Illinois Central, which ran steam in and out of my hometown until a year or so before we moved to Michigan, but other than visits with Dad to the men he knew at the roundhouse at nearby Markham Yard, or bicycling five blocks uptown from home to watch IC's 4-8-2's leave or arrive on freights, I had no opportunity to broaden my IC steam horizons.

On a few other large pikes, I had just a "cup of coffee" with everyday steam, to use the metaphor for baseball players with the briefest of careers in the Major Leagues. Union Pacific would be one ["Challengers East," STEAM GLORY 2, 2007]; Rio Grande's narrow-gauge, in 1960, would be another, as would Burlington's Colorado & Southern [pages 86-91] and Norfolk & Western (0-8-0's at Portsmouth, Ohio). I was just too young, though, to join future friends—some just two or three years older than I—who made long auto treks to search out workaday steam on Nickel Plate and Missabe Road, plus the N&W and IC in Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and southern Illinois coal country.

Steam excursions in the early '60s were another matter. I don't count the two I remember riding with Dad out of Chicago when I was a kid, on Baltimore & Ohio Chicago Terminal and Chicago & North Western. During steam's long good-bye, I rode several Burlington fan trips, in three states, behind 2-8-2 4960 and 4-8-4 5632, and photographed one behind a 4-6-4. I also rode several excursions on C&S, and behind Canadian

National 4-8-4's, Missabe Yellowstone 224, and, in 1961, a privately owned ex-GTW 4-6-2 around Chicago on B&OCT. (Incidentally, I didn't see the B&OCT 0-8-0's that worked in downtown Chicago into late 1958, profiled in "Invisible Stagehands" in Summer 2003 CT.)

All of which glosses over the fact that of the 14 late-steam roads in this issue, I missed out completely on 4 of them, mostly because they weren't close to home. It's no wonder I, and friends such as Jerry Pinkepank, Lou Marre, Dick Wallin, and the late Hank Goerke and Dave Klopfer, turned to the diesel as the center of our rail interest.

AND THE B&O?

So, what's with the steam on Baltimore & Ohio proper, pictured on these

pages? They are from two short visits Dad and I made in late 1957 to Garrett, Ind., B&O's first division point east of Chicago, 150 miles out. Founded in 1875, the town is named for John W. Garrett, who served as B&O president from 1858 until his death in 1884. These two interludes at the Garrett engine terminal are the only late-1950s glimpses of B&O steam that I remember.

B&O, according to the late Lloyd E. Stagner's definitive *American Steam Finale, 1954-1970* (South Platte Press, 2001), in August 1957 operated the second-largest fleet (to Norfolk & Western) of steam locomotives in the U.S. In that month, steam accounted for 13 percent of B&O's freight ton-miles and 12 percent of yard switching hours. According to Stagner, B&O used 2-8-2's on the



Probably on a lunch break from his office nearby, the author's father snapped a Kodachrome of B&O 4-8-2 5571 at Barr Yard in Chicago's south suburbs in July 1955; she became No. 713.



A Garrett visit on October 25, 1957, was more productive than two months previous. Facing east in late afternoon are 4-8-2 702 and a sister.



B&O, like other late-steam operators such as Illinois Central, N&W, NKP, and SP, kept humble switchers at work late in the game. Riding the Garrett turntable October 25, 1957, is 0-8-0 876.

Ohio, Newark, Wheeling, Akron, Toledo, and St. Louis divisions until February 1958, plus 2-10-2's in Ohio; EM-1 2-8-8-4's in eastern Ohio and West Virginia; and 4-8-2's from Willard, Ohio, west to Toledo, Lima, Garrett, and Chicago. The 0-8-0's were employed at a dozen terminals besides Chicago, all west of New Castle Junction, Pa., and Parkersburg, W.Va.

Alas, the details of Dad's and my two 1957 late-afternoon stops in Garrett are lost to history. (For one thing, I didn't begin to keep good photo notebooks until 1963.) We'd moved to Michigan, but his mother still lived near Chicago, so it's possible we were in Garrett on slight detours during a Chicago-Detroit weekend drive (the date of our first visit, August 25, 1957, was a Sunday, while our second, October 25, was a Friday).



Freshly serviced, class T-3 4-8-2 701 and a sister, likely 731, are ready to haul freight to Chicago. The T-3's, Nos. 5555-5594, were among B&O's newest power, built in the '40's with boilers from Q-1 2-8-2's and P-1 4-6-2's.

It's also possible we went from Dearborn to Garrett directly, especially to see active steam, but since I have not come across any Garrett "action" slides, and don't remember such, I doubt it.

Dad undoubtedly was aware that the B&O still was running steam, for as late as 1955, he shot 4-8-2's at Barr Yard in suburban Riverdale, Ill., next door to the office of his last employer before he returned to railroading in 1956, with the (just-dieselize) Detroit, Toledo & Ironton. Other than being with him at Garrett, though, I was oblivious. I didn't yet have my own car and was busy acclimating to our big move to Michigan after my freshman year of high school.

When I look back at the two dozen or so "red-mount" Kodachromes Dad shot of B&O steam (I was shooting 35mm black-and-white negatives, now long misplaced), I am thankful he date-stamped them and penciled some facts on the mounts. (Not all are of publishable quality—his last one, of a Toledo-bound 700-series 4-8-2 at North Baltimore, Ohio, on November 6, 1957, is too dark to ascertain the engine number.)

B&O steam didn't last much longer, as 4-8-2's 723 and 724 made the last revenue runs on Garrett-Lima local freights on April 6, 1958, and 2-8-2 421 hauled a Cleveland-Holloway (Ohio) "steam farewell" fan trip on May 17, 1958.

Beyond the Garrett visits, though, mostly I draw a blank on B&O steam recollections. Such was life as a teenager just too young to really go *someplace* to see steam in the late '50s. On the other hand, ask me sometime about my Grand Trunk Western experiences or my one memorable encounter with a Nickel Plate Berkshire at speed. ■



Prior to the photo at top left, 701 was at the coal dock (above). In B&O's November 1956 system renumbering, all steam received three-digit numbers, the T-3's becoming Nos. 700-734.

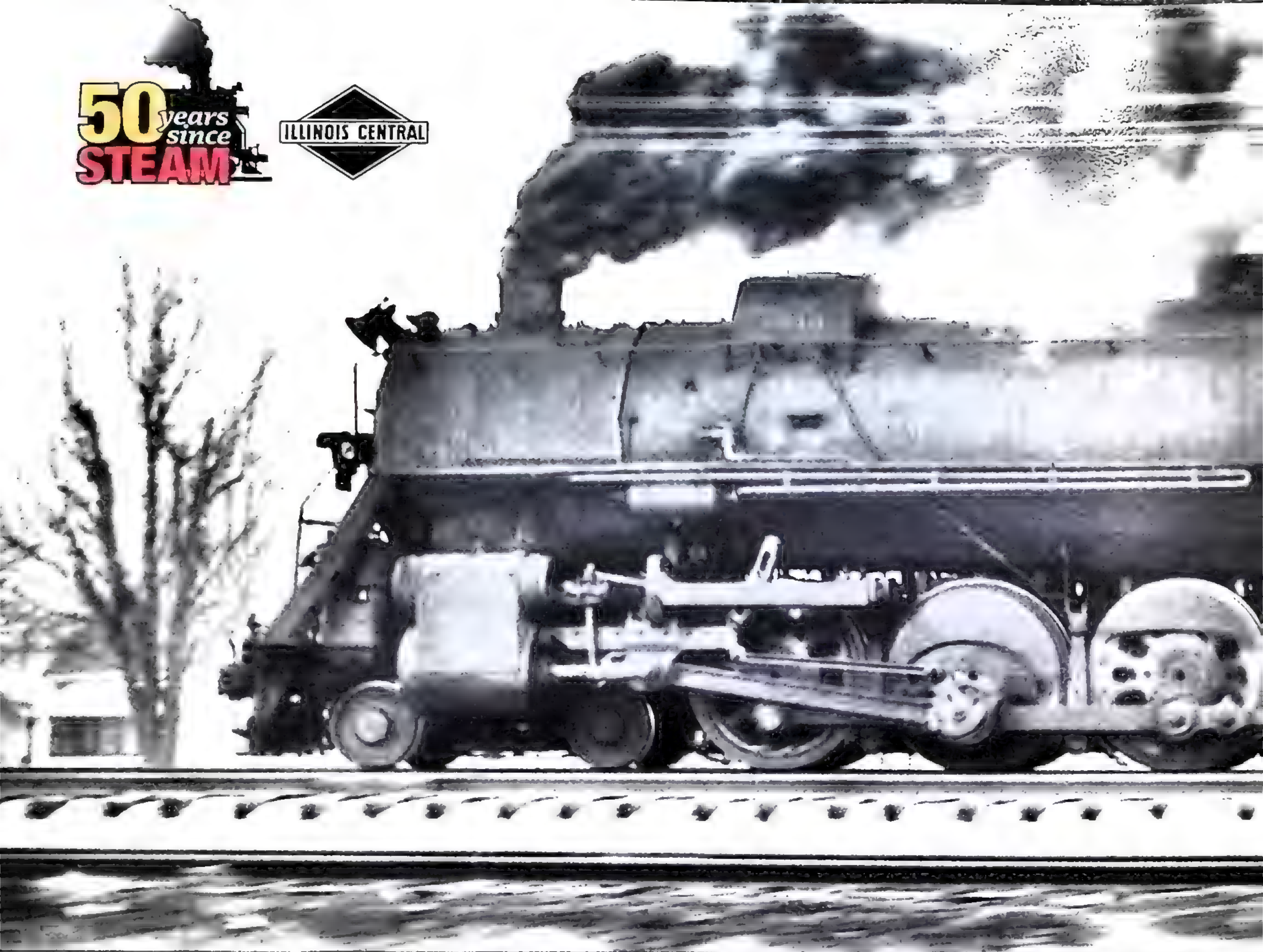


Resting in between jobs is 0-8-0 820. Various of B&O's several L-class switchers underwent two runnumberings, first in 1954 (but keeping four-digit numbers) and then again in late 1956.



While 4-8-2 731 was taking water, father posed son for a portrait. The homebuilt T-3's were ubiquitous west of Willard; they accounted for 31 of B&O's 304 steam engines in August '57.

50 years
since
STEAM



A day with **IC 2613**

Following a 4-8-2 during the final winter of
Illinois Central steam

By J. Parker Lamb • Photos by the author

The spare, functional lines of IC steam power are on display as 2613 strides through Anna, Ill., with the southbound Cairo Turn. Cab windows are closed against the January cold.

When I left Champaign, Ill., with my friend Bruce Meyer on the wintry morning of January 27, 1960, at the start of a three-day search for Illinois Central steam locomotives, we had no idea what we would find. At this time, steam operations in southern Illinois were in their final months and completely unpredictable. However, we had our minds set, and the weather was cooperating.

Bruce and I had come to this venture from completely opposite directions. He was from nearby Bloomington and had chased steam, especially IC engines, since he began taking railroad photos. In contrast, I had missed much of the final steam operations in the Gulf States, where I grew up. However, things changed dramatically in 1955 when I



No. 2613 simmers on the pit at Carbondale the night before her trip to Cairo, during which Lamb and Meyer caught her southbound at Dongola.



At Cairo, 2613 waits to follow the *Creole* north. IC had been able to store all its steam power in May 1959, but was forced to recall a dozen or so 0-8-0's, 2-10-2's, 4-8-2's, and a 2-10-0 on the Kentucky Division in late October; regular IC steam operations ended for good in April 1960.



Low sun catches the Cairo Turn northbound near Cobden. L&N used 2613 on an October '59 fan trip; she worked IC trips in May and October '60.

moved to Dayton, Ohio, for military service. Much to my delight, I found the region between Cincinnati and Columbus still bustling with steam in all types of service.

After completing my two-year obligation, another move brought me to Champaign as a graduate student at the University of Illinois. Here I soon joined with a local group, informally organized by IC tower operator Dick Stair, of action shooters (mostly university students) who had a zeal for recording the last of steam.

On our January trip, Bruce and I encountered our first steam train south of Centralia: 4-8-2 2527 with a southbound freight. We pressed on to Carbondale, a major junction with an active steam shop. After arriving in early evening, we found 4-8-2 2613, a live representative of IC's finest power, the mighty 2600's. These 20 engines had been fabricated during World War II at the road's famous Paducah, Ky., shops as a refinement of the 2500's, which were Paducah rebuilds of 2-10-2 drag engines.

After dark we were pleasantly surprised to find that No. 2613 was scheduled for a turn run to Cairo (55 miles to the south on the main line) the next day. Moreover, it was parked in the perfect spot, its running gear emphasized by lighting from low-mounted spotlights. After making some evening time exposures, we settled into sleeping bags on the front and rear seats of Bruce's car.

At dawn the next morning we found a road crossing a few miles south and, with the melodious sounds of the 2613 leaving the yard, waited anxiously for our hopscotch chase to begin. It was frigid and overcast for the first half of the trip but, with various stops to pick up and set out cars, we were able to find a variety of angles from which to capture the 4-8-2 in all its glory.

At Cairo the engine was wyed and coupled to its northbound train. After a short wait for the northbound *Creole* to clear, we continued our chase on the return run, which was made much better when the sun appeared. It allowed for a number of good shots on the road as



IC's finest rests at Carbondale after the turn.

well as some additional stills in Carbondale after the engine was tied down.

In many respects, I see these images as a memorial to Bruce Meyer (1935–2006), a gifted photographer with a keen eye for composition [*"Great Photographers,"* Spring 2003 *CLASSIC TRAINS*]. A warm, energetic man, his friendship was a highlight of my four years in Illinois. We maintained close contact until our careers separated us in the 1970s. **■**

50 years since
STEAM



SWAN SONG

on the Range

A teenager and his dad pursue Missabe Road steam in 1958–59

By Robert C. Anderson • Photos by the author

As on several other railroads in northern Minnesota, including the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and short line Duluth & Northeastern, steam power lasted late on the Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range. The Missabe Road, as everyone called it, was a 275-mile U.S. Steel-owned Class 1 linking the iron ranges of the state's "Arrowhead" region with the Lake Superior ports of Two Harbors and Duluth. (The Mesabi Range, note the spelling difference, is the largest of the region's four geographic iron ranges, the others being Vermillion, Gunflint, and Cuyuna.) DM&IR was created in the 1937 merger of two parallel roads, the Duluth & Iron

Range, chartered in 1874 to bring ore from the Vermillion Range to Two Harbors, and the Duluth, Missabe & Northern, which dated from 1891 and linked Mesabi open-pit mines with Duluth. U.S. Steel owned both after 1901.

The Missabe Road's traffic levels, of course, depended on the steel industry and its need for Vermillion and Mesabi ore. Steam ruled through 1955, but during 1956–58, 59 EMD SD9's arrived to complement 15 1953-built SW9 switchers plus some F units leased from GN and USS sibling Bessemer & Lake Erie. In 1957, two-thirds of DM&IR operations were handled by steam, including 17 of the giant 2-8-8-4 Yellowstone's plus some 2-10-2's, 2-10-4's, 2-8-0's, 2-8-2's,

and 0-10-2's, but the SD9's effectively dieselized the road by the beginning of the ore-shipping season in spring 1958.

Near the end of the year, however, increased demand for steel caused a jump in iron-ore shipments. The GN and Bessemer diesels were recalled by their owners, so the Missabe had to fire up some steam to finish the season.

On Friday, October 17, 1958, my late father, Carl, and I made the second of what would be more than a half dozen drives to the Missabe, searching for steam in service, from our home in Ironwood, Mich., 100 miles away. (The first was in April 1957, but we saw no steam in road service.) I was only 14, but Dad let me drive when he got tired



On May 1, 1959, two 2-10-2's work at Proctor. The 500 (left) is weighing cars, governed by scale house signals on the bridge; 506 is switching.



These coming-and-going photos of Yellowstone 232, steaming through Saginaw on October 17, 1958, bound for Proctor with ore loads, are among my favorite Missabe Road steam pictures. They are on my first roll of Kodachrome, which made me a believer for the next 40 years.

or his allergies acted up. We arrived at Proctor Yard, just above Duluth and its harbor, in early afternoon. It was a cool fall day with high, wispy clouds in a deep blue sky. We found only 2-8-8-4 226 simmering next to the roundhouse, but when we stopped at the scale house at the north (receiving) end of the yard, we were told that two loaded trains were headed our way behind steam.

We drove north 10 miles on U.S. 2 and, at the Saginaw depot, encountered M-3 class 220, first of Missabe's eventual 18 2-8-8-4's, delivered by Baldwin in 1941 and 1943 (one, 237, was wrecked in early '57—we'd seen its remains at Two Harbors). The 220 was just about to crest the ruling grade southbound.

We got ahead of her in a couple miles at Munger for another photo and then caught her again at the Proctor scales where, as customary for inbound ore, the road crew began slowly weighing half the train as it entered the yard. Two signals mounted on the old road bridge that spanned the yard told crews that their weighing speed was good (green) or too fast (yellow); red meant "stop your train!" I was shooting Anscochrome until we got to the scales, where I loaded a roll of Kodachrome into my camera. The difference in the sharpness and color of those films that day made me a believer in Kodachrome for the next 40-plus years. (On our April '57 trip, I was shooting black-and-white.)

We headed back north and waited at Saginaw for the second ore train, pulled by the 232, then drove south to Munger for another shot just south of the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific overpass. (This CN subsidiary had dieselized the year before.) My shots at Saginaw in the low fall sunlight are among my favorite Missabe steam pictures. At Munger we saw smoke to the south, and here came the 226 we'd seen sitting by the roundhouse, charging north with empties.

RETURN VISITS

During that October 1958 trip we found Missabe employees to be, almost without exception, friendly and willing to help us locate trains and engines to



Viewed from the "scale house bridge" very early on April 25, 1959, 2-10-2 506 backs up while switching as SD9 126 weighs ore and two others return from American Steel & Wire at Steelton.

photograph. The "defense facility" mentality of World War II and the Korean conflict had worn off.

Demand for steel and ore had increased considerably during the winter, and an early start to the 1959 ore-ship- ping season was predicted. On the morning of Saturday, April 25, Dad called the Proctor scale house and was

told yes, steam-powered ore trains were running. A loaded train was due within an hour or so behind the 228, second of the 10 M-4 class delivered in 1943.

We arrived at Proctor to find 228 being serviced at the ashpit. Shortly, it was spun on the turntable and moved to the outbound ready track. Next, the 604, a Union-type 0-10-2 (one of 10 built

by Baldwin in 1936 and 1939 for USS's Pittsburgh carrier, Union Railroad, with all transferred to DM&IR in 1949), was pulled out of the roundhouse and its fire dropped at the ashpit, then put back in its stall. We stopped at the scale house and learned another loaded train was close. The sky was nearly cloudless, with a brisk north wind and a temperature of 45 degrees. It was easy to spot the 226 marching south through Munger, 5 miles to the north, but the same smoke and steam column that made spotting easy resulted in a moving shadow that obscured part of the engine and tender almost continuously, a fact of life when photographing steam engines. As we got back to Proctor, we were caught by surprise as the 221 was leaving with empties, but we caught her at Munger and again at Grand Lake.

Back at Proctor for the obligatory shots of 226 weighing its train, we were surprised to see the 506—first of 10 USRA-design light 2-10-2's from Alco's Brooks works in Dunkirk, N.Y., built for DM&N in 1919—at the north end of the yard. It was waiting to couple onto the second half of 226's train and weigh it. We then were treated to the 225 leaving with empties and got photos from the "scale house bridge" over the yard. We took another shot at Adolph, just 2 miles north, and within an hour, shot the 228 northbound in beautiful low afternoon light by the scale house. The next day, Sunday, April 26, was cloudy, so we took just a few photos before heading home.

We returned on two weekends in early May 1959, noting that more new diesels were on hand. On one of the roundhouse leads, SD9 173, next-to-last unit of the 1959 order, was roaring in the eighth notch, being tested prior to

On May 16, 1959, 2-10-2 503 readies to shove cold 509 into the roundhouse after SD9 137 spotted it on the table; SD9 173 (left) is load-testing.





Carl Anderson, my father, shoots with my black-and-white camera as 2-8-8-4 228 hauls empties north from Proctor on April 25, 1959.

entering service; we photographed it from the car-shop road bridge (razed in the 1970s) over the roundhouse area. Also present was an A-B-B-A set of Great Northern FT's. All these diesels had not managed to kill steam, though—2-8-8-4's were still on the road and several 2-10-2's worked in Proctor, enough to leave a continuous cloud of coal smoke hanging over the yard.

STRIKEOUT

During June '59 we went to Proctor twice, both quick day trips since Dad had to work six or seven days a week. (His primary employment was above ground at Montreal Mine, but in early '59 he began working weekends as a substitute at the post office, quitting the mine job late that year when he could go full-time at the P.O. He retired from the USPS in 1980, and died at age 84 in 2003.) A steelworkers strike was looming for July 1, so shipments of ore to the docks were high, which meant there would be a lot of DM&IR steam to see.

The labor contract was extended until July 15, so after Dad finished work on Saturday, July 11, we drove to Proctor again. Next day there were indeed plenty of opportunities to photograph the 2-8-8-4's, and we saw other engines working in the yard. As things turned out, the last DM&IR steam engines I put on film before the strike were Yellowstones 225 and 227, both of which are on display today (225 by the road entering Proctor from the south, and 227 in the Lake Superior Railroad Museum in the old Duluth Union Depot).

On November 7, the steelworkers



Returning from "slushing duty" at the Duluth dock, 2-10-2 506 heads for servicing at Proctor on November 14, 1959. "Slushing" was the washing out of frozen ore stuck in dock pockets.

were ordered back to work under the 90-day cooling-off provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. The steel industry tried to move as much ore as possible off the iron range to the mills in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania before winter weather shut down the Great Lakes, and this surge provided me yet another opportunity to see Missabe steam in regular service. The engines, though, were not on road trains; rather, they were in stationary ore-steaming use, although DM&IR considered this "regular service" because hostlers moved the engines to add coal and water and have other minor things attended to.

A SPECTACULAR STEAM SHOW

On Saturday morning, November 14, 1959, I took a bus from Ironwood to downtown Duluth, then a city bus to my great aunt's house in West Duluth, where I dropped off my suitcase and

got on another bus for Proctor. The "ore-steaming plant" was a section of Proctor Yard at the south end, not far north of the DM&IR backshop, and there I found about 20 locomotives, of several types, parked in rows on several tracks, in use as stationary boilers. They were connected to large pipes that carried steam to smaller pipes that were inserted into ports on the sides of the ore cars on adjacent tracks.

The ore would be "steamed" for many hours to thaw so it could be moved down to the Duluth docks and dumped into the lakeboats. The weather was clear and cold, with temperatures often below zero at night. The frigid air produced great clouds of steam, and my eyeglasses were constantly fogged up as I made my way around, photographing as many locomotives as I could. The first one I encountered before diving into the cloud was, ironically, No. 604,



On a frigid November 14, 1959, Missabe's ore-steaming activities—keeping ore loose in the cars—created quite the sight over Proctor Yard.



Before diving into the steam cloud, I first photographed 0-10-2 604.



Also in steaming duty was 714, an ex-Bessemer & Lake Erie 2-10-4.

the 0-10-2 from our first April trip. Also hooked to the steam lines were 2-10-2's, ex-B&LE 2-10-4's, and 2-8-8-4's. When they needed their ashes dumped and a fresh supply of coal, hostlers and switchmen would move them from the steaming plant to the roundhouse area and back again.

When I emerged from the cloud of steam and smoke at the steaming plant's north end, I was near the coaling tower and crew facility, which had a locker room, showers, tables with chairs, and vending machines. I was invited inside by a hostling crew; I warmed up and devoured some sandwiches my great aunt had packed for me, and some of the crewmen shared their coffee. All they said to me about my presence was to "be careful out there," so once warmed and fed, I went back out to the servicing tracks to photograph more engines, ones I'd seen only parked in dead lines during the previous two years.

In addition, I saw several live 2-10-2's and a lone 2-8-2, which were reserved for "slushing duty" at the Duluth docks. They were equipped with piping which provided hot water to wash out any ore that had frozen to the sides of the dock pockets. When they needed coal and/or water, these locomotives would steam uphill from the docks to Proctor and back, and I caught the 506 returning on one of these breaks. (On our April 1957 trip, we'd seen 0-8-0's in this duty at Duluth, their last service.) Next morning, Sunday, November 15, I went back to the yard for more photos. The weather had moderated a bit and temperatures reached into the 20s that day. I left about 4 p.m., in time to catch the bus back home to Ironwood.

Dad and I made one more trip to the Range, on November 28, 1959, when I was able to get a few last photos of Missabe steam in regular service. One was a cloudy shot of M-4 234 arriving

with loads, the only time I photographed a 2-8-8-4 in winter weather. I also shot 1327, the lone active 2-8-2, and then, finally, M-3 226, which was being moved into the steaming plant. The 1327 was one of 28 Mikes from the 1920s, of three classes (one each from Alco, Lima, and Baldwin), transferred from Elgin, Joliet & Eastern, U.S. Steel's Chicago-area road, to DM&IR in 1948.

Those shots weren't my last of Missabe steam, though, because Dad and I rode, and photographed, five steam excursions during 1960–62. Moreover, Missabe, despite getting 19 new SD18's before the '60 ore-shipping season began, did run a few 2-8-8-4's from April 7 into June 1960. Some smaller engines were also in use, including a 2-8-0 and a 2-8-2 up at Ely, Minn., plus a 2-8-2 at Endion yard in Duluth, which also handled the Two Harbors local freight. Dad and I didn't have good intelligence on all this, though, and on the two early-



1960 weekends he and I drove to Duluth and Proctor, we found no steam moving. The natural ore (vs. pellets) usually moved only five days a week, but Dad couldn't take weekdays off and I didn't have my driver's license yet. There apparently is no record of the exact last day for regular-service Missabe steam in that 1960 revival.

Our first excursion ride was on July 2, 1960, behind the 222 from Duluth to Two Harbors, Ely, and Winton (end of the line), and back. The 2-8-2 at Ely was outside, in steam, for us to photograph, and the 2-8-0 was inside; the weather was very dark, however. On July 4, 1961, Yellowstones 224 and 225 hauled simultaneous excursions out of Duluth Union Depot. The 224 took an Illini Railroad Club train, which had come up from Chicago on CB&Q and NP, on a clockwise circle via Iron Junction, Biwabik, and Two Harbors, leaving Duluth an hour ahead of the 225 on a Minnesota Railfans Association train. This special made a counterclockwise loop west to Bovey via Iron Junction and Hibbing, returning directly on the Coleraine line to Alborn and Duluth. Near Alborn northbound, the Illini group photographed MRA's train overtaking theirs.

On September 2, 1962, the 514 hauled a Duluth-Hibbing round-trip public excursion, advertised as a "last run." The real last run occurred September 29, when the 514 pulled an invitation-only, Duluth-Mountain Iron trip for the Minnesota Historical Society to mark the 70th anniversary of the first rail movement of ore off the Mesabi Range. No DM&IR engine has steamed since.

Missabe steam had quite a run, and I treasure all the photos from my teenage treks to see it in action. ■



My only photo of a live Missabe 2-8-8-4 in snow is of 234, just in from the Range on November 28, 1959. A few hours later when I shot 1327, the only active 2-8-2, the snow had all melted.



The last pre-excursion-era, in-service shot I made of DM&IR steam is this one of 226, which after being serviced, passed the Proctor backshop as it returned to the ore-steaming area.

50 years since
STEAM

NICKEL
PLATE
ROAD



Curtain call at **CONNEAUT**

Nickel Plate Road's last active steam was not 2-8-4's on fast freights
but humble 0-8-0's in a yard

By Norm Herbert

The time was June 1959. I was scheduled to begin my two years of active duty in the U.S. Army on July 1, so I left my position doing children's dentistry with the Oakland County (Mich.) Health Department in time to squeeze in a bit of railroading. Mainly, I wanted to try to see some active steam locomotives that I strongly suspected would not be around two years hence.

I had heard, either on a fan trip in my hometown Detroit area or at a Michigan Railroad Club meeting, that the Nickel Plate Road once again had some engines in steam, at Conneaut and/or Bellevue, Ohio. (One must remember that sources and channels of information a half century ago were not what we enjoy today in this Internet age.) This would be a short-term thing, so I was off to Ohio to find out. Nickel Plate's famed Berkshires had last operated about a

year before, so this report certainly was worth checking out.

To do things right, I drove first to Cleveland, to Terminal Tower where NKP's headquarters were, to get permission to enter the property. After a half-hour wait, I was told the person who could issue such permission was not available and to come back the next day. Despite my telling them I was about to go on active duty in the Army, they said no.

So, not having the time to wait, I headed for Conneaut anyway. I located the yard, and indeed, there were two 0-8-0's switching, Nos. 212 and 229. Each was one of a class of 10 switchers (U-3b for Nos. 210-219, U-3c for 220-229) built for NKP by on-line Lima Locomotive Works in 1924 and '25, respectively. A fence along the accessible side of the yard prevented truly good photos, but I found a hole in the fence and stepped through it to take some 8mm movies and



Two photos, Norm Herbert

The June 1959 day wasn't sunny, and the author had to find a hole in the fence along Conneaut yard to make the photos, but he was successful in recording on film two of the Nickel Plate's last five active steam locomotives, all 0-8-0's, working just as they had for over 30 years.

a few slides, two of which you see here. The day was overcast, but I considered my search a success. The crews didn't seem bothered by my presence, and I departed before anyone came to question me.

I went on to Johnstown, Pa., to photograph the city's trolleys. Johnstown had 17 PCC cars and was the smallest U.S. system to buy PCC's new ["Car Stop," Spring 2004 CLASSIC TRAINS]. From Johnstown I headed back toward home, stopping in Bellevue, Ohio, where I found a lot of Nickel Plate steam locomotives—0-8-0's, 2-8-2's, and 2-8-4's . . . but all were in storage. I returned home and later headed north to search out other active steam [page 96].

In retrospect, it certainly is ironic that NKP, so well-known for its fast freights behind 2-8-4's, operated its last everyday steam in the yard, with humble 0-8-0 switchers.

At the beginning of 1957, steam was still accounting for 52 percent of the road's gross ton-miles, but just 7.5 percent of switching work. Delivery of 40 diesels in March and April 1958 cut down NKP steam considerably. The road overhauled its last Berkshire in May 1958 at Conneaut, and as of June 1, all 0-8-0's and 2-8-2's were inactive, with only 22 Berkshires and 2 Hudsons still in steam.

My timing couldn't have been better, for the curtain call at Conneaut—brought on by a jump in business and encompassing five 0-8-0's to release yard diesels for use on NKP's W&LE District—lasted only from May 19 to July 18, 1959. The nationwide strike by steelworkers in July, which also made the anticipated use of 2-8-4's again in the fall unnecessary, silenced the 0-8-0's . . . and all NKP steam. NKP retired its remaining standby steam in August '60. ■



Don Wood



John Krave

The 2-8-4's weren't part of NKP's 1959 steam revival, having made the road's final steam road freight runs in 1958. No. 719 (right), at Conneaut in June, ran Buffalo-Conneaut on July 1; No. 746 (left, at Kimball, Ohio, also in June) wrapped it all up the next day on a Bellevue-Conneaut run.

50 years
since
STEAM



SP's FLEET *by the Bay*



California's last big steam
show took place on the
San Francisco Peninsula

By Tom Dill

By late summer 1956, Southern Pacific's use of steam locomotives had come to a close throughout much of the system. In August, the corporate office at No. 65 Market Street in San Francisco had put out the decree that steam was to be used only if there was no diesel locomotive available. The spring and summer perishable rush was about over, and what steam was still in service tended to be concentrated around the San Francisco Bay Area and a few locations in the San Joaquin Valley, such as Tracy and Fresno.

The one bright spot for steam fans was SP's Peninsula commute service between San Francisco and San Jose. Here, steam still ruled supreme. The low equipment utilization inherent in such operations had made the commute

pool an ideal assignment for power that was fully amortized and had been bumped off premier runs by diesels.

SP had recently tried to dieselize this service with 16 Fairbanks-Morse H24-66 Train Masters brought west from New Mexico, where they had worked road freights. But teething problems occurred when the FM's were subjected to the demands of quick starts and stops and the high speeds dictated in commute service. Most had then been temporarily assigned to freight duty on the Coast Division until they could be reworked, one or two at a time, at SP's Los Angeles Shops and at Bayshore Yard outside San Francisco.

The Train Masters were not the first diesels to be tried in commute service. In late 1953 and '54 the road tested a couple of Electro-Motive SD7's, but they too came up short—they couldn't accel-

The afternoon commute rush is under way at SP's San Francisco terminal on March 29, 1956. The mostly steam-powered service posted a near-perfect on-time record, so the 4300-series 4-8-2 pulling out with train 136 leaves little doubt that the time is 5:23 p.m.



Bob Trennert

erate fast enough on rush hour trains and were soon relegated to shorter off-peak consists. In addition, six GP9's had been assigned to the commute pool in 1955; they held down some off-peak runs, rush hour commute trains 121 and 130, and trains 77 and 78, the San Francisco-Monterey *Del Monte*.

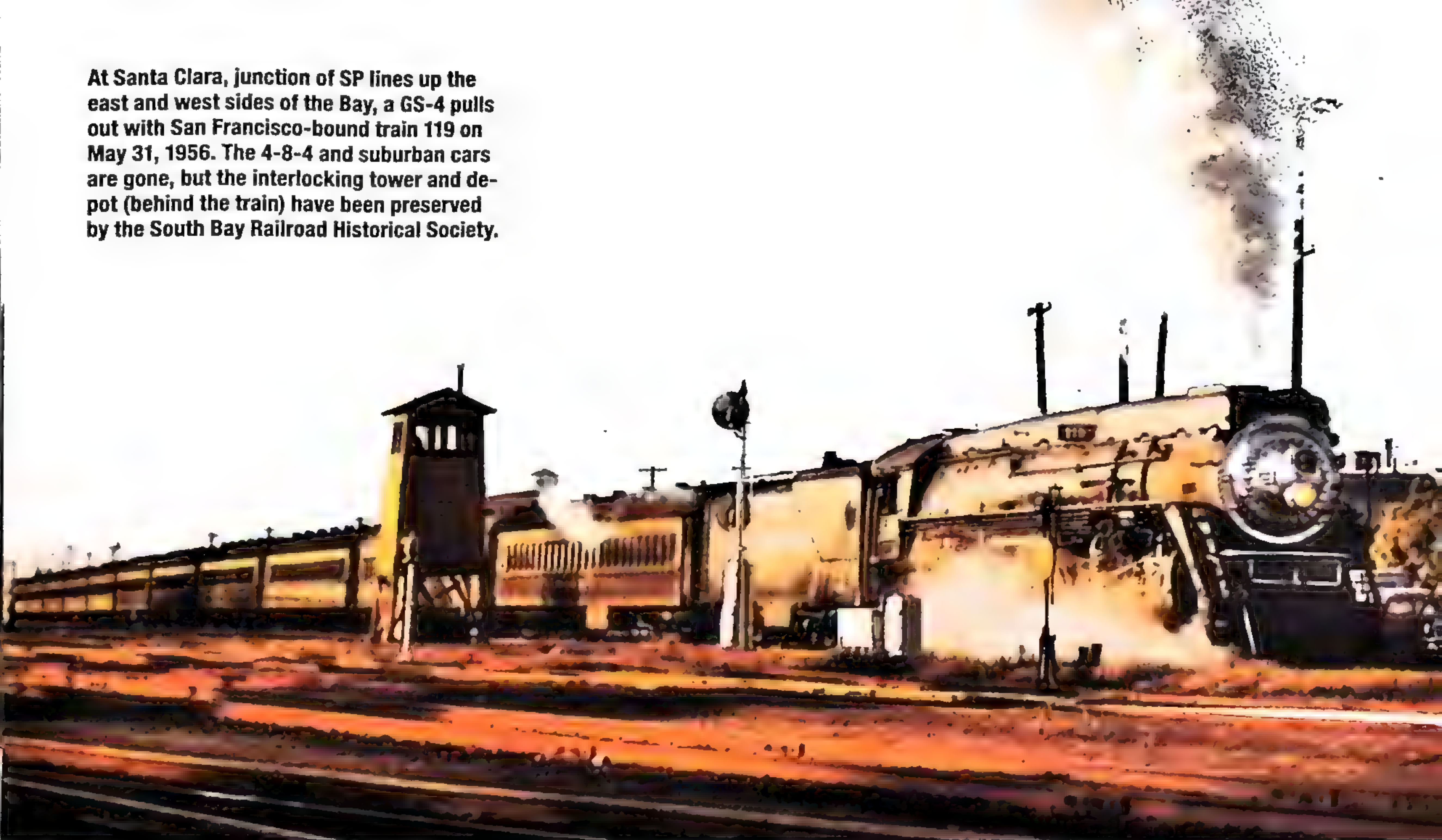
Raillfans flocked to the Peninsula to record and witness what was to be the last great show of big steam on the SP. On any given weekday during August and September 1956, no fewer than 35 to 40 commute trains, out of a total of 54, were still steam-powered. Twenty-six engines were in the commute pool at the start of fall 1956: 6 Pacifics, 13 Mountains, and 7 of the famous GS-class Northern. In addition, a handful of 0-6-0 switchers could usually be found working around the San



Bob Trennert

Switcher 1270 blocks 4th Street as she spots baggage cars at the San Francisco terminal on September 10, 1956; until recently, the 0-6-0 wore a fancy livery for passenger-depot duty.

At Santa Clara, junction of SP lines up the east and west sides of the Bay, a GS-4 pulls out with San Francisco-bound train 119 on May 31, 1956. The 4-8-4 and suburban cars are gone, but the interlocking tower and depot (behind the train) have been preserved by the South Bay Railroad Historical Society.



Bob Trennert

GS-1 4-8-4 No. 4402 (Baldwin, 1930) rests at Mission Bay roundhouse in September 1956.



Bob Searle

Well-kept Pacific 2489 rolls into Mountain View with off-peak local 153 on August 31, 1956.

San Francisco passenger terminal at Third and Townsend streets. Although less predictable than the commutes, some freights around the Bay Area and east to Roseville and Fresno were still pulled by steam engines, including a number of SP's unique cab-forwards.

SP called its morning and evening commutes the "Fleet." In later years there was even a repeater button on the interlocking machine at Bayshore Tower (later installed in Fourth Street Tower in San Francisco) labeled "Fleet-ing," which automatically set the switches and signals at the passenger terminal so each train did not have to be cleared separately. Freight trains and maintenance gangs had to be well in the clear of the main line when the Fleet began to flow each morning and afternoon. Delays of even a few minutes were crucial to the schedule and would have to be answered for in person by the offending conductor or foreman.

In the afternoon, the best location to view the action was near the Third and Townsend station. Each weekday between 4 and 6 p.m., 15 commute trains departed for the 47-mile run down the double track to San Jose. The real action began with train 130, due out at 5:14; from then until No. 144 at 5:35, trains left on three-minute headways. Authorized to run at up to 70 mph, each train made limited stops. The first, No.



John E. Shaw

130, had no scheduled stops until California Avenue at Palo Alto, almost 32 miles from San Francisco, a distance it covered in 38 minutes. The following train's first stop was at the next-closest intermediate station, and so forth, so that most commuters got home by 6 p.m., regardless of destination. This also kept the trains from crowding each other and thus having to run on restricted signal indications. It was imperative that the trains run on schedule, as one delay would affect all the following trains. Late trains were uncommon, to say the least: On-time performance for the Fleet was 98 percent. On the rare occasions when trains ran late, their riders were told why. The next day, employees placed small cards on the seats explaining what had been the cause of any delay.

The morning rush out of San Jose was about the same, only in reverse. Peak departure times were from 6:03 a.m. for train 111 to 7:26 for train 135. This was the busiest line on the entire SP—and in fact anywhere west of Chicago—with a total of 69 First Class passenger and freight trains, plus numerous lesser freights and locals plying the



John E. Shaw

Train 130 of August 31, 1956—GP9's 5600 and 5602 with 10 gallery cars—passes a 4-8-4 that has just left Mission Bay roundhouse and is backing to the Third and Townsend terminal.

rails each weekday. And into fall 1956, much of this traffic was still entrusted to steam locomotives.

The last years of steam coincided with the postwar suburban building boom. This was no more evident than in the narrow stretch of densely populated land south of San Francisco that lies between the Coast Range on the west and San Francisco Bay on the east. The area provided a more relaxed, suburban lifestyle than living in the "City" (as San Franciscans call their town), and the SP provided the means to travel easily to downtown workplaces from many points along the Peninsula. To handle all the riders, the railroad provided 75 heavyweight suburban coaches, 156 older steel cars from the early-1900s Harriman era, and 10 new gallery-type bi-level cars. The 96-seat suburban coaches were built between 1923 and '27 and were the first all-steel cars designed specifically for this service. As streamlined equipment replaced older cars on SP's long-haul trains, the Harriman chair cars were reassigned to commute service.

The Peninsula's booming residential development increased demand for SP's commute service. The road added cars to the trains, but some were becoming too long for the station platforms. Seeking a way to move more people without adding cars, SP borrowed one of the Burlington Route's suburban bi-levels in January 1954 so Peninsula commuters could test it out and make suggestions on what they might want in cars the SP ordered. A number of the suggestions were incorporated into the 10 new cars built by Pullman-Standard and delivered for service beginning on June 16, 1955. SP ordered 15 more bi-

levels in 1956; these were constructed by American Car & Foundry and delivered in spring 1957.

To keep all this equipment in top shape required a small army of carmen, coach cleaners, electricians, mechanics, and other service personnel. The cars were cleaned and supplied each day at both San Jose and San Francisco and the exteriors washed at regular intervals at the City coach yard. SP's commute service was recognized as the finest in the country at the time.

Train length varied from 1 to 16 cars, depending on the time of day, day of the week, and train direction. Most rush hour trains consisted of from 8 to 16 cars, while midday and late-night trains were usually 1 to 6 cars long. Trains were usually made up of all 60-foot Harriman cars, 72-foot "Suburbans," or the 85-foot gallery cars, although some mixing did occur on off-peak trains. A few off-peak runs carried RPO and baggage cars for mail and express shipments.

Times over the 47-mile district varied from 66 minutes for speedster 130, which made only four stops, to just shy of 2 hours for train 147, which set out mail, baggage, and express at Palo Alto and San Mateo and made nearly all station stops between San Jose and San Francisco.

Right up until the end of steam operations, the SP kept its locomotives assigned to the commute pool in top condition, both mechanically and cosmetically. Engines had a regular maintenance schedule, and any small problem reported by a crew or inspector was immediately repaired or the engine was taken out of service until proper repairs could be made. The

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Watch video clips of Southern Pacific steam in action, as well as locomotives from other roads in this issue, at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com



Eugene Van Dusen

With the Bay Bridge towers in the distance, 4-8-2 4307 rolls train 122's Harriman coaches into the big curve just south of Third and Townsend.



Alden Armstrong

Mountain types 4307 (left) and 4376 are ready to depart San Francisco with trains 124 and 126; the 4307 (Schenectady, 1923) was SP's eighth 4-8-2, while 4376 (SP, 1930) was its last.

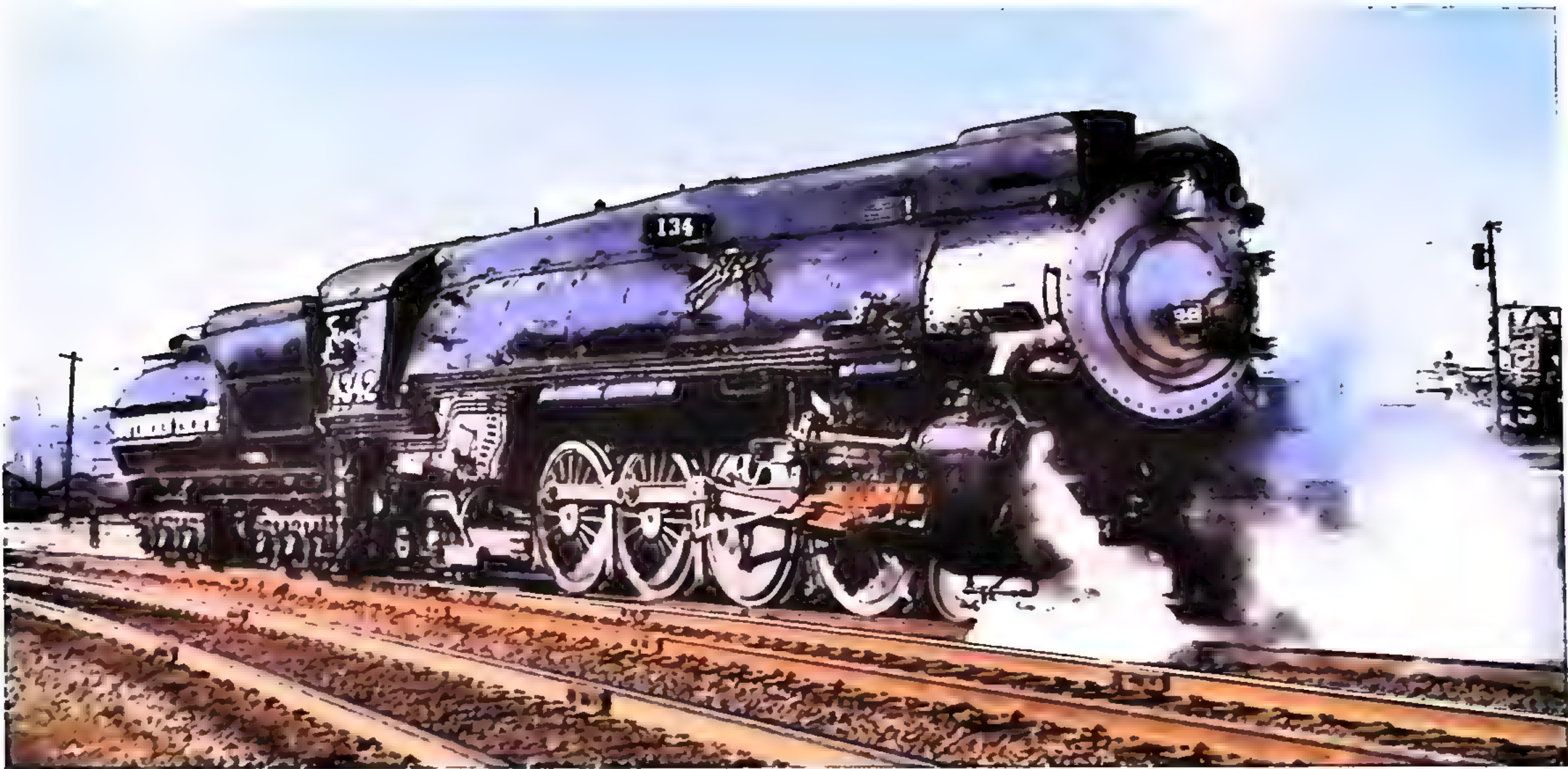
locomotives were carefully groomed and maintained at Mission Bay roundhouse, just to the south of the Third and Townsend depot in San Francisco, and at San Jose's Lenzen Avenue roundhouse. The engines were also painted and washed periodically, which was definitely the exception to what was

taking place in the ranks of the rest of the remaining steam power on the SP and most other roads. These steam locomotives were the pride of the fleet right up until the end of their use.

In addition, the passenger cars assigned to the commute fleet were thoroughly cleaned and washed on a regu-

lar basis. While the SP still held all its passenger trains in high regard, there was an added reason for the commute equipment's spic-and-span condition. Most of SP's top executives lived on the Peninsula and rode the commutes daily to and from work in San Francisco. They wanted the equipment to be in very presentable condition, especially since many of their fellow passengers were executives with other firms, and would comment to them about the condition of the trains.

As 1956 came to a close there were still about 15 steam locomotives in use, but almost weekly another one would be relegated to "stored serviceable" status as the FM Train Masters came online. On January 22, 1957, 4-8-4 No. 4430 worked train 146 from San Francisco to San Jose in what turned out to be the last steam-hauled commute and the final use of regular mainline steam on the SP. The road kept a number of locomotives hot with a spot fire at both Mission Bay and San Jose in case one of the commute diesels would fail, but this lasted only for a day or two before the engines were taken off standby sta-



Bob Trennert

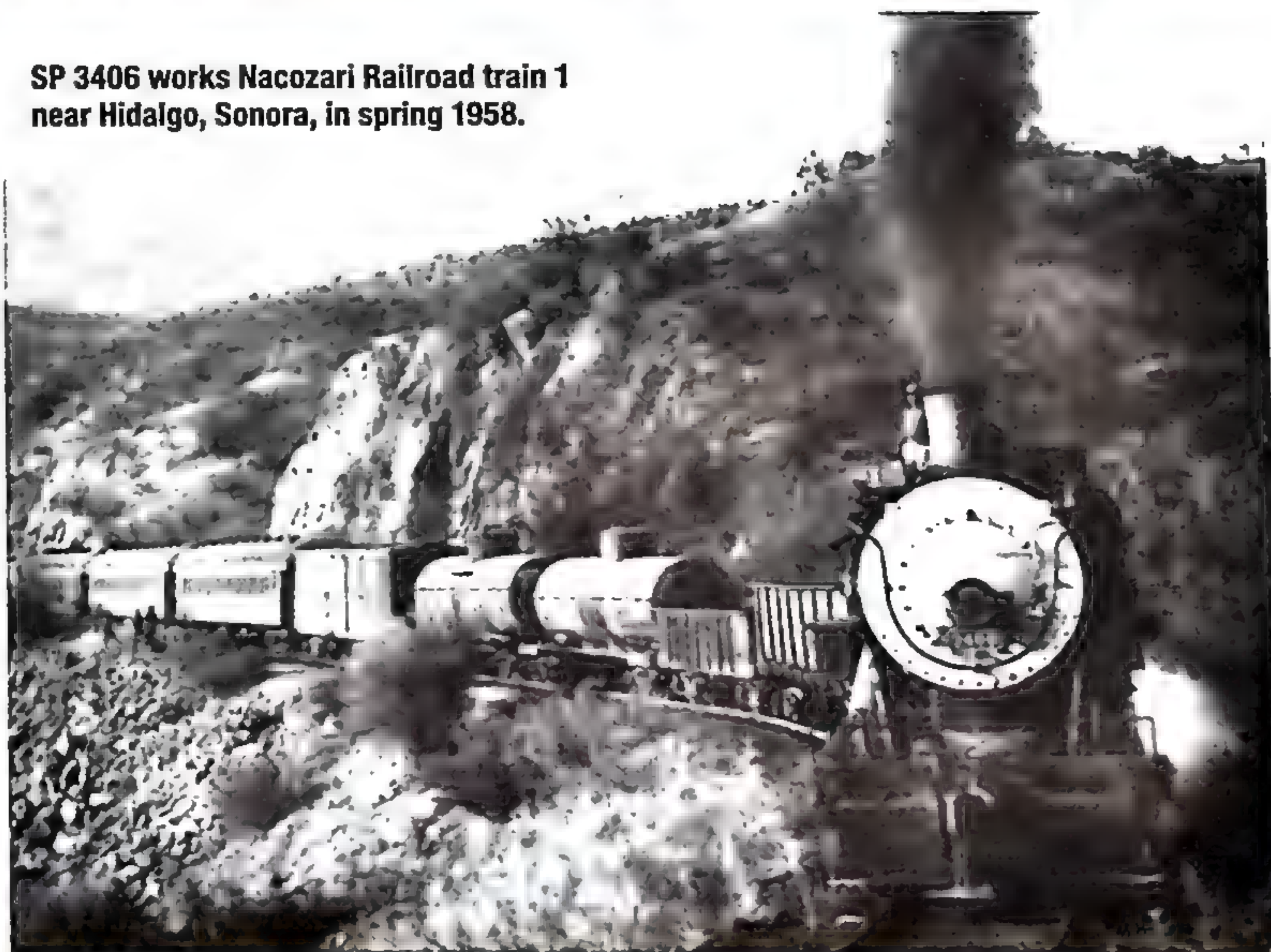
The immaculate condition in which SP kept its commute equipment is evident in Mt-3 4-8-2 4342, backing toward Third and Townsend on September 13, 1956. Bumped from top passenger runs, the free-steaming, 73-inch-drivered Mt's proved to be ideal engines for commute service.

tus. Complete dieselization of the commutes came a lot sooner than expected. Even the railroad figured it would use steam on an intermittent basis for possibly another two years, especially during the summer perishable rush.

By the following spring, when business normally picked up, the call for additional power didn't materialize, for a number of new GP9's had arrived from EMD and the country was in a recession. One by one over the next three years, the remaining steam locomotives that had worked the Peninsula trains were unceremoniously sent to the scrappers. The year 1956 would prove to be the high point of patronage on the commutes under SP's management. This result was of course not because of the loss of steam, but rather the trend toward the use of the private automobile and the opening of the new four-lane Bayshore Freeway, connecting San Jose and San Francisco.

In July 1980 the SP and California's Department of Transportation (Caltrans) reached an agreement whereby the state would underwrite the Peninsula commute operation. Five years later the SP bowed out entirely and Caltrans took over, operating the commutes under the "Caltrain" brand. Ridership and the number of trains has been on the increase since, but nothing will ever compare to the action that took place in the last months of 1956, when steam still dominated Southern Pacific's "Fleet by the Bay!" ■

SP 3406 works Nacozari Railroad train 1 near Hidalgo, Sonora, in spring 1958.



Donald Duke

NACOZARI AND NARROW-GAUGE

The January 22, 1957, run of GS-4 4430 on train 146 wasn't quite the end of regular-service steam on the SP system. Two Consolidations continued to work on subsidiary Nacozari Railroad between Douglas, Ariz., and Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico, until January 19, 1959. Ten days after that, 2-8-0 3406 ran light from Douglas to El Paso, marking the last regular-service steam movement on SP's standard-gauge lines. The absolute end came on August 29, 1959, when Ten-Wheeler No. 9 made its last run on SP's Laws-Keeler, Calif., 3-foot-gauge line, which itself was abandoned in April 1960.—Robert S. McGonigal

50 years since
STEAM

Burlington
Route

CENTRALIA'S *'other'* STEAM BASTION



My 1956 Illinois interlude in this town was
with the Burlington Route, not the IC

By Jim Shaughnessy
Photos by the author

As 3½-year-old, green Southern GP7 2066 switches in its parallel yard on Centralia's north side on August 31, 1957, CB&Q Mikados 4980 and 4983 offer a comparison that would not last much longer here.

During the period when steam locomotives were disappearing from America's railroads, their diminishing numbers naturally tended to be concentrated at specific terminals, or on specific divisions, where the railroad could utilize commonality of equipment and parts in an efficient manner. One result in many places was that these "steam hot spots" would have few if any diesels. Some of these valhallas, which came to be well-known by those of us searching for any remaining everyday steam, are profiled in other stories



In off a mine run, Burlington 2-8-2 4997 eases off one of the road's typical truss-style turntables and into the Centralia roundhouse. The O-1A class comprised 60 engines, 4940-4999, all 1923 Baldwins.

in this issue: Cheyenne, Wyo.; Garrett, Ind.; Proctor, Minn.; and Roanoke, Va., to name four.

As time passed in the mid- to late 1950s, these pockets of steam grew fewer and more obscure as, like little light bulbs on a big wall map of U.S. railroads, they flickered out one by one when diesels took over. One such citadel was Centralia, a small town in southern Illinois. While Centralia was better known as an Illinois Central place—the town's name was derived from the railroad's name, after all, and IC had a large car shop and yard there—branch lines of not only IC but the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy fanned out to serve coal mines in the area.

Centralia was a logical place to keep steam locomotives in service. The branchline and mine-spur work was not demanding in terms of speed or power, coal was readily available for fuel, and certainly both the IC and "the Q" had fine stables of locomotives still in good shape.

I was fortunate to stop by Centralia with two friends on August 31, 1957, the Saturday of Labor Day weekend, while pursuing IC mainline steam ["Pageant at Ashley," Summer 2008 CLASSIC TRAINS]. But it was my somewhat unexpected interlude with CB&Q steam, not that of IC, for which I more fondly remember Centralia.

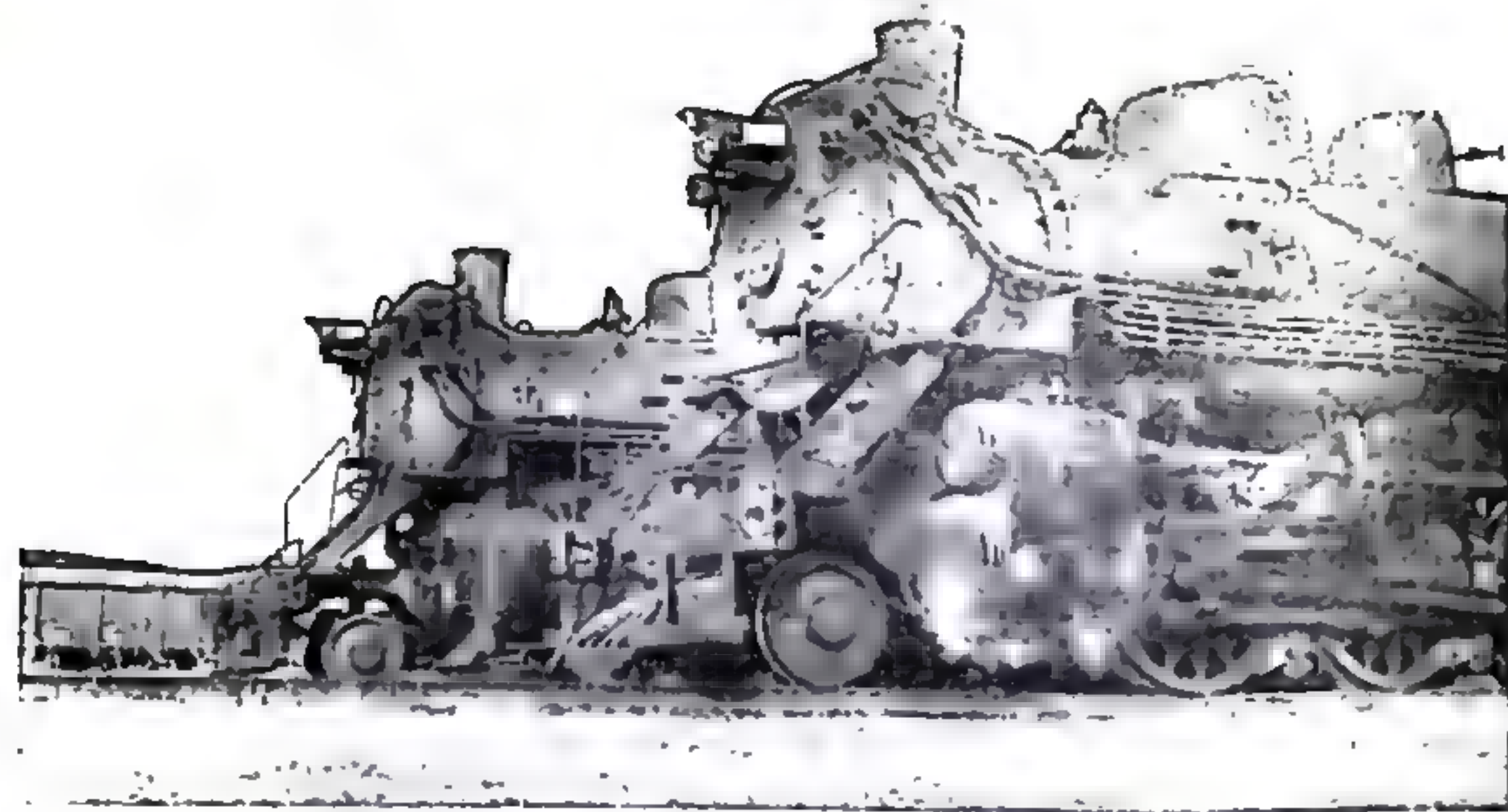
On the north side of town at the Burlington's yard, the level of steam activity was not great, but the place was a purely steam terminal at its best. Centralia was the first division point south (135 miles) of Beardstown, Ill., an Illinois River town on the Q's southern Illinois coal route. From Bushnell, on the Galesburg-Kansas City main line (itself by then dieselized), the coal route ran southeast through Beardstown, Concord, Jacksonville, and Litchfield to Centralia, the focal point for the Q's coal branches, which among other things supplied the Burlington with locomotive fuel. The route, still part of BNSF Railway today,



Lanky CB&Q 2-10-4 6327 takes on water (top) near the roundhouse. Mike 4976 pulls into the yard (above) with a mine run. I was fortunate to photograph eight different active CB&Q engines this day.

extended on south from Centralia through Herrin Junction to Paducah, Ky., 256 miles from Beardstown and 317 from Galesburg.

Although the Q's Centralia terminal was still all-steam, and I photographed eight different active engines, there was a noticeable quiet prevailing on that Labor Day Saturday that made it feel like the end was near. Several O-1A class 2-8-2's, used on the mine branches, simmered in the roundhouse, while on the ready track, two of the Q's 18 great M-4 class Baldwin 2-10-4's were awaiting assignment. The M-4's



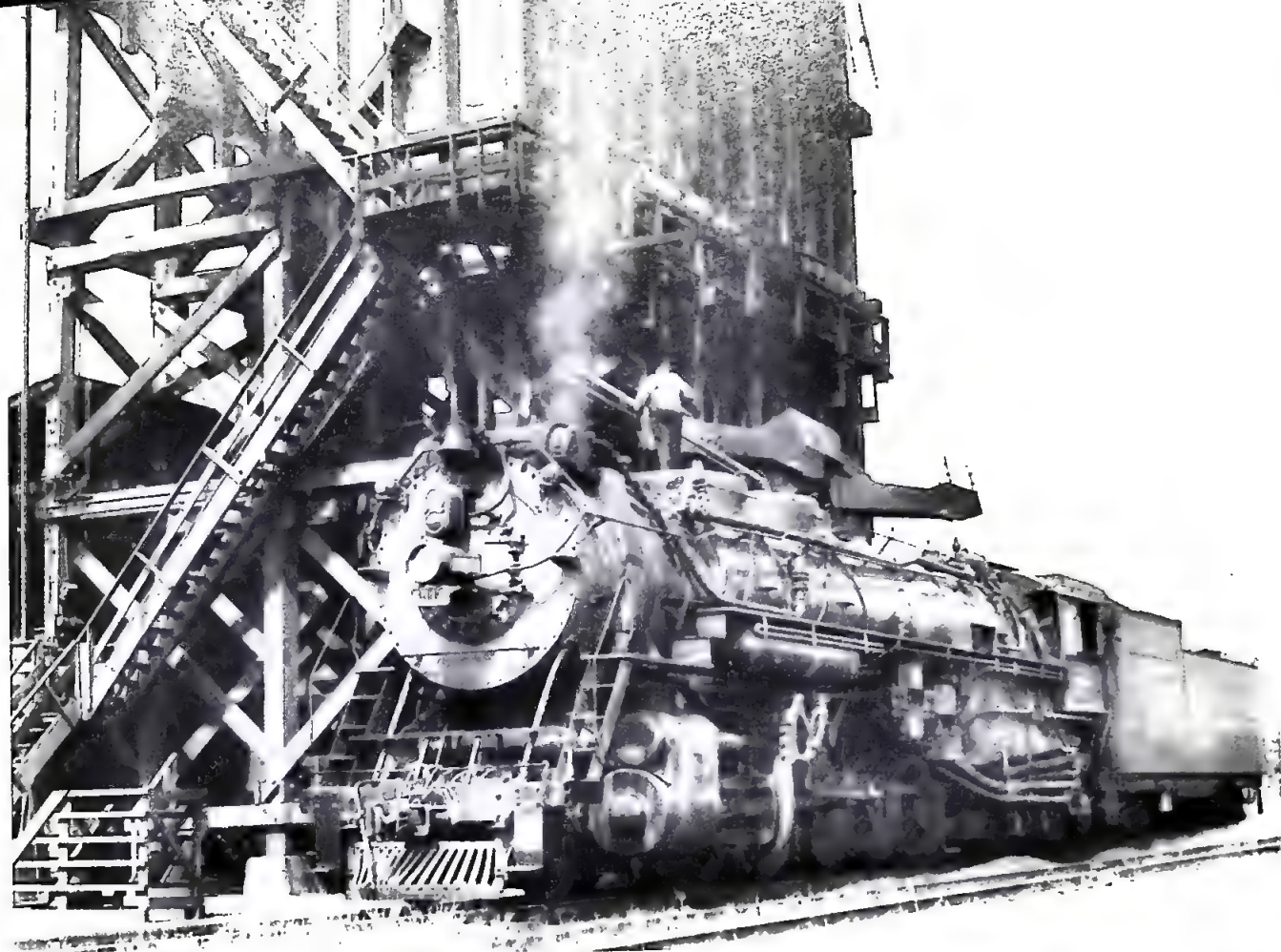
Sister Mikes 4999, last of the 40 O-1A's, and 4980 wait on the ready tracks at the roundhouse. Another member of the class, 4960, would achieve excursion fame and wind up on the Grand Canyon Railway.



The activity of Mike 4947 drilling the yard eventually drew the attention of two local boys. Adding to the flavor was the departure of a Southern time freight from its yard behind an A-B-B-A set of green-and-white F units, led by F3 4170, on the long-dieselizeed St. Louis–Louisville route.

—called Colorado types, not Texas types, on CB&Q—had found a home on the Galesburg–Centralia route, and by Labor Day 1957, when Q steam was active only there and around Lincoln, Nebr., just three 2-10-4's were assigned to Centralia. Only a few hostlers were in sight on the day of my visit, but they went about the time-honored chores of servicing these machines—filling the tenders with water, loading coal and sand at the enormous coal dock, and moving locomotives in and out of the well-kept roundhouse over one of Burlington's signature pony-truss turntables. I felt privileged to photograph these men at work.

It was always a thrill for me, in fact, to photograph goings-on at an engine terminal, because every few minutes the scene would change. As locomotives would be made ready for departure, or arrive off a run, the ensuing sequence of events offered a continuing variety of photo opportunities. I always considered it important to record the men as well as the machine, which not only provided perspective to the size and mass of the locomotives but also conveyed a sense of life. I never tired of the classic image, for example, of a hostler filling a tender with water. This, and the other tasks in servicing a steam locomotive—



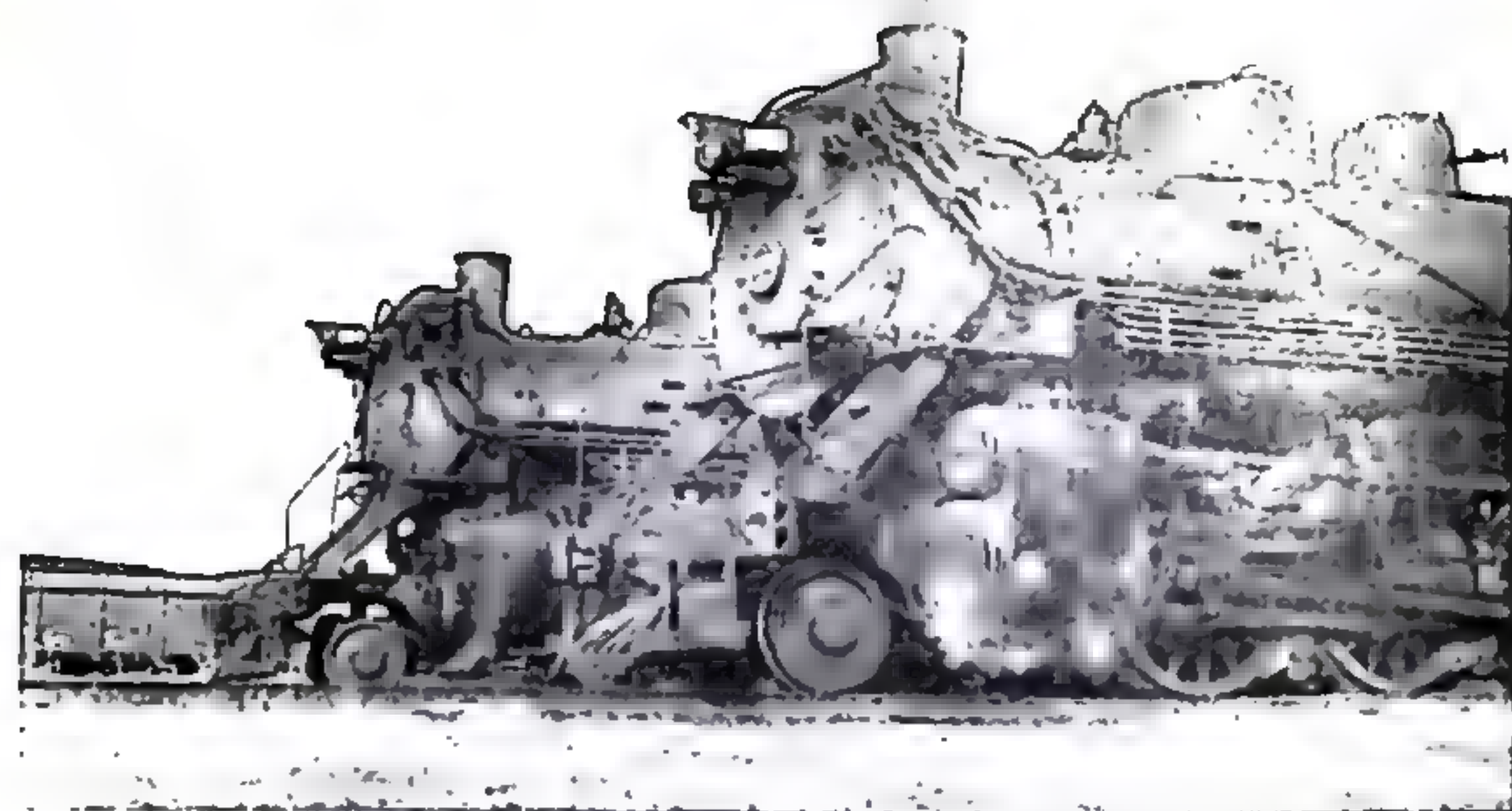
Both 2-10-4's on hand, 6312 and 6327, offered several opportunities while being serviced for me to concentrate on the men who took care of these machines, to me a very important aspect of rail photography, giving perspective to the engines' size and conveying a sense of life.

loading coal, polishing the headlight lens, lubricating the running gear, putting drinking water in the ice compartment in the tender's gangway, cleaning the cab windows—made for endless photographic possibilities, night or day.

The Q quit using steam in regular service in December 1957, but a traffic increase brought it back to the Beards-town Division in September 1958 when the road reactivated four Mikados and two Colorados at Herrin Junction, 50 miles south of Centralia. The 2-10-4's worked up to Centralia, but were stored by the end of November, while the last 2-8-2, No. 4997, dropped her fire on January 27, 1959, at

Herrin Junction. Meantime, CB&Q steam segued into the excursion era when O-5A 4-8-4 5632 ran from Lincoln to Chicago on November 1, 1958, to begin a six-year career. Soon 2-8-2 4960 joined her, launching an eight-year stint on December 28, 1958. CB&Q leased five Mikes to subsidiary Colorado & Southern [pages 86–91] in October '58, but workaday steam on the Q proper was done.

Thus did diesels eventually extinguish the "Centralia light" on that figurative wall map of steam-engine haunts. I feel fortunate to have witnessed active Burlington steam in a valhalla 900 miles from my New York state home. ■



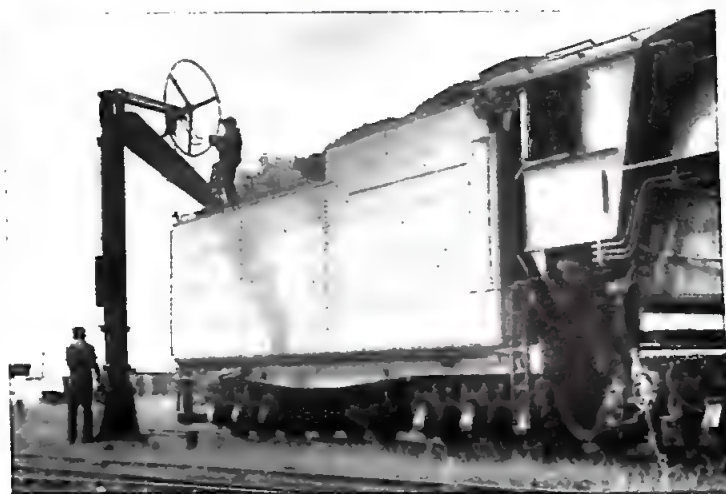
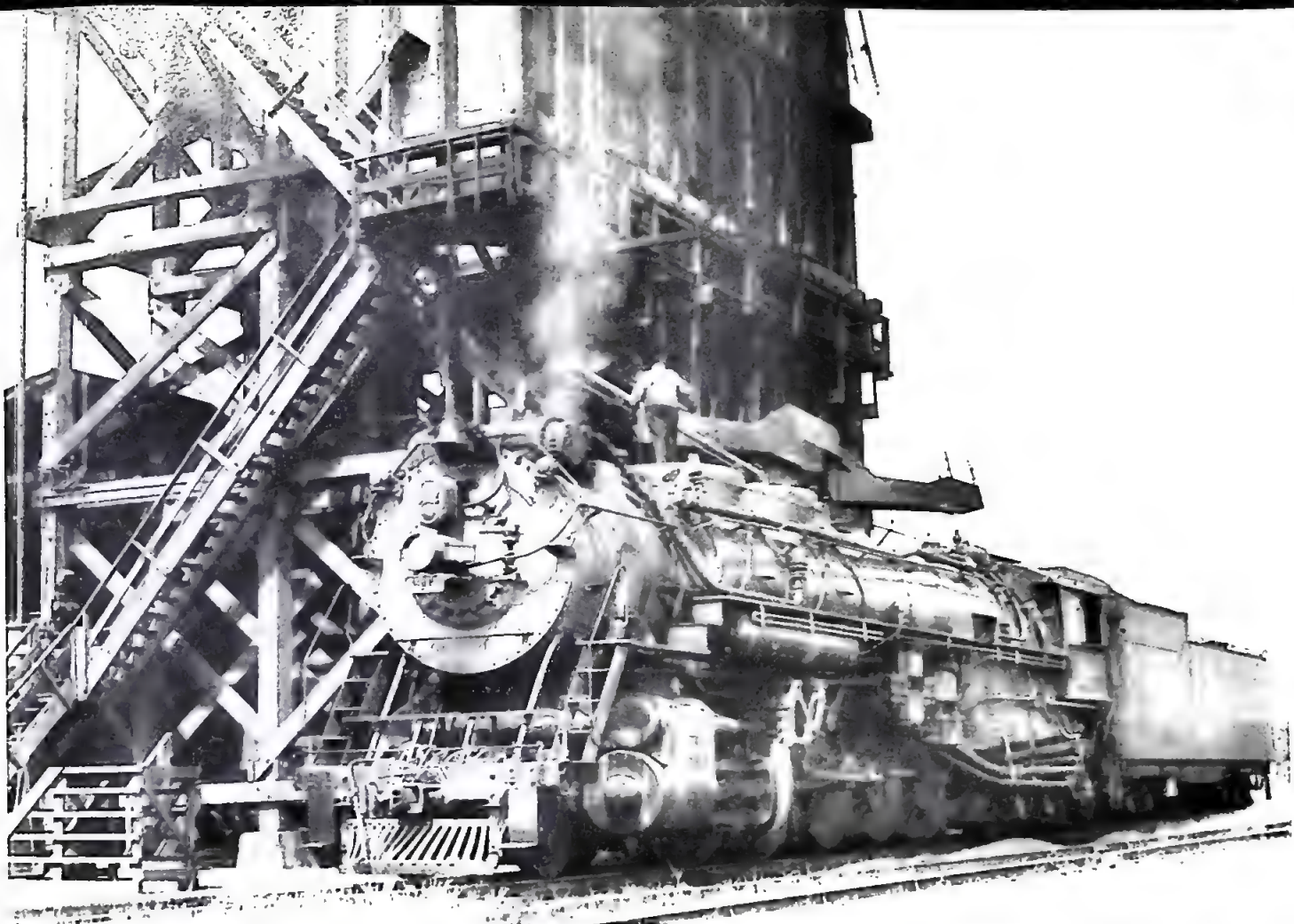
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50 years since
STEAM



ROAN re



ROANOKE remembered

Two boys from New Jersey
ride a Pullman to the last
great citadel of steam

By Roger Cook and Karl Zimmermann

From the diner of our train, headed south down Norfolk & Western's Shenandoah Valley line to Roanoke, Va., we scanned the pre-dawn December sky for signs of blue, the promise of a "Kodachrome day" ahead. It was 1957, and we were barely teenagers, making our first overnight rail journey on our own and hoping for two steam-locomotive-filled days in N&W's headquarters city.

"Roanoke: Alamo of Steam" had been the initial chapter of the David P. Morgan-Philip R. Hastings "Steam in Indian Summer" series in *TRAINS*, which we'd been reading avidly each month. This had been our trip's initial inspiration, reinforced by O. Winston Link's spectacular night photography and first stereo recording, *Sounds of Steam Railroading*. We knew that one of steam's last stands in the United States was on the N&W. Diesels had just begun to show up on the lines of the coal-hauler, but N&W still was a steam railroad at heart. When we visited, N&W had 346 steam locomotives on the roster and only 168 diesels. (We couldn't know it then, of course, but N&W steam would last until May 7, 1960, when 0-8-0 291 and 2-8-8-2 2190 tied up at Williamson, W.Va., for the final time.)

The October *TRAINS* had carried a full-page ad placed by N&W to offer, free for the asking, Link's *Night Trick*, which the ad called "A new booklet for railfans The exciting picture story of a railroad on the job between sunset and dawn," and we had written for copies. Then the November issue featured "Steam After Dark," a Link portfolio. We had no illusions that we could capture images to rival Link's, but our luggage did contain tripods, Kodak flashguns, and a modest supply of bulbs.

Sounds of Steam Railroading included numerous cuts made along the Shenandoah Valley line. Had our trip been a year earlier, we would have ridden behind a

Our first N&W steam, S1 No. 281, curves off the Shenandoah Valley line after shuffling diners and business cars on the commissary and storage tracks just east of the Roanoke station. Behind the cars are N&W's motive power offices, source of great locomotive designs.



Karl Zimmermann



Roger Cook

Class J 4-8-4 610 off the eastbound *Tennessean* backs past S1 0-8-0 281, the station switcher; J 613 will forward the Memphis–Washington train onto the Southern Railway at Monroe, Va.

K2, an elderly Mountain type shrouded much like its more famous successor, N&W's home-built class J 4-8-4. But we knew in advance that N&W's routes north and south of Roanoke—to Hagerstown, Md., and Winston-Salem, N.C.—were now handled exclusively by diesels. East-west traffic, most of which funneled through Roanoke, was largely steam-hauled, and we expected to see plenty of N&W's modern steam power: class J's, class A 2-6-6-4's, class Y6 2-8-8-2's, and class S1 0-8-0's, and may-

be even some older locomotives, such as the K1 and K2 Mountains and earlier 2-8-8-2 Mallets.

The previous evening, we'd said goodbye to our stoic but anxious parents in the soaring waiting room of New York's Pennsylvania Station, then descended to track level to board our train: PRR's unnamed No. 41, with the through sleeper for Roanoke, an N&W 10-roomette/6-double bedroom car, that would be the magic carpet to whisk us to the land of steam.

Our first sight of a J! Engine 609 passes the N&W's two-tone brick general offices as it arrives with the eastbound *Pocahontas*.

We sped to Harrisburg, Pa., under wire behind a GG1; there we had a two-hour layover, plenty of time to watch a stubby, six-wheel B1 box-cab motor add our Pullman to PRR No. 645, bound for Hagerstown. There we swapped a classy PRR E unit for a utilitarian N&W GP9, ample power of our four-car train, N&W's No. 1—just a baggage car, a mail-baggage, a coach, and our sleeper.

We rested fitfully, too excited to sleep much, so we talked about steam locomotives, often raising the window shade to peer at the dimly lit Virginia stations where we paused—Berryville, Front Royal, Luray—and the dark farmsteads that we rolled past, most punctuated by the glow of a single light on a farmhouse porch. The sound of our Geep's air horn blowing for countless rural grade crossings was for us more of a symphony than an annoyance. At about 5 a.m., stopped at Shenandoah, we felt a nudge as a diner-lounge, which had come north from Roanoke on No. 2 to serve dinner, was coupled behind our sleeper.

This location was handy, as we were at a linen-spread table for orange juice and bacon and eggs before the sun was



Roger Cook

After an engine change, the *Powhatan Arrow* is about to head west behind freshly serviced No. 606; the conductor has come forward to confer with the engine crew.

up. After breakfast, we watched through the diner's rear-door window as curving rails receded among rolling hills. By then it was full light, and No. 1 was traveling south between Natural Bridge and Buchanan, Va., through the narrow valley of the James River. Backlit by the low sun, mist curled off the James.

As No. 1 rolled into Roanoke, we pressed our noses against the bedroom window, scanning the sky for smoke. The first we spotted came from S1 0-8-0 No. 281, switching the coach yard that we passed as we swung off the Shenandoah Division into the station. Clutching our camera bags, we could scarcely wait for the traps to bang open so we could scramble off the train. We paused only to tip our porter and grab our suitcases, then charged down the platform toward the 281, excited to be pointing our cameras at N&W steam.

Shutters clicked as we recorded the churning low drivers and dancing valve gear as the locomotive—a Baldwin product, less than a decade old, purchased from the Chesapeake & Ohio—puttered around the station and coach yard, its exhaust white against the deep blue sky. In time, however, we recognized a definite chill in the air, a realization that led to another, heart-sinking one. We were cold because, in our steam-fueled exuberance, we'd left our winter coats aboard the train, which (we noted with dismay) was no longer in the station. On the ride down from New York we'd been basking in our newly



Karl Zimmermann

The *Tennessean* departs westbound behind a grimy No. 604. We noted that the J's serviced by the Southern at Monroe, Va., were dirtier than those looked after by N&W men at Bristol.

granted independence. We were nearly adults! But now we'd lost our coats and had no idea what to do, so we headed to the station for help.

As it turned out, the stationmaster was expecting us, since our porter had discovered the coats and brought them to the baggage check room. Sheepishly, and with profuse thanks, we retrieved our coats and walked across the street to the Hotel Roanoke, where our parents had reserved a room with a view of the tracks for us. Though much fancier than a 14- or 15-year-old could fully appreciate, the hotel—an elegant Tudor-style hostelry located on a grassy rise adjacent to both the passenger station and N&W's general offices—was the perfect place for us to stay, for history as well as location. Built in its first incarnation by the N&W in 1882, the year the railroad was formed by merger, the Hotel Roanoke was still N&W-owned

(and would remain so for more than a quarter-century afterward). The architecture and character of the lovely hotel we entered in 1957 dated from multiple renovations and additions in the 1930s.

For carless, somewhat clueless kids, photo locations were limited. Still, after checking in at the hotel and stowing our luggage, we found a street overpass west of the station that crossed the throat of the freight yard. From there we shot an 0-8-0 and a Mallet at work. A GP9-powered freight growled under our perch, heading toward Winston-Salem. Then it was time for an appointment, set up with parental assistance, with Ben Bane Dulaney, a senior executive in N&W's public relations office. A gracious host, he made two young teenagers feel like adults being warmly welcomed on the property. He confirmed that, as long as we stayed on the platforms and didn't cross tracks, we could photograph at will



Roger Cook

Switcher 261 takes water at the station; N&W's Hotel Roanoke, where we stayed in a room facing the tracks, rises in the background.

at the station. Then, after examining releases signed by our parents, he scheduled a tour for us of the Shaffers Crossing engine terminal, 2 miles to the west.

"I'm sorry that I can't escort you myself," he said, "but I have to leave this afternoon for Bristol to meet a photographer." No doubt that was Link (Dulaney was the major booster of his work), preparing to shoot the last steam-powered Southern Railway through passenger trains, running with N&W class J's between Monroe and Bristol. This information, that the next day, December 31, 1957, would mark the end of steam operations on those trains, came as a shock to us. That made less surprising the news that Nos. 7 and 8, the local passenger train that connected at Roanoke with the Cincinnati-Norfolk *Pocahontas* and ran east, providing all-stops service on the same route, were being discontinued that same day.

Dulaney urged us to be on the platform by 11:15 a.m., when both the eastbound *Pocahontas* and the westbound *Powhatan Arrow* (the daytime coach train on the Norfolk-Cincinnati route) would do their station work. Both would get fresh class J's, and the *Pocahontas*

would drop its Columbus-to-Winston-Salem sleeper. No. 8 would leave behind steam, Norfolk-bound, right on the markers of the *Pocahontas*. As soon as the *Powhatan Arrow* had cleared, No. 11, with the Pullman from Columbus added, would head for Winston-Salem. All this would happen in just an hour. Later we'd see other passenger trains connecting and swapping sleepers, Dulaney explained. In a mirror image of the noontime action, No. 7 with local passengers from the east and No. 12 from Winston-Salem (with the Columbus sleeper) would terminate in Roanoke before the westbound *Pocahontas* arrived at 6:55 p.m. And around midnight, two eastbounds, the Portsmouth-Norfolk *Cavalier* and New Orleans-Washington *Pelican* off the Southern, would connect, exchanging sleepers; shortly before daybreak, their westbound counterparts would do the same.

We left Dulaney's office with our heads spinning—and with the promise of sets of oversized prints of N&W steam trains, which indeed would arrive by mail at our homes shortly after we did. On a railroad fa-

mous for hauling coal and expediting merchandise, the richness of passenger activity at Roanoke was astonishing. But we were steam fans, not passenger-train fans, and our attention—and cameras—focused on the power on the head end, allowing scant notice for the trains the locomotives pulled.

The noon flurry occurred just as Dulaney had said it would. Energized by the crisp December air and cloudless blue skies, we exposed our ASA 10 Kodachrome slide film. We fell in love in person with the streamlined class J's, with their graceful contours and spiffy gold-bordered red band that swooped from cylinders all the way back across their commodious tenders. But after the *Powhatan Arrow's* round-end tavern-lounge-observation disappeared to the west, we turned our backs on the GP9-powered train to Winston-Salem and, with nary an exposure "wasted," headed for the station lunch counter. With the next steam train but an hour away, why bother with diesels?

We were well aware in advance, of course, that the J—a class numbering 14, built from 1941 to 1950 at Roanoke Shops—were the royalty among Nor-



Roger Cook

Doubleheaded Y6's roll past the station on an eastbound drag, one of the few steam-powered freights we saw during our two days in Roanoke.

folk & Western steam. At the time of our trip, the railroad's public timetable, the October 1957 edition, featured a nose-on shot of a J, flanked by cameos of Pocahontas and Chief Powhatan. In No. 1's diner-lounge, we were given seasonal souvenirs: oversized red matchbooks, with "Merry Christmas" and "Norfolk & Western" in gold lettering. Dominating the cover was a three-quarter view of a J.

Though we had begun our journey behind his most famous railroad project, the Pennsy's GG1, we had no idea who Raymond Loewy was, or even what an industrial designer did. In fact, we may have found the modernity of the Roanoke station, rebuilt to a Loewy design in the late 1940s, to be out of keeping with the traditionalism of our sought-after steam locomotives, but the station became our second home for two days, the place where we ate when we had to eat and where we watched trains incessantly.

That next steam train was the Washington-Memphis *Tennessean*, in at 1:15 p.m. When it arrived, we were surprised at J No. 604's shoddy, grimy appearance, since the power we'd seen up to then had all shone with railroaders' pride. This train was operated by the Southern on both ends of its run, and we guessed that perhaps the J's didn't receive the same attention at Southern's Monroe terminal (where they were turned) that they did on the N&W. Perhaps roundhouse workers there on the all-diesel Southern, with no more gold-striped, Sylvan-green Ps-4 Pacifics to buff up, had turned in their polishing rags. When the eastbound *Tennessean* showed up about an hour later, its



Roger Cook

Wanting to make the most of our brief visit, we tried some night shots at the station. A flashbulb fired by Roger Cook illuminates S1 No. 261 as well as Karl Zimmermann and his tripod.

power, No. 610, looked as fresh after its 151-mile run from Bristol (where the N&W roundhouse force had attended to it) as did No. 613, which ran down from Shaffers Crossing to complete a locomotive swap. Case closed.

After 613 steamed east toward Lynchburg, it struck us that, in contrast to the blizzard of passenger activity, we'd not seen a single steam-hauled freight, just Geep-powered trains headed for the Shenandoah Valley and Winston-Salem lines. Where were the mainline trains with the A's and Y6's? Finally, at about 3:30, not long before our Kodachrome would have recorded only headlights

and markers, doubleheaded Y6's rolled out of the setting sun with a drag. Tied to the station platform, with no way to switch perspective, we knew our slides would be backlit silhouettes, but we shot anyway. After all, it was steam.

Not long afterward, S1 261 showed up with a modest cut of mixed freight, then paused at the water plug in the station. From there it backed into Roanoke Shops, located just east of the station. We could watch, if distantly, as it sorted newly shopped cars there. The chill of evening was settling in, and pillars of white smoke periodically exploded upward, accompanied by sharp exhaust



Roger Cook

Our morning tour of Shaffers Crossing engine terminal was a feast of steam. Coaled and watered, class A fast freight engine 1226 prepares to back toward the "lubratorium."



Roger Cook

Shop goat No. 12 fits easily on Shaffers Crossing's 115-foot turntable. Next to the distant diesel sanding towers is the nose of turbine *Jawn Henry*, which we'd see later on its final journey.

and the banging of couplers. We watched as the 261 inched its train forward, losing its footing with frantic bursts of steam's signature sound. Traction regained, the 0-8-0 marched resolutely forward between the umbrella sheds. Passing under the floor of the concourse above the tracks, it was enveloped in gray-white clouds of its own making before stomping off toward Shaffers Crossing.

Now we were tired, hungry, gritty, and forgetful of train schedules. Though willing to forgo rest and a shower, we'd worked up an appetite, so we headed back to the station lunch counter, where we could remain close to the action. Before we finished our hamburgers and fries, though, No. 7 had pulled in from

Petersburg behind a streamlined K2. Since we'd left our flash equipment and tripods back at the hotel, we rushed across the street to retrieve them and to load our cameras with ASA 32 Ektachrome, giving us a marginally better chance to record the evening action. By 6:30 we were back, notebooks in hand, and scanning the arrivals and departures board to ensure that we not miss any more trains—but in fact we *had* already missed the arrival of No. 10, a local from Bristol.

We set up our primitive flash equipment west of the umbrella sheds and popped bulbs at No. 602 when it arrived with the *Pocahontas*. While J's were swapped, the station switcher added the 10&6 sleeper for Columbus. (This Pull-

man had arrived earlier from Winston-Salem, but since the train had been diesel-powered, we'd ignored it.) Amidst this bustle, in strode the *Powhatan Arrow* from the west, and out went No. 2 for the Shenandoah Valley Division behind a hated GP9.

As we charged up and down the platform, tripods and cameras in tow, we paused to listen to Buck Stewart's distinctive, measured southern voice on the loudspeakers as he announced the upcoming departures of the trio of trains. O. Winston Link had recorded these same laconic, lyrical, evocative train announcements, and they had become one of our favorite cuts on *Sounds of Steam Railroading*—and there we were, hearing the real thing.

After the three trains had all left, we perched on a baggage wagon, listening to 281's hissing steam and the thumping of its cross-compound air pumps. We were hoping for another steam-powered freight, but all we saw was a Geep-powered merchandise train headed up the Shenandoah Valley. Earlier we'd seen 613 eastbound with the *Tennessean*, and, at 9 p.m., here that J was, back again on the point of the *Birmingham Special*. That ended our evening. Almost out of flashbulbs, ready for showers and sleep, and cognizant of our 8 a.m. date with the N&W escort who would take us to Shaffers Crossing, we trudged up the hill to our fancy digs. Sleep came quickly—we'd not had much of it the night before—and the east- and west-bound *Cavaliers* and *Pelicans* slipped by in the wee hours unnoticed.



Karl Zimmermann

A Y6-class 2-8-8-2 and A-class 2-6-6-4 No. 1238, both recently arrived from the west, await their turn to be serviced at Shaffers Crossing.



Roger Cook



Karl Zimmermann

K2 4-8-2 129, with J-style streamlining, simmers on the ready track.

Bumped from mainline duties, a Y5 works the West Roanoke hump.

We were up the next morning well before the sun and in time to watch from our hotel room window as local passenger No. 9 rolled out of Roanoke, Bristol-bound. It was too dark to read the engine number, but the locomotive's unshrouded profile meant it had to be a K1 4-8-2. No time to ponder. Since our appointment was less than an hour away, we rushed off to the station lunch counter for coffee and donuts. By 8:15 we were at the Shaffers Crossing entrance gate, watching a gray-white cloud boil toward us out of the rising sun. Under it was an aging USRA Y3-class 2-8-8-2, heading west on the main line with a short freight.

In the next hour we saw steam in astonishing abundance. Our host walked us through the roundhouse—a nearly full circle, with 40 stalls, most holding in-service steam engines. The roundhouse “goat,” 0-8-0T saddletanker No. 12 (recently changed from 821 to clear that number for a new GP9), perched on the turntable as if posing for us.

Outside, locomotives occupied four servicing tracks beneath the huge coal wharf. An A faced the turntable, and a J and a K2 were nearby. A Y3 coaled up and J No. 600 steamed on the ash pit under a curved hood to catch the fly-ash created when engines' fires were cleaned. Farther down the ready tracks,

an A and a Y6 steamed side by side. Y5's drilled the hump yard. Steam-besotted, we hardly listened as our guide pointed out a pair of single-track rectangular buildings that flanked the coal wharf—“lubratoriums,” he explained with pride, which allowed locomotives to avoid the roundhouse by being inspected and lubricated there instead. This cut turnaround time to less than three hours.

Although there wasn't a diesel in sight (we pointedly ignored the separate service tracks where they congregated), a harbinger of motive-power change did present itself when a Y5 pulled past with a long line of stored locomotives, their careers most likely over.



Karl Zimmermann

A heavyweight diner ahead of the obs mars the otherwise all-1949-built *Powhatan Arrow* consist as it departs Roanoke westbound.

name painted out in black, this one-of-a-kind experimental steam turbine when built in 1954 by Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton had represented a forward-looking attempt by N&W to remain loyal in the diesel era to the commodity that was its lifeblood. Like a dead ant being dragged by its live comrade, *Jawn* was being unceremoniously shepherded to Roanoke Shops—where so many N&W steam engines had been born—for scrapping. A similar fate awaited virtually all of N&W's hundreds of surviving conventional coal-fired locomotives, and all too soon.



Roger Cook

J 607 pulls out with the eastbound *Pocahontas* (right), to be followed minutes later by K2 117 with local train 8, making its final run; in the background an S1 is busy with switching work.

We hated to leave the wonders of Shaffers Crossing, but our regret was mitigated by anticipation of another day filled with steam-powered passenger trains, especially valued because we knew that Southern diesels would replace N&W steam on Bristol-line through trains on New Year's Day—tomorrow. For once in our nascent railfan lives, we were to be just in time instead of just too late.

Activity at Roanoke station unfolded essentially as a repeat performance. After all, this intricate shuffle of trains, Pullmans, and steam locomotives was routine railroading—though not for long. When the westbound *Tennessean*

arrived once again behind No. 604; the locomotive was grimmer than ever. There had to be some problem, we speculated, since even the stored locomotives we'd seen at Shaffers Crossing had a higher sheen. Forty-five minutes later, the *Tennessean* departed eastbound behind steam for the last time—going out in style, behind highly polished J No. 605.

After that, we were on hand for another "last run," this one wholly unexpected. An 0-8-0 backed slowly toward us, hauling what we at first took to be several boxcars. As the S1 neared, however, we realized that what it towed was no string of boxcars but the *Jawn Henry*. Now derelict and grimy, with its road

Our New Year's Eve had begun with kids-in-a-candy-shop steamy excitement at Shaffers Crossing and continued with five passenger-train departures behind steam. As the afternoon waned, though, so did our spirits, with melancholy replacing ebullience as we reflected on the fact that, of those five departures, three would never again routinely be made behind steam. And there had been the corpse of *Jawn Henry*, followed by the sight of an 0-8-0T switcher at Roanoke Shops spotting a dead K2 on the turntable so a steam crane could begin to pick it apart, pulling off its streamlined shroud. Even among the vitality of Shaffers Crossing there had been omens, in the lines of dead locomotives. Though we were essentially still children, perhaps we realized, at least in some inarticulate way, that, as rail enthusiasts born when we were, this would be our lot: hurrying to catch the last—the last steam locomotive.



Karl Zimmermann

An S1 whose basic design dated from World War I drags N&W No. 2300, the *Jawn Henry*, toward Roanoke Shops, where the 3½-year-old steam-turbine-electric will be scrapped.

tives, passenger trains, first-generation diesels, cabooses, towers, semaphores—frequently succeeding but all too often failing.

As if to reinforce our sinking spirits, thin, high clouds drifted in to dull the sun, which had shown brilliantly on our visit until then. We loaded our cameras with our last rolls of Ektachrome, in time for some late-afternoon freights. A Y3 clanked past, running tender-first with what we took to be a way freight off the Blue Ridge grade. S1's passed with short cuts of cars. Another paused to take water in the station before backing to Roanoke Shops for what we hoped would be a repeat performance of the previous afternoon's steamy, smoky, clamorous march through the station with a heavy pick-up of repaired cars. When S1 265 erupted from beneath the concourse, it provided a fitting finale to our daytime photography.

Our visit wasn't quite over, however, and we had a few flashbulbs in our gadget bags to pop before boarding No. 2 for its 7:05 p.m. departure, taking us up the Shenandoah Valley and, eventually,



Roger Cook

In the waning light of the last day of 1957, S1 No. 265 with a cut of newly shopped cars slams its way through the station, smoke piling up under the Raymond Loewy-designed concourse.

home. We caught K2 127 on the local from Petersburg. Mindful of what we'd missed the evening before, we were prepared for train 10's 6:15 arrival from Bristol—and delighted when it turned out to have K1 105 on the point. Forty-five minutes later, after Buck Stewart had called the arrival of the *Pocahontas* on Track 1 and the train had changed engines, we fired our last bulbs at J No. 610 arriving with the *Powhatan Arrow*. We stood by the vestibule door of our New York-bound sleeper, waiting until

the last moment to board, wringing every bit of experience we could out of Roanoke. Finally time ran out.

"Last call for Train 2 on Track 2," Buck Stewart announced in his measured drawl, giving every syllable its due, as evocative of Virginia as was N&W steam. "Buck-anan, B-you-na Vista, Waynesboro, Shenandoah, Luuurray, Hagerstown, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Noo Yawk. All aboard," he intoned, as if speaking just to us, "for Noo Yawk and pons nawth." **I**

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NORTHTOWN

memories



In 1956 and '57, Northern Pacific still operated an eclectic array of steam power at its Minneapolis yard

Looking south on Northtown's ready tracks on February 12, 1957, we see 0-8-0 1172 and 2-8-2 1839 ahead of others lined up for work.

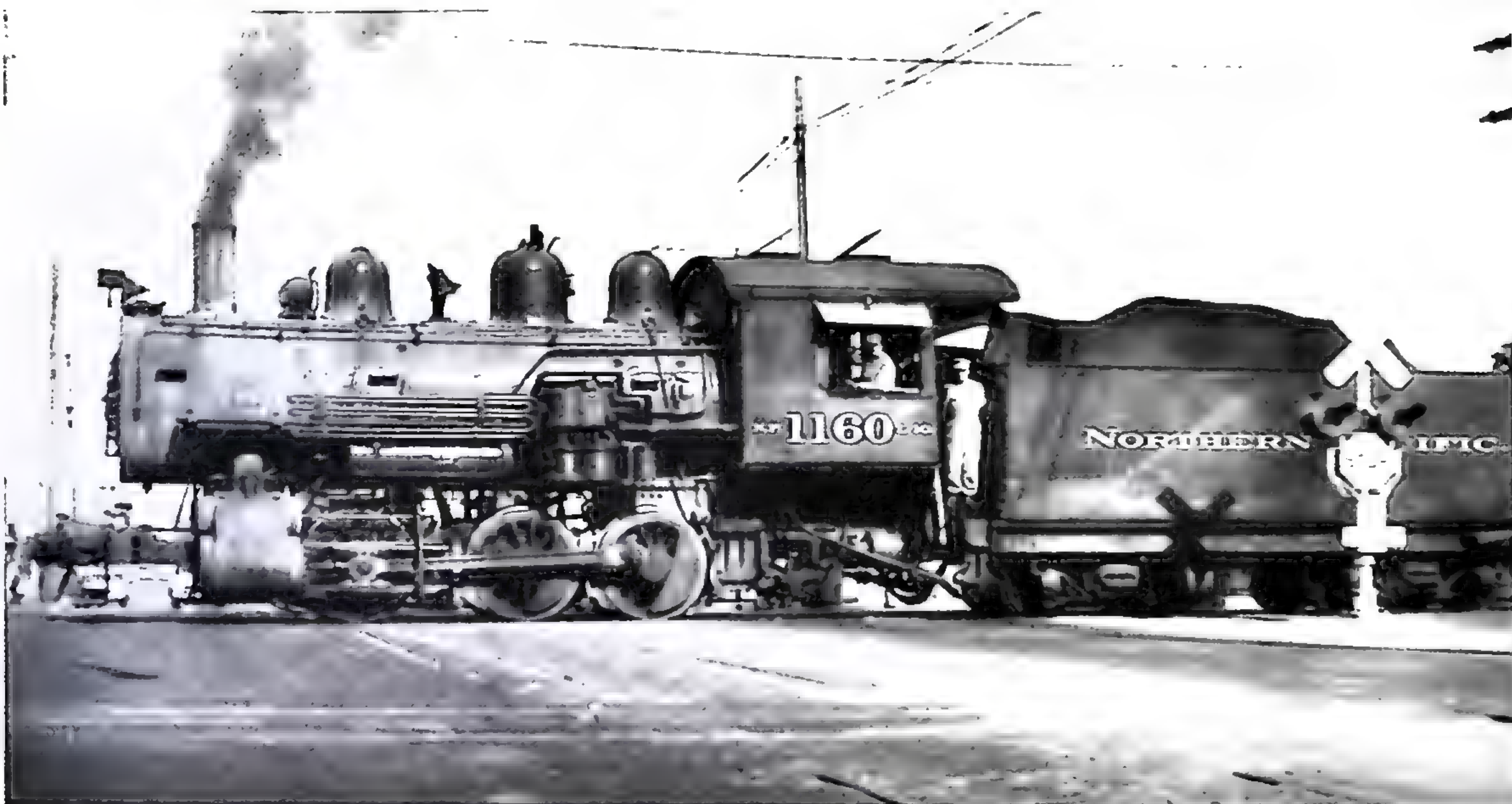
By David A. Nealy • Photos by the author

About the time I enrolled at the University of Minnesota in fall 1956, I became acutely aware that the days of the steam locomotive were rapidly coming to an end. I'd become entranced with steam 10 years earlier, growing up on a little-remarked branch of the Omaha Road running west from Worthington, Minn., through Sioux Falls, S.Dak., to Mitchell. Until I went off to college, my exposure to steam, other than by reading my treasured issues of *TRAINS*

magazine, had been limited to the Omaha's 4-6-0's on freights and 4-6-2's on the Worthington-Sioux Falls local passenger trains through my hometown of Adrian, Minn., 17 miles out of Worthington. Unfortunately, steam on that line had ended in 1953, which left me rather uninterested in trains through my high-school years. As with many other guys, discovering girls helped fill the void, but I still missed the smell of steam and valve oil!

Moving to the Twin Cities in 1956 re-

awakened my railroad interest, for I slowly discovered that steam there had not yet totally disappeared. I had no railfan contacts when I arrived, so it took me a while to discover that numerous locomotives were still in steam at a few locations, principally Great Northern's Minneapolis Junction roundhouse near my university, and Northern Pacific's facilities at both Mississippi Street in St. Paul and Northtown Yard in Minneapolis. My beloved Omaha Road still used some steam at the yard in St. Paul,



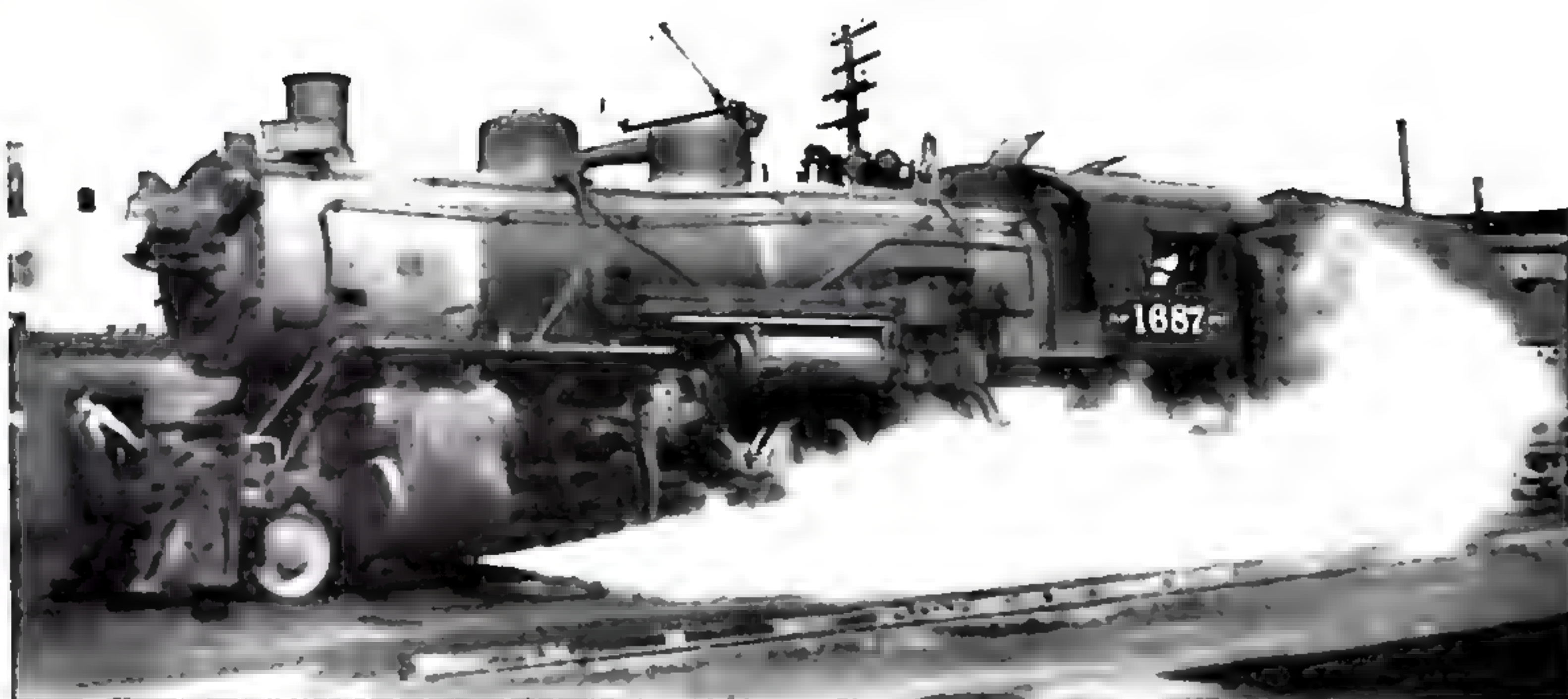
Not far from Northtown in May '57, 1160, first of 10 Schenectady 0-6-0's of 1912 in the L-10 class, crosses a street guarded by the classic "flashers with swivel stop signs," built by the Minneapolis-based Griswold Signal Company.

but it was on its last legs, as it was on the Soo Line in Minneapolis. Steam around the Twin Cities had essentially disappeared by 1956 on the other roads (Burlington Route, Chicago Great Western, Milwaukee Road, Minneapolis & St. Louis, and Rock Island).

TOO LATE FOR GN, BUT NOT NP

Great Northern fired up some 2-8-2's, 2-10-2's, and 0-8-0's at Minneapolis Junction for brief action during the fall grain rushes of 1956 and '57, but I was too slow on the draw to take advantage of it. All was not lost, though, thanks to the Northern Pacific and its wondrous Northtown Yard. This facility, due north of downtown Minneapolis, was NP's primary Twin Cities freight yard, boasting a large roundhouse and extensive steam servicing facilities at its south end, just north of where Soo Line's main line to the west bridged over the NP yard leads.

The yard itself was a flat-switched facility, and the eclectic array of power employed there included 0-6-0's, 0-8-0's, Mikados, and even a few Prairies! As was typical in those more railfan-friendly times, a college-age train nut caused more amusement than concern among employees, and the engine terminal crews allowed me free run of the

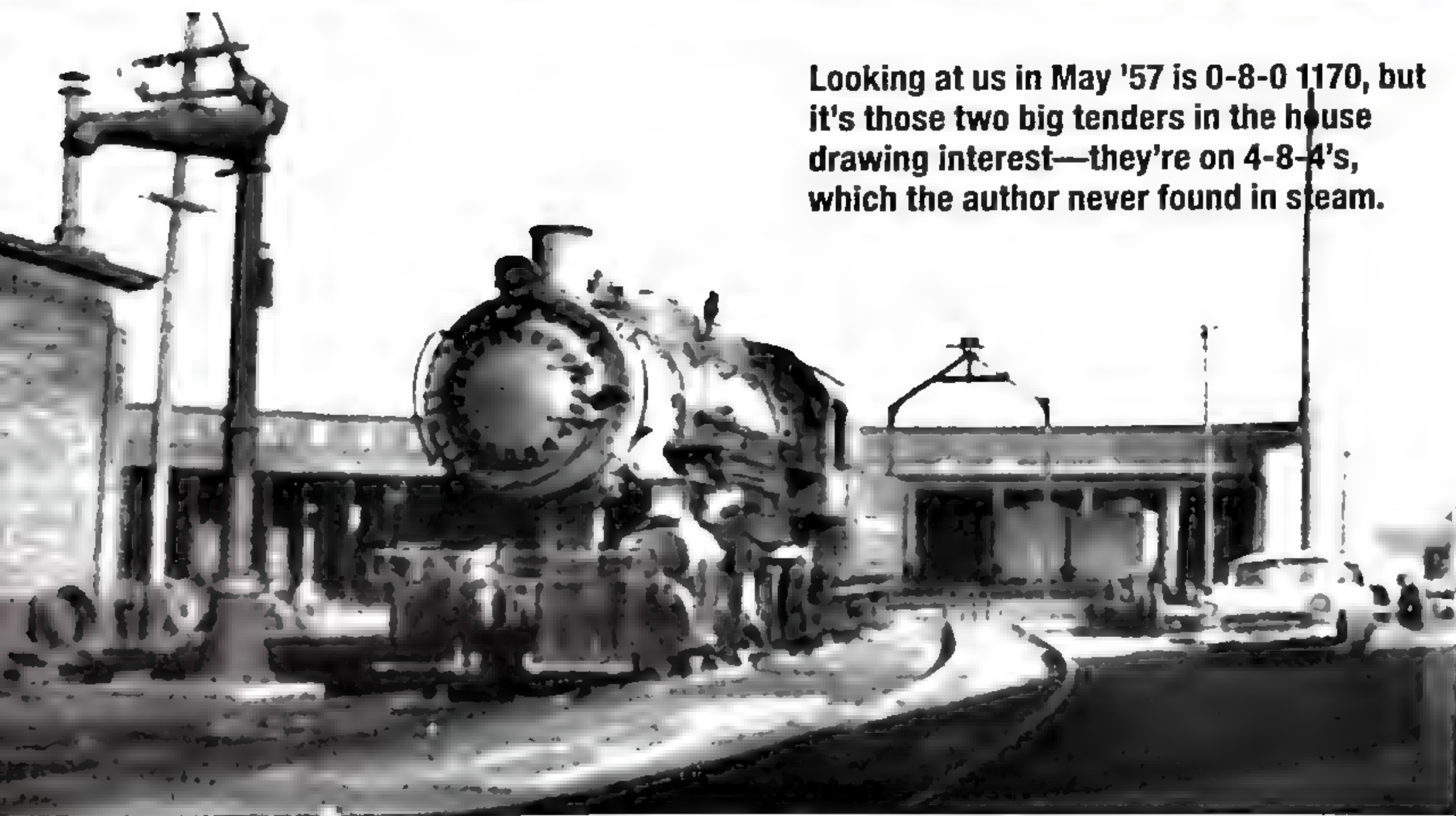


On September 30, 1956, Mike 1687, one of 40 in the W-1 class (Schenectady, 1910, Nos. 1660-1699) adds a little life to the scene as she moves up along the roundhouse's ready tracks.



During the same visit as the 1687 photo, the author found a Prairie type, 2457, present. NP had 150 of them, but few were left by 1956; Burlington had the first, and 429 of 1,250 or so built.

Pushing on a long cut under the Soo Line bridge at Northtown's south end is 2-8-2 1504, fifth in the 160 members of the W class built by Alco's Brooks Works in Dunkirk, N.Y., during 1904–1907.



Looking at us in May '57 is 0-8-0 1170, but it's those two big tenders in the house drawing interest—they're on 4-8-4's, which the author never found in steam.

The score on Northtown's ready track in fall 1957 is Steam 3, Diesel 1, as an EMD switcher is sandwiched by 0-8-0 1181 in front of it and two 2-8-2's behind it!



roundhouse, ready tracks, and nearby surroundings.

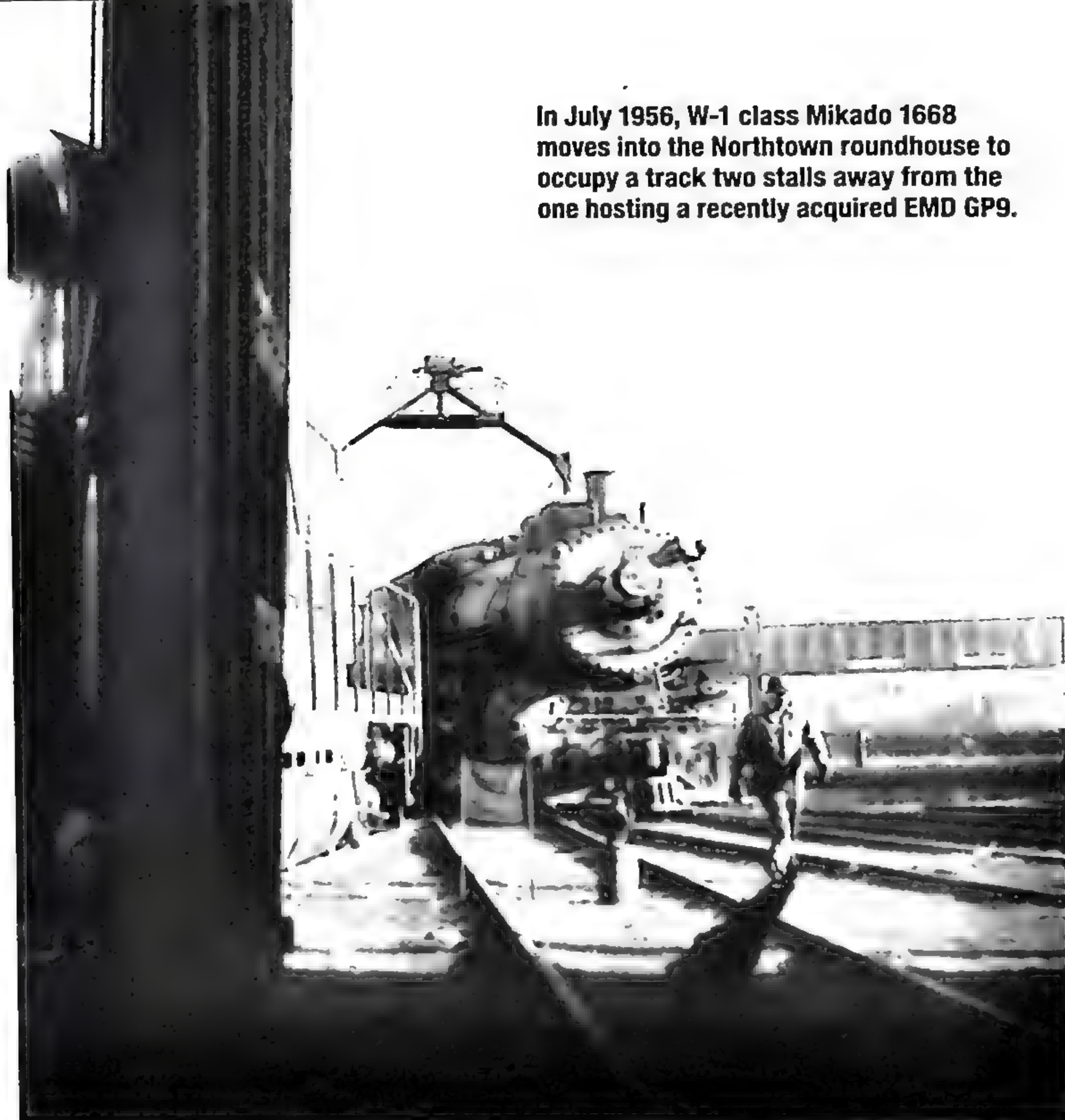
The most common switchers at Northtown were the class G-1 and G-2 0-8-0's, USRA-designed Brooks products from 1919–20 numbered in Northern Pacific's 1170–1193 series. Mikados were the most common yard and transfer power I saw. Over the years, the NP had almost 400 2-8-2's, in six classes, W to W-5, in the 1500s-to-1900s number series, plus W-4's 2500–2505. (These six

locomotives were rebuilt at Brainerd, Minn., shops in 1909 from 2-6-2's, according to George H. Drury's 1993 Kalmbach reference book, *Guide to North American Steam Locomotives*.)

My only major disappointment during several Northtown visits was that I was unable to photograph any of Northern Pacific's stunning 1943 Baldwin class A-5 4-8-4's outside the roundhouse (NP, having in 1926 acquired the first 4-8-4's, was the railroad that contribut-

ed the name "Northern" to the type.) NP owned 49 4-8-4's, in six classes (A to A-5), and in 1957 several of the 10 A-5's were stored serviceable at Northtown for occasional calls on mainline extras, but I was never present when any were under steam.

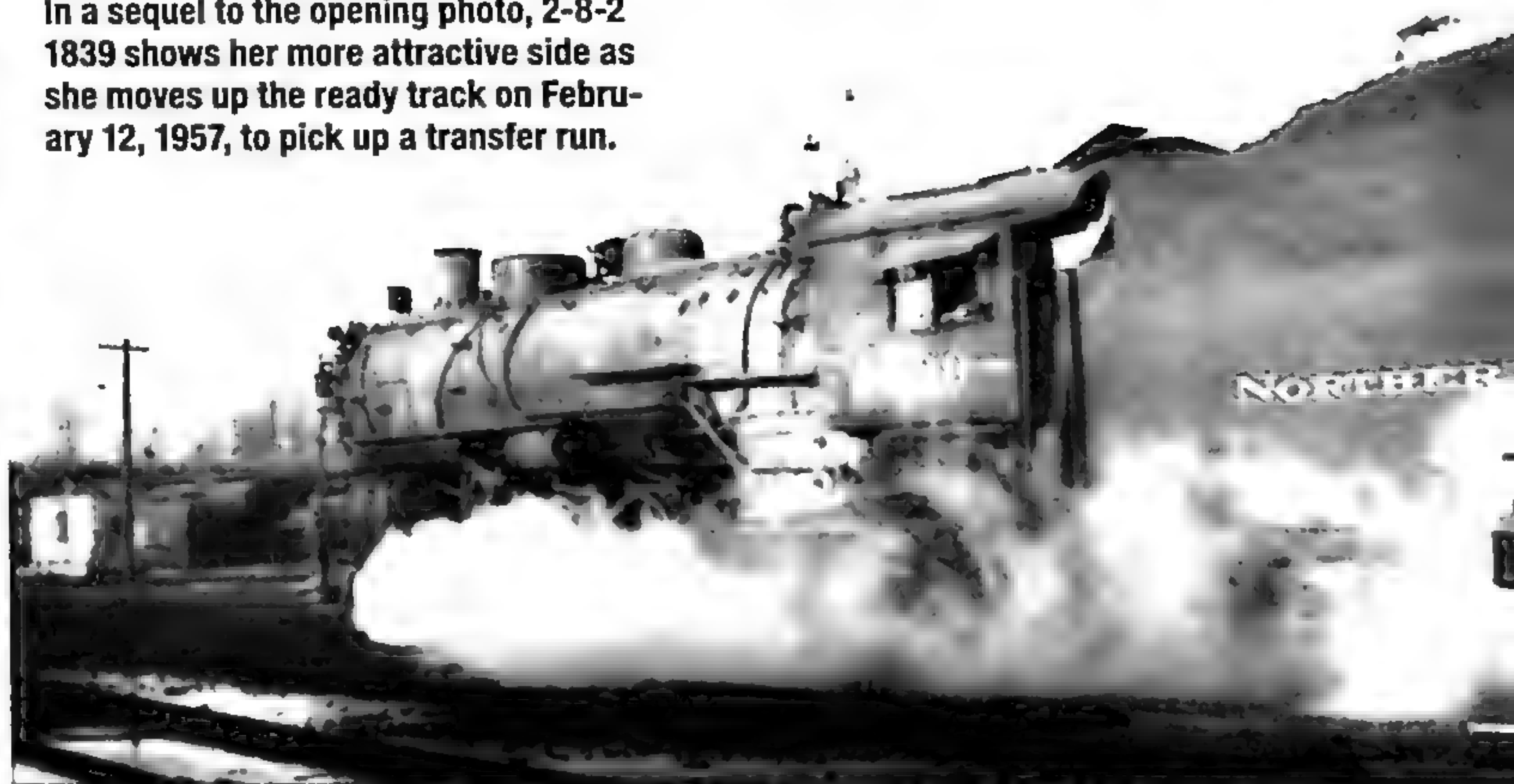
First-generation diesels were also on hand, of course, because by 1957 most NP mainline freights were in the charge of EMD F units, Geeps, and Alco RS3's. However, as late as that autumn, steam



In July 1956, W-1 class Mikado 1668 moves into the Northtown roundhouse to occupy a track two stalls away from the one hosting a recently acquired EMD GP9.



In a sequel to the opening photo, 2-8-2 1839 shows her more attractive side as she moves up the ready track on February 12, 1957, to pick up a transfer run.



locomotives for switching and transfer moves still dominated the Northtown ready tracks. The marvelous atmosphere of the place and its variety of active motive power drew me back again and again.

I was just in time, too, because NP received 80 diesels in 1957 which, by that fall, replaced all steam except on the St. Paul and Lake Superior divisions. Fifteen more new road-switchers and 15 more yard diesels in January

1958 dieselized the property, with W-3 class 2-8-2 1713 handling the last Northern Pacific steam revenue move, a Duluth, Minn.-Superior, Wis., transfer on January 17, 1958.

Northtown Yard remains a major freight facility today. Following the 1970 Burlington Northern merger, Northtown was greatly expanded into a hump yard with a large diesel shop, becoming BN's principal Twin Cities terminal, a role it continues to play

today for successor BNSF Railway.

For me, however, the Northtown of the late 1950s remains a fond memory. While the roundhouse and steam servicing facilities are long gone, I relish the thought that one icon of the classic era—the turntable seen in some of the accompanying photos—was saved and moved several hundred yards to the north alongside the diesel shop. Perhaps the ghosts of steam have not totally departed. ■

SLIM GAUGE, *long careers*

Rio Grande's K-28 Mikados of 1923 are still earning a living on the Durango & Silverton

By Robert S. McGonigal

No commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the end of steam on the Class 1 railroads would be complete without a nod to the Denver & Rio Grande Western and its K-28 locomotives. Although the Rio Grande dieselized its standard-gauge lines in 1956, four years before the big show ended in 1960, the road's narrow-gauge operations carried on through that watershed year in the hands of nearly two dozen Mikados of four classes. The lone survivor of the K-27 class, No. 464, switched at Durango, Colo., until 1962. The 480-series class K-36's and 490-series K-37's went cold at the end of 1968 when D&RGW ended service on most of its 3-foot trackage: Alamosa, Colo.-Farmington, N.Mex., via Chama, N.Mex., and Durango, 250 miles.

That left the 45-mile Durango-Silverton branch, which since the late 1950s had been a summer-only tourist operation worked by three members of the K-28 class, Nos. 473, 476, and 478. While their bigger sisters sat idle during 1969, their future uncertain, the K-28's hauled D&RGW tourist trains up the scenic Animas River canyon as usual. Indeed, the Rio Grande continued to dispatch K-28's from the Durango roundhouse every year until 1981, when the Silverton branch opened for the season with a new owner and new name: Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad.

One of the new owner's first orders of business was the widening of cuts

and strengthening of bridges to accommodate larger, more powerful engines; the K-28 monopoly was broken August 7, 1981, when K-36 481 made its first public trip. D&SNG went on to reactivate three more K-36's for use on the heaviest Silverton trains (it also tried a K-37, No. 497, for a few years). The K-28's settled into the roles they still fill today: lighter Silverton trains, shorter trips to Cascade, and other duties.

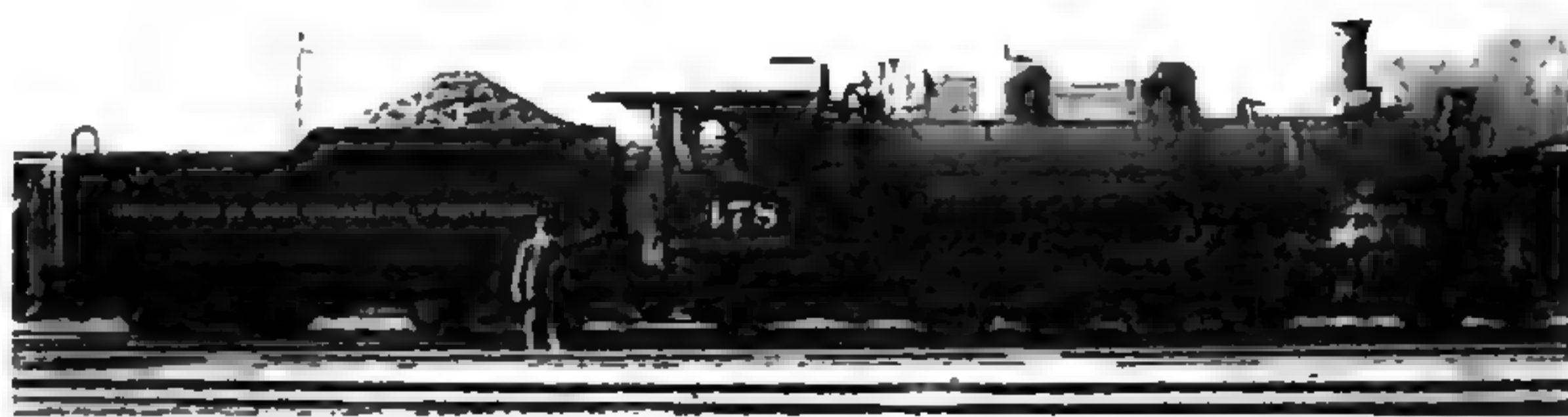
Meanwhile, other K-36's had come back to life on the 64-mile Antonito, Colo.-Chama segment that had been reopened as the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad. Engine 483 handled

Santa Fe). They were the road's second group of narrow-gauge Mikes, following K-27's 450-464 (Baldwin, 1903), nicknamed "Mudhens." The "Sports Models," as the K-28's came to be known, were only slightly more powerful (a shade less than 28,000 pounds of tractive effort, vs. 27,000 for the K-27's) but rode on higher drivers (44 inches vs. 40). Unlike the Mudhens and all other Rio Grande slim-gauge power, the K-28's were built with their air pumps on their smokeboxes, offset to the left, a distinctive if not particularly attractive feature. After K-28's 470-479 came K-36's 480-489 (Baldwin, 1925) and K-37's 490-499 (rebuilt from standard-gauge 2-8-0's by D&RGW's Burnham Shops in 1928 and '30).

By World War II, with passenger service down to just the daily Alamosa-Durango *San Juan* and the twice-weekly Durango-Silverton mixed, the K-28's were regularly handling freight trains. In 1942 the

government requisitioned all 10 of them for war duty on the White Pass & Yukon Route, but ended up taking only 7, which were scrapped in 1945.

The three surviving K-28's were standard, though not exclusive, power on the *San Juan* until its January 31, 1951, discontinuance. A Chama-Dulce stub train hung on for four months until New Mexico regulators approved its cessation on May 22. The little train was quite a sight, because its assigned equipment, K-28 473 and combine 212, had been painted "Rio Grande gold"



D&RGW

When new from Alco, Nos. 470-479 were in Rio Grande's 148 class, soon changed to K-28 (for Mikado, 28,000 pounds of tractive effort).

the first C&TS movements in early September 1970, ending a 21-month gap in K-36 activity during which the K-28's kept running with only routine seasonal breaks.

It's fitting that the K-28's have run so long in tourist service, because they were originally intended for passenger work. American Locomotive Co.'s Schenectady plant built 10 of them in 1923 to replace 1884-vintage 4-6-0's on Alamosa-Durango and Salida-Gunnison passenger trains (they would also work Alamosa-Salida and Antonito-

with black striping; the 473 also wore a fake oil headlight and diamond stack. The new look, also applied to three coaches, debuted in 1950 as a way to brighten up the Silverton train for tourists. As patronage picked up, more cars got the gold livery; 476 and 478 also received diamond stacks, but not gold paint, which, along with the faux headlight, was eliminated from 473. Black for the engines, gold for the cars persists today, although Durango & Silverton removed the false stacks in 1981.

Of the final three K-28's, No. 473 has had the most colorful history. In July 1951 she went into the Animas River after derailling at Needleton with a Silverton train. In September 1968 she and 478 accidentally swapped numbers for a few days during the filming of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. That fall, 473 received the last general overhaul ever performed at the Alamosa backshop, then pulled the final through train, an Alamosa-Durango equipment move [Winter 2002 CLASSIC TRAINS]. Perhaps the most spectacular incident occurred in June '87, when a runaway semi truck smashed into her at Durango. She was the most heavily damaged of six engines caught in a February 1989 fire that destroyed the Durango roundhouse. In 2006 she regained the gold livery for a time.

Despite some hard luck, 473 is considered the smoothest-riding, best-steaming, and easiest to run of all D&SNG engines. On a four-car special she powered during the railroad's August 2009 Railfest, engineer Patrick Kramer and fireman Jarrette Ireland said it was by far their favorite engine. Shop crews find the K-28's easier to work on than the K-36's. Sister 478 is also in service and well-liked, while 476 is in D&SNG's Durango museum; though not officially retired, she's unlikely to run anytime soon.

On the job since 1923, Rio Grande's K-28's seem set to ply Colorado narrow-gauge rails for years to come. ■



Robert S. McGonigal

Durango & Silverton crew favorite 473 turns a photographers' special on the Silverton wye during Railfest in August 2009. Her big plow was useful in fighting snow four months later.



Cornelius W. Hauck



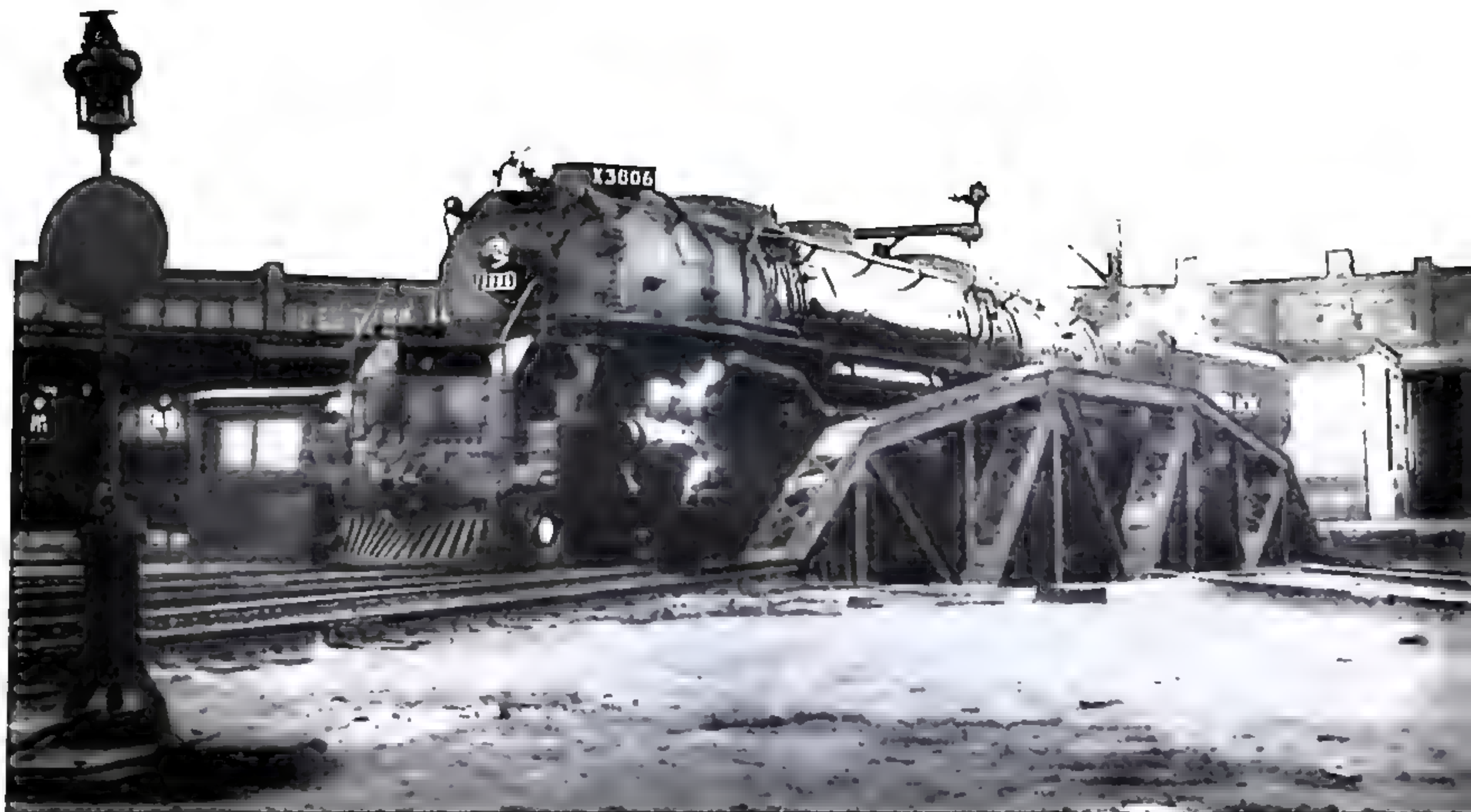
J. David Ingles collection

No. 476 is about to leave Durango with the *San Juan to Alamosa* in November 1940. Today she's displayed in the D&SNG museum nearby.

In Rio Grande days, diamond-stacked, speed-lettered 478 eases a Silverton train up the high-altitude Animas River valley.

Barry's first look at UP steam came at Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he found 4-6-6-4 3806 on the turntable. Built by Alco in 1936, she was from the first group of Challengers.

At a scenic location 18 miles west of Sidney, Nebr., suggested by the driver with whom he was hitching a ride, Barry caught Challenger 3940 with a freight bound for North Platte.



The time was March 1957, and I was a sophomore at Earlham College in Richmond, Ind. Like most railfans then, I was racing against time to photograph as much steam as possible before it disappeared. I had traveled north, east, and south during prior vacations; for this Spring Break, then, I looked west—I wanted to see Union Pacific's 4-8-8-4 Big Boys, widely known as the biggest steam locomotives in the world.

I didn't have a car or funds for long train trips, but I had become skilled at hitchhiking, which was a lot more acceptable in those days than it is now. So on March 28 I set out with my World War II surplus rucksack and winter camping gear. My first stop was Galesburg, Ill., where I encountered mostly dead Chicago, Burlington & Quincy steam locomotives. Only two were steamed up, both O-1A 2-8-2's, but they were in the roundhouse. I continued on to Burlington, Iowa, hoping to find

something at West Burlington shops.

I had learned that the best clothes for hitchhiking were not suitable for rail yards and vice versa—light colors were best for the road, denim for rail. In Burlington I changed clothes and left my rucksack at a gas station next to CB&Q's yard. I found only an O-1A Mike on a work train and nothing at the shops, which were quite a hike from downtown. I changed back into my khaki hitchhiking duds at the gas station and soon was offered a ride all the way to Omaha by two well-dressed cattlemen. The sun was bright, and life seemed good as I spread out on their Buick's back seat.

But everything changed about 90 minutes out when I discovered that my wallet was missing . . . with all my money! I realized I must have left it at the gas station when I changed. I got out at the next town and hitched back to Burlington, arriving at the gas station minutes before it closed. There, on

top of the grimy toilet reservoir, was my wallet—with my money intact!

This lapse cost me an entire day, however, for I didn't reach Council Bluffs until the next afternoon. There I saw my first Union Pacific steam locomotives, and photographed the 3806, an early 4-6-6-4 Challenger, on the turntable, plus 2-8-2 2250—the smallest active steam engine I would see on the UP.

It was getting dark as I boarded a city bus across Omaha to catch a ride west. The young bus driver refused my coins—"You're hitchhiking," he said. I caught a ride to Lincoln with a trucker carrying Omaha newspapers.

Lincoln was worse than Galesburg—lots of CB&Q engines in sad lines, but nothing steamed up. Things got better at Grand Island and North Platte, though, where UP 4-8-4's and 4-6-6-4's were waiting for work.

The sky had been overcast for two days, and it became leaden as I hitched westward across Nebraska on Monday, April 1. Highway traffic diminished and my waiting times increased as towns became farther apart and smaller. As it does today, U.S. 30 paralleled the UP most of the way, and I saw plenty of diesel- and gas turbine-powered freights but few steamers. Finally at Sidney, I caught Challenger 3940 leaving with a westbound extra. I thumbed a ride in time to overtake it and got several shots from the car window. "I know a good place for that," said my driver, when he saw what I was doing. He then drove ahead fast enough for a nice shot at a unique rocky outcropping.

He left me off at Kimball, Nebr., 60 miles short of Cheyenne. After a considerable wait, a driver in cowboy garb picked me up. He was a man of few words, and we drove mostly in silence under an ever more menacing sky. The clouds formed distinct undulating layers of gray, tightly packed. I had not seen



anything like it before—nor have I since. I would soon learn what it meant.

In Cheyenne I found my first Big Boys simmering on the ready tracks and dozing in the roundhouse. They were awesome beasts with boilers so long I wondered how their crews could see beyond them. There were also lines of silent engines waiting for the torch—more than 50 of them, mostly Challengers, but, I noted, no Big Boys.

I checked into an inexpensive hotel, and when I awoke the next morning a foot of snow had fallen and more was coming down—hard. I was glad to have brought galoshes. I headed out to the west end of town, by UP's Tower A below the Colorado & Southern overpass. The tower operator wasn't particularly cordial and made pointed comments about today's lazy youth, but allowed me refuge from the storm and told me what was coming. Visibility was only about 200 feet, and photography

was difficult—I had never before worked in conditions like this, and I didn't have a light meter. I assumed the settings should be like those for a rainy day—a grievous miscalculation.

I photographed an eastbound extra coming in behind a gas turbine and Big Boy 4010, as sister 4017 waited for clearance west. The 4017 started up after the 4010's caboose had passed, and I caught it emerging from the white void throwing churning patterns of gray against the falling snow. Later, from the tower's landing, I photographed the 4002 coming in from Laramie, the massive engine half obscured by the falling flakes.

That afternoon I visited the C&S yard, just to the north, and caught 2-10-2 903 coming in after pushing a diesel-powered freight from the north. I returned to the UP at dusk as a double-header arrived from the west behind Big Boy 4016 and 4-8-4 835. After dark I watched the departure of train 344, a Denver-bound mixed, behind 4-6-6-4

Barry and his driver paced Extra 3940 West for miles out of Sidney on U.S. 30. The tired-looking engine is but 13 years old, being from UP's final batch of Challengers in 1944.

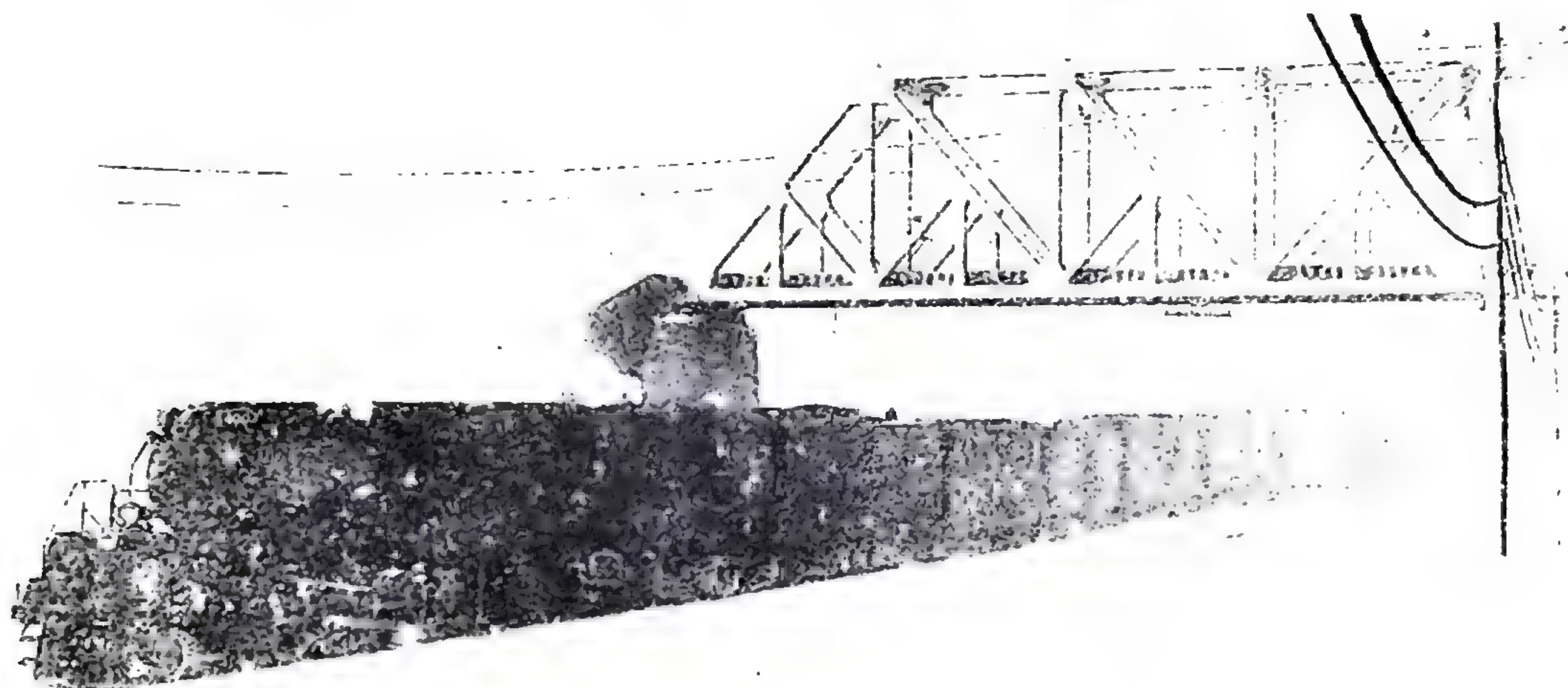
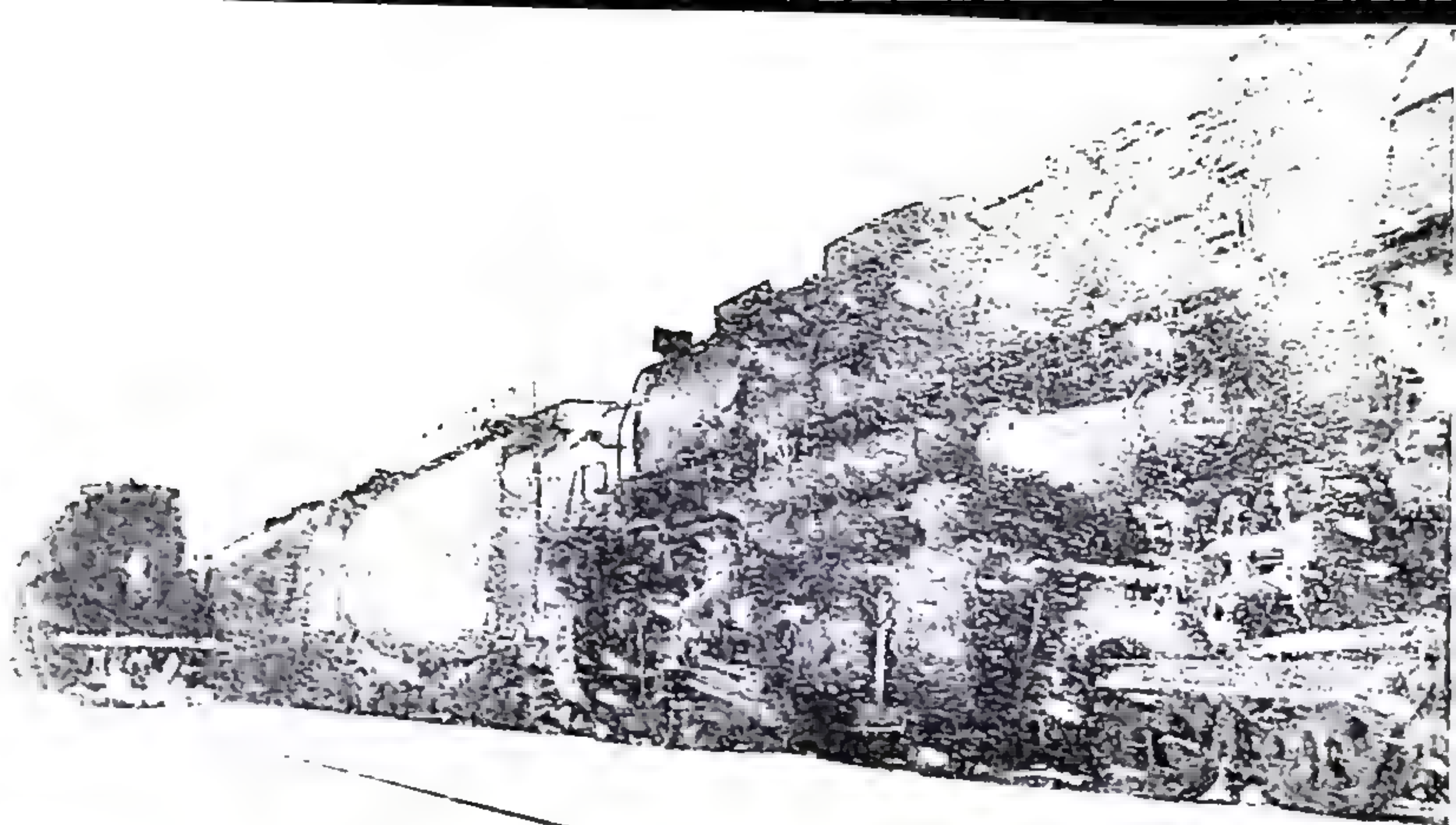
3818—the biggest engine I had ever seen hauling passenger cars. This train was listed on the station bulletin board but not in the *Official Guide*.

The next day dawned bright and bitterly cold. An extra was called for North Platte with two 4-6-6-4's. I wanted a photo in the countryside, so I hiked east beyond the yard limit and set up. After a long, shivery wait, the engines finally appeared, their billowing steam condensing dramatically in the cold.

My goal in those years was to photograph at least one of every engine class I encountered and to get at least one action shot showing the terrain they traversed. I had accomplished this with the Challengers. Now I wanted to catch the Big Boys in their bailiwick, and this meant only one thing—Sherman Hill!

During the April 2 storm, Big Boy 4017 waits to head west from Cheyenne as a GE gas turbine (with fuel tender) and the 4010 roll in off Sherman Hill with an eastbound.

Barry climbed the steps of UP's Tower A at the west end of Cheyenne to photograph Extra 4002 East passing beneath the C&S overpass in near-white-out conditions.



Getting out on the line without a car usually involved hiking and often hitchhiking too. I love the outdoors and I like hiking, so hiking to photograph trains was a double bonus. I even liked the winter—the cold was invigorating and challenging, and I liked testing myself against it. I had not discovered my limitations—yet.

I talked with UP's Cheyenne ticket agent about going up on the hill to photograph. "Better see the superintendent," he said. I did, and he turned me down flat: "That's all railroad property up there and we don't want any outsider trespassing or getting hurt."

I was not so easily deterred. In my view, I had been around railroads long enough to know what I was doing. I knew not to get hurt and not to harm railroad property. And I had come a long way to photograph the 4000's in action.

The forecast called for moderate temperatures overnight with a warmer, sunny day to follow. I decided to get as

close as I could to the summit and camp overnight to catch as much action as possible the next day. The railroad paralleled the highway to Buford, then veered south. Although it was already dark I easily caught a ride, and a half-moon peeked between passing clouds as we drove toward the mountains.

Buford had a small store with gas pumps but little else. I could see the tracks and I plodded through snow deeper than my boots to reach them. Then I followed the rails until I figured I was close enough to the summit to find good spots in the morning. I found a sheltered spot and made camp, putting on all the clothes I had before bedding down. I can't say I was totally warm, but I didn't freeze, either.

When I awoke the next morning it was snowing, although I could see the sun trying to break through. I figured the sun would soon win out and pulled my head back into

my cocoon. But 45 minutes later nothing had changed, and after still more waiting, I finally got up. When I reached the tracks I realized scenic photography was out. The sun was still trying to come out, but snow was blowing horizontally and visibility was less than 50 feet. I had no idea how long this would last, and there seemed no point in waiting, so I reluctantly started back toward Buford.

Walking was tough. The snow was so deep I could advance only by stepping on the ends of the ties. I was uneasy about this but saw no alternative. As I walked, two diesel-powered trains passed on the other track, emerging from the whiteness without warning, their sound muffled by the wind.

The gale eased as I passed through cuts, but on high fills I had to stop and brace myself to keep from being blown off when gusts caught my rucksack. I finally reached Buford and glimpsed the store through the blowing snow. The sun was still trying to break through.



The snow now was up to my knees as I struggled toward the highway. Then suddenly I sank in up to my waist! Although there was no clue on the surface, the snow had completely filled a gully, hiding it altogether.

It's hard to advance in waist-deep snow. Skis or snowshoes would have helped; having neither, I ended up on my back, swiveling my body around and advancing like an ungainly inchworm. This worked only because the gully wasn't very wide.

I was surprised to find the store full of people. They were equally surprised to see me, looking like some abominable snowman. It turned out the highway

rooned! I thawed out and bought something I could eat from a can. Looking in a mirror, I discovered my face was bright red—and so was my left wrist, except for a white patch the shape of my wristwatch. Evidently there had been a gap between my coat sleeve and glove.

I soon got an education about Wyoming winters. We were experiencing a "ground blizzard"; it wasn't really snowing at all, the snow was just being blown around by the wind. This explained the sun's apparent impotence. What looked like a bad case of sunburn on my face was really "windburn"; the white spot on my wrist may have been mild frostbite. Moreover, Cheyenne weather fore-

On April 3, the clear, frigid day after the big snowstorm, Barry hiked a mile east of Cheyenne, where he shot Challenger 3998 helping sister 3951 get a run at Archer Hill.

The stranded group included two state policemen, and after a couple of hours they decided to try leading us back to Cheyenne, 25 miles east. I rode with a mother and daughter from Minneapolis who were driving to San Francisco to fly to Hawaii. They were in shorts, dressed for the beach, and I thought I could help if anything went wrong.

We all lined up behind the police car. Progress was slow, and we could see nothing except the taillights of the car



so did we, and all those behind us. I got out to investigate.

A car coming uphill was stuck, blocking the road. I had to take the trooper's word for it because I couldn't see where the road was—everything looked white to me. The errant car had Colorado plates, so its driver had obviously run the barrier in Cheyenne. He was trying valiantly to dig himself out—he had jacked his car up to remove snow from underneath, but it was blowing in faster than he could dig.

A snowplow had stopped to help, but a shear pin attaching the plow blade had broken, disabling it. Soon another plow came by, and its crew tried to help, but a tire chain broke, rendering it useless too. So there we were—two state troopers, 30 travelers in 11 cars, and two disabled plows, all stuck in the blowing snow. I sat with the policemen listening to reports. Supplies were being dropped from the air in Colorado;

UP kept rotary plow No. 075 steamed up in the Cheyenne roundhouse throughout the storm, but did not find it necessary to call the 8-year-old Lima-built machine to duty.

stranded tourists on U.S. 30 had become hysterical (not us!).

Finally a giant highway rotary plow appeared, working uphill. It threw a high arc of snow to the side, leaving an open roadway behind. It went around the Colorado car and passed the rest of us without stopping. Our plow crews immediately went to work. The truck with the good plow widened the path enough to free the Colorado car, and the plow with good chains pulled it out. Unfortunately, by this time the whole convoy was snowed in, so each car needed the same treatment. This required someone to get down in the snow and reach underneath to attach the tow chain.

I wanted to help. I knelt in front of the Minnesota station wagon and tried



to reach underneath. But close to the ground the blowing snow stung my face like flying flecks of glass. I couldn't take it; I stood up and yielded to paid workers who appeared to be Mexicans—they were tougher than I was. I had met my match, discovered my limits. (In retrospect I realize the worker opposite me who attached the chain had his back to the wind; whether or not he was tougher than I, he was certainly smarter!)

After all the cars were freed, we continued slowly down the mountain. Finally the snow stopped blowing and we began to enjoy the sunny day predicted. In Cheyenne the temperature was above freezing and the wind was calm, as it had been all day! I took a few photos around the yard—the weather had immobilized U.S. 30, but not the UP.

Next morning, it was time for me to head back. Before leaving, I met a friendly UP employee about my age who drove me to the edge of town to photograph a work train leaving behind No. 3800, the very first Challenger. He turned out to be Jim Ehernberger—also a rail photographer and now a respected historian. [See Jim's C&S fan-trip story on pages 86–91.]

U.S. 30 was covered with packed snow to the Nebraska border, but the snow was gone by the time I reached North Platte. I spent the night there, and next morning I walked east beyond the yard limit to photograph 4-8-4 839 leaving on a freight under cloudy skies.



Big Boys 4001 (right in photo) and 4010, plus a cold Challenger, gather beneath the immense coal wharf at Cheyenne on April 4.

The engine was making good speed and laying out a fine plume of exhaust.

The trip after that was uneventful until I encountered an ice storm in Illinois. I caught a ride with a trucker bound for Indianapolis, but the road got so slick that what should have taken a few hours took all night. My driver opened his window to stay awake; I stayed awake too and nearly froze.

We reached Indianapolis early Monday morning and I found my way to U.S. 40. About 7 a.m. a car stopped. "Can you drive?" asked its driver, a carpenter headed for a job in Richmond, my destination. I said yes, reluctantly—it turned out both of us had been up all night, but at least I wasn't drunk. U.S. 40 was still slow, but with my "driver" sleeping it off, I reached campus in time for a shower before my first class. When I looked in the mirror I saw that my bright red face had turned dark tan and was peeling dramatically.

"Which beach did you go to?" asked several classmates who had gone to Florida—a common Spring Break destination even then. At lunch the real story impressed everyone except the college comptroller, the only adult at my table, who listened silently, a dark expression on his face. This puzzled me—until my own children became teenagers.

When I developed the films, the shots



at the Cheyenne tower were so overexposed they required five-minute exposures in the enlarger. Nevertheless, I sent prints off to *TRAINS* magazine, and five years later the three-quarter shot of the 4017 appeared on a two-page spread with commentary by Editor David P. Morgan. In 2008 this shot was selected for *TRAINS'* special publication 100 GREATEST RAILROAD PHOTOS.

The recognition has been gratifying, but I must confess that I still cringe when I think of my abortive attempt on Sherman Hill. I'm not sure I could have

On his way back to Indiana with the snows of Wyoming behind him, Barry recorded 4-8-4 839 steaming grandly out of North Platte with a long eastbound on April 6.

heard a train coming behind me, or that an engineer would have seen me in time to whistle—especially from the rear of a Big Boy boiler. The "wise fool" meaning of the word "sophomore" was totally appropriate in my case, and that superintendent was absolutely right to refuse me access. I'm lucky to be here at all! So are my children. And grandchildren. ■

1959 + 844 = 2010 AND COUNTING

Frank Barry needn't have risked his neck in April 1957, for the Big Boys remained in operation, although not continuously, until July 22, 1959. Regular revenue UP steam ended the next day when Challenger 3713 tied up at Cheyenne. But steam has never really left the UP, because the road has kept 4-8-4 844 on its active roster. The 1944 Alco, UP's last new steam engine, has spent the last 50 years pulling excursions and handling corporate p.r. duties. In the 1960s and '70s, the 4-8-4, renumbered 8444 to make way on the roster for a GP30, occasionally worked revenue freight and scheduled passenger trains when being ferried from place to place on the UP. Joined in its "heritage" role in 1981 by restored 4-6-6-4 3985, the 844 is the only Class 1, standard-gauge steam locomotive to have never been retired, and she still works for her original owner.—Robert S. McGonigal



Bryan Bechtold

UP 844 leaves Cheyenne for display at the 2008 Democratic convention in Denver.

50 years since
STEAM

GRAND
TRUNK
WESTERN



Sandy Goodrick

A Milwaukee Road baggage car disrupts the green of Grand Trunk Western train 20 as 6407 takes it out of South Bend, Ind., on May 9, 1953.

RIDE *of a* LIFETIME

When Grand Trunk Western honored a cab-ride request from a 12-year-old

By Charles Chauncey Wells

Grand Trunk Western, the Canadian National subsidiary operating in Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, plus Lake Michigan carferry service to Milwaukee, Wis., is well known for having operated the last daily Class 1 mainline steam-powered passenger trains in the U.S., on its Detroit Division. GTW celebrated the "last run" in grand style, on March 27, 1960, with two sections of Detroit-Durand (Mich.) trains 21 and 56 as a well-publicized "Farewell to Steam" that drew 3,600 passengers and required 37 passenger cars! Workaday GTW steam in freight service lasted two more days, and GTW ran occasional steam excursions into fall 1961, but only a handful of other Class 1 U.S. roads ran regular everyday steam after March '60.

Steam had been dwindling on Grand Trunk Western for several years, with a sea change occurring in February 1957 when the Chicago Division became fully dieselized west of Battle Creek, Mich., except for the occasional passenger excursion. GTW's mainline passenger trains, through Toronto-Chicago runs

that "the Trunk," as many called it, accepted from CN at Port Huron, Mich., got their first diesels in 1954. They were not "covered wagons" as on most other railroads but two EMD GP9's. There were three pairs of trains: the crack *International Limited*, Nos. 14 and 15, overnight on GTW; Nos. 5 and 6, the *La Salle* westbound and *Inter-City Limited* eastbound, also overnight; and in the daytime, Nos. 17 and 20, the *Inter-City Limited* westbound and *Maple Leaf* eastbound. No. 17 crossed Michigan in the afternoon, while No. 20 left Chicago's Dearborn Station in mid-morning and gained Canadian National rails at supertime.

Dieselization of all Chicago Division trains was accomplished after the delivery of 24 more GP9's, 16 for passenger work (Nos. 4907-4922) and 8 for freight (4539-4546). Until then, Grand Trunk Western's Chicago passenger trains were in the charge of 4-8-4's, either its six streamlined class U-4-b, 4-8-4's 6405-6410 (Lima, 1938) or the surviving locomotives among its 25 ubiquitous class U-3-b dual-service Northerns, 6312-6336 (Alco, 1942). (The Trunk also had five dual-service, class U-1-c 1925 Baldwin 4-8-2's, 6037-6041.)

NEW HOME, NEW ALLEGIANCE

As a kid, my favorite railroad was not the GTW but the Chesapeake & Ohio, whose former Pere Marquette Railway's Grand Rapids-Chicago line ran through my hometown of Coloma, Mich., near the twin towns of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. My earliest recollection of steam was when I was 5, when a fast freight powered by a PM 1200-series Berkshire stopped to set out a car with a hot box at Coloma. Another time at about that age, I saw New York Central steam up close on a visit to the roundhouse at Niles, Mich., a large terminal not far from home. Otherwise, as a kid I remember seeing only diesels.

That changed, if only for a brief time, when my family moved to Lansing, Mich., in 1956, when I was 11. There I was thrilled to hear distant whistles and see steam locomotives in regular service on the GTW. It became my favorite railroad, and I saw its steam engines all the time—the huge, shiny black Northerns on freights and, best of all, the streamlined U-4-b beauties on passenger trains, glistening in olive and black with a red number plate on the front and red-and-gold emblem on the tender. To me, that was steam in all its glory.

It was not to last, however. My father, Joe E. Wells, worked for the state in Lansing, the capital, and



Photo above and letter below from author's collection

No photos exist of the author's ride, but he was able to recreate the scene when none other than 6407 herself showed up in June '57 for a GTW equipment display at the Lansing depot, pointed east, opposite to his ride. Needless to say, he saved the GTW superintendent's letter.

GRAND TRUNK WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY CHICAGO DIVISION

A. S. THURNSTROM
SUPERINTENDENT

(A) BATTLE CREEK, MICH. Jan. 28, 1957
File 7705-1

Mr. Charles Chamney Wells
207 Haslett Avenue,
East Lansing, Michigan

Dear Charles:-

It is not often that a railroad grants permission to anyone to ride one of its' locomotives. There must be a very special reason present, or the individual must be a very special person. I think that you qualified on both counts. You have evidently a deep affection for railroading and especially the steam locomotives; moreover, you were able to express your request in a very well composed and ably written letter. I do not personally have the authority to grant a privilege of this kind, but your letter impressed me so greatly that I couldn't let you down without a try. I am glad that my superiors saw it the same way I did and promptly granted your request.

I would have been on hand at Battle Creek to greet you the evening of your arrival but other commitments prevented. I sincerely hope, however, that your trip was everything you hoped it would be. Riding a steam locomotive never loses the thrill for me personally. I hope too that you will always have the same kind feeling towards the railroads which play such an important part in the nation's transportation picture and economy.

With kind regards,

Very truly yours,

Superintendent,



James R. Stiefel

We don't know which of Grand Trunk Western's six streamlined U-4-b's this is, pausing at Lansing on train 17 on March 17, 1953, but does it matter? In the author's mind, it's the 6407!

had coffee every morning with Donald Hughes, a safety inspector for the Michigan Public Service Commission, who kept us posted on all things railroad going on in the state. In January 1957, he said that steam on the Trunk's Chicago Division would be ending soon . . . and indeed it would, on April 6 on train 17 to Chicago.

Before that, though, I wrote an impassioned letter to A. G. Thernstrom, GTW Chicago Division superintendent in Battle Creek, stating my sadness about the passing of steam power and requesting a cab ride on one of those steamers. It did not fall on deaf ears.

WHAT DO I RECALL? ALL OF IT

Lo and behold, my father got a call, and permission was granted if he would accompany me on the trip. No problem there—he was as crazy about trains as I was, having worked for both the Pere Marquette and the Michigan Central as a switchman before being laid off in the Depression. We were to ride the cab on train No. 17 from Lansing to Cassopolis, about a two-hour ride, on Thursday, January 24.

What do I remember more than 50 years later? Nearly everything.

The train roared into Lansing at 4:21 p.m., right on time, behind colorful, streamlined U-4-b 6407. Engineer Potter climbed down with his alemite grease gun and started pumping grease into those huge drive-rod bearings. He greeted us cheerily.

The fireman had taken on coal and water at Trowbridge a ways up the track (the huge concrete coaling tower spanning the main line there still stands!), but was having problems with clinkers



Norm Herbert

With a clean nose but dirty flanks, 6407 poses at Milwaukee Junction roundhouse in Detroit on May 11, 1958; 6405 was the last U-4-b in steam.



Philip A. Weibler

Flanked by Alco RS1's of Santa Fe (left) and Chicago & Western Indiana, GTW 6407 leaves Chicago's Dearborn Station with train 20 in July 1955.

and had a long-handled rake in the firebox breaking them up. He showed us how the automatic stoker fed coal up to the firebox and compressed air distributed it onto the huge, roaring fire. He used a shovel only to fill in the bare spots. Compressed air also opened the butterfly doors, and when you walked across the cab floor, the uninitiated often mistakenly stepped on the pedal and were scared out of their wits when the doors flew open, revealing the fires from hell.

Keeping watch over the water gauge and injecting water into the boiler was the most important part of the job, he said. Because of the fear of boiler explosions, no locomotive fireman was inattentive when it came to watching the water gauge or missing a chance to take on water.

Quickly, it was 4:28, time to go. I took my place on the seatbox behind the engineer, and my father did the same on the fireman's side. Within a mile or two, we were doing 80. Engine 6407 was late its service life and had worn tires (the steel rims on the driving wheels), and the engineer said the ride was harder than when the engine had been better maintained. But 6407 still had lots of life and power to move the 10 cars at 90 or better, if need be, on the Trunk's perfectly maintained double

track. Safety came first, but keeping the schedule was as important, and exceeding the speed limit of 79 mph, within reason, happened often in those days.

The towns shot by, with me blowing the whistle—Millett, Potterville, a quick stop at Charlotte (Shar-LOT), then Olivet, Bellevue, and suddenly we were going by Nichols Yard at the east end of Battle Creek, also the site of GTW's backshops and the adjacent Kellogg's cereal factory. *Bambaty-bam-bam* we went over the New York Central's former Michigan Central mainline diamond and into GTW's Battle Creek station. We changed crews, and operation switched to Central Time. Only 7 minutes were allowed for the crew change and to load baggage, mail, and passengers, and then we were off again.

West of Battle Creek, there is a long straight stretch near Fort Custer. The engineer got out of his seat and said to me, "Here, you take it for a while." I slid in and held the throttle, still hitting the whistle—the cord for country whistles and a whistle valve near the brake lever in the city. Soon the town of Climax was coming up, so he needed to take over again.

We slammed through Scotts and Pavilion, where the Kalamazoo line branches off, and then Vicksburg, where we crossed the Pennsylvania's line from

Fort Wayne to Grand Rapids and made a quick station stop, during which we caught the smells from the Lee Paper factory. We pounded through Schoolcraft, made a short stop at the farming community of Marcellus, and finally rolled the last 13 miles on to Cassopolis. There the fireman swung up onto the tender to take water, and my dad and I prepared to get off, to be met by relatives coming down from Coloma to drive us back to Lansing.

ALL TOO QUICKLY, IT'S OVER

It had been a fast two hours. I was on cloud nine as I climbed down the cab ladder. The fireman pushed the water spout back into position and returned to the cab. The engineer gave us a farewell wave and the train moved out. The Cassopolis depot area seemed eerily quiet as we watched the train disappear into the winter night toward Edwardsburg, South Bend, Valparaiso, and Chicago.

A lot of railroading has happened in my life since then, including a cab ride on the Santa Fe's *Super Chief* over Gorieta Pass, N.Mex., a private-car excursion trip through Mexico, and many memorable fan trips. But nothing will ever equal those two hours I spent riding in the cab of Grand Trunk Western streamlined 4-8-4 6407. ■

50 years
since
STEAM

COLORADO
AND
SOUTHERN



The
JIM EHERNBERGER
Special

By James L. Ehernberger

A farewell-to-steam charter on C&S had 27 riders, and almost as many photo runbys!

Colorado & Southern 2-10-2 900 has just left Guernsey, Wyo., on its return trip to Cheyenne, but first at 2:28 p.m., another photo runby must be held, on the big North Platte River bridge west of town.



J. David Ingles

In summer 1959, if you mentioned my hometown of Cheyenne, Wyo., steam fans instantly thought of Union Pacific, its Big Boy locomotives, and the operations over Sherman Hill to Laramie [pages 74–81]. By that time, though, UP steam was literally in its last days, as high-horsepower gas-turbine-electrics and diesel-electrics were being delivered.

Many steam fans overlooked another Cheyenne operation. Late-1950s steam on Burlington Route subsidiary Colorado & Southern, which operated independently from its parent, toiled in the figurative shadows of both UP big steam in Wyoming and the Rio Grande's narrow-gauge steam in Colorado.



J. David Ingles



Jim Ehemberger

Tunnel No. 1, first of three west of Guernsey, from two perspectives: Guernsey-bound (top), we look back from waycar 10562 at 12:40 p.m. as the train slows for a runby beyond the east portal. Above, 900 clears the west portal at 2:37 p.m. on the second runby of the return trip.

C&S, headquartered in Denver, stretched almost 600 miles from the New Mexico-Texas state line, where it abutted sister CB&Q subsidiary Fort Worth & Denver, north through Trinidad and Pueblo to the Mile High City. To the north, C&S went through Boulder, Loveland, and Fort Collins, Colo., to Cheyenne and Wendover, Wyo., a junction with CB&Q's route from western Nebraska through Casper, Wyo., to Billings, Mont. Branch lines brought C&S's mileage total to 718.

After 1956, C&S steam was confined

to Denver and points north (plus Leadville, Colo., see page 91), which included limited operations at Cheyenne. While C&S trains were few, the road's operations were interesting. Locomotives were kept in spotless shape. The Cheyenne roundhouse foreman, Frank Nichols, did not allow dirt and grime, and that included the interior of the building. It was the cleanest roundhouse I'd ever seen! A Denver friend, Ross Grenard, once told me "you could almost eat lunch on that floor."

C&S had its own staff of officials in



Jim Ehernberger

Our crew posed at Chugwater; from left: engineer C.E. Doody; Road Foreman R.E. "Mickey" Hansen; fireman W.C. Ross; conductor J.V. Burdette; brakeman W.F. "Bill" Little.



Jim Ehernberger

On the northbound run, 900 pulled up on the C&S side of the CB&Q Wendover depot before backing up and taking the CB&Q east to Guernsey. At left, Newell Melcher (by the CB&Q track) and Otto Perry (dark clothes) are walking south. For a rundown on the two dozen-plus passengers who rode the "Jim Ehernberger Special," see "Second Section" in this issue.



Francis G. Gschwind photo; Jim Ehernberger collection

Photographers seek any vantage point as the 900 charges out of Tunnel No. 3 east of Wendover at 12:24 p.m., on our seventh runby (not counting standing-still photo opportunities). At left, bending forward and closest to the camera, is CLASSIC TRAINS Senior Editor Dave Ingles.

Denver, and trains were dispatched from there. The management was extremely conservative. Regular freight trains, one each way powered by F7's and usually an SD9, were filled out to full tonnage, and extra trains ran only if there was a real need. Profitability was carefully scrutinized. C&S employees were cordial and friendly, and everyone knew each other, giving a family-style, shortline flavor to the property in comparison with the giant UP.

In September 1958 C&S suffered two head-on collisions, which resulted in a shortage of diesel power. (Two freights collided on the 16th at Chugwater, Wyo., and a northbound freight tangled with overnight passenger train No. 30 six days later at Broomfield, Colo.) This extended the usage of steam into 1959 ["Steam's Last Stand on the Colorado & Southern," Fall 2002 CLASSIC TRAINS]. Locomotives were carefully monitored and run right up to their final flue dates whenever possible. CB&Q sent out five 2-8-2's from storage in southern Illinois to help out short-term, and they joined C&S's 17 active steam engines (eight 2-8-0's, six 2-8-2's, and three 2-10-2's).

AN IDEA TAKES HOLD

At the beginning of 1959, C&S's Cheyenne roundhouse stabled three serviceable steam locomotives, all oil-burning. Consolidation 646, a 1907 Baldwin, and Mikado 803, a 1911 Baldwin, were assigned to yard duties. One road engine, 1915 Baldwin 2-10-2 900, was held as standby protection in case of a diesel failure on the main line. The



J. David Ingles



Dave Gross



Richard H. Kindig photo; Jim Ehernberger collection

Guernsey, Wyo., in 1959 had a small yard and saw maybe six CB&Q and C&S freights a day, total. Today BNSF has a big staging yard for Powder River coal trains and a fueling pad there. After 900 was spun on the turntable (above left), it returned to the depot (above right) to shuffle the coach ahead of the waycar. During the layover, C&S freight 78 began to leave (top, behind F7's and an SD9)—and 900 almost caught up with it!

646's flue date was May 29, and its oil bunker was drained on May 27; the 900's flue date would be July 21, and on that date, after it returned from Denver, its oil bunker would be drained as well. The 803 was held as standby yard protection until its flue time expired on September 2, when its bunker was drained, signaling the end of C&S steam operation at Cheyenne.

Meantime, a Chicago railfan charter brought a special train into Denver behind Burlington O-5A class 4-8-4 5626 on June 8, 1959. On June 9, the Northern type handled a CB&Q-sponsored excursion south from Denver to Colorado Springs and back. Noted railroad artist Howard Fogg, of Boulder, Colo., had made arrangements with C&S for his own charter, and invited friends and guests on a two-car special the following day, June 10, from Denver north to Loveland and back. That eve-

ning, the 5626 made a Denver-Fort Collins round trip on C&S for the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club (tickets were \$3 each!). Two days later, on June 12, the O-5A headed back east on the CB&Q, but she got no farther than Keenesburg, Colo., when she burned an eccentric, ending her career. Diesels took the excursion back to Chicago.

Mickey Hansen, a 45-year veteran and C&S's Road Foreman of Engines, was in Cheyenne a few days after the CB&Q 5626 activity, and I inquired about the possibility of a train similar to Fogg's charter, north from Cheyenne to Guernsey, Wyo., a 260-mile round trip with engine 900 as a "Farewell to C&S Steam" excursion. Hansen advised me to write C&S Vice President E. G. Wesson in Denver, which I did.

Mr. Wesson responded on June 24, stating, "We can make such a trip for a cost of \$550, furnishing engine 900, one

coach, and a way car." He further advised I should make arrangements through the Passenger Traffic Manager if I wanted to pursue the matter.

Time was short for making a plan to schedule a date. The large and long-established "Rocky Club" had a Denver-Cheyenne excursion scheduled on the C&S for Sunday, July 19. The flue time for the 900 would expire two days after that, which left the only practical remaining date as Sunday, July 12. I worked hard contacting friends and spreading the word, and things turned out well even though it was extremely short notice. I took a personal financial risk, but my objective was to muster 25 people or so, at \$20 each, to help share the expense. We wound up with 26 revenue passengers on board [see "Second Section," page 111].

C&S Chief Dispatcher E. J. Couch, in Denver, sent the following telegram to



Jim Ehernberger

Instructions to the crew advised them to first flush out water columns, account bird nests! This is at Wendover at 3 p.m. on the return.

all concerned, including "C&E EXTRA 900 NORTH - CHIAN":

"CHIAN RUN SPL NORTH ENG 900 C&S COACH 551 ONE EXTRA CABOOSE FOR USE OF THIS PARTY. CREW ON DUTY 7AM LEAVE AT 730AM 12TH. USE 1 CONDR 1 BRAKEMAN NOT NECESSARY THEY BE IN UNIFORM.

"EXTRA TO GO THRU TO GUERNSEY—TURN AT GUERNSEY AND RETURN TO CHIAN MAKING ANY STOPS AS REQUESTED BY MR. EHERNBERGER."

PHOTO RUNS APLENTY

Our special departed shortly before 8 a.m. on a sunny day with a few high clouds, and we made the first of our originally planned 28 photo runbys at 8:53 just north of Horse Creek. The route's terrain is high plains in rolling and scenic countryside up the Chugwater valley, and by the time we stopped at Chugwater, 68 miles from Cheyenne, around 10 o'clock, we'd made a second photo run, north of Farthing.

The line crosses four ridges, and after a runby climbing Gibson Hill south of Wheatland, we pulled into Wendover, 120 miles from Cheyenne, about noon. There we took water again, posed the engine by the Burlington depot, backed up, and headed east on the CB&Q proper for Guernsey, 8.4 miles and 3 tunnels away.

Our route thus far had an interesting history, for Union Pacific was behind its construction, as the Cheyenne & Northern, in 1886–87. The objective was to siphon traffic from the Chicago & North



Jim Ehernberger

After taking water northbound at Chugwater, 900 staged another runby (our third) at the depot. The small metal structure here was recent, the traditional wooden building having been destroyed in the head-on collision of C&S freights 77 and 78 on September 16, 1958.

Western, which had reached Wyoming by then, bound for Casper. In 1890 the C&N was extended north from Wendover to Orin Junction, a C&NW connection. UP lost control in its 1893 bankruptcy, and in 1898 the line became part of the newly formed C&S. Burlington bought control of C&S in 1908. C&S retained ownership of Wendover–Orin Junction, but CB&Q maintained and dispatched it, while C&S gained rights on CB&Q's line—completed in 1915—between Wendover and Guernsey, which became C&S's northern terminal for reasons of operating efficiency.

Between Wendover and Guernsey, we staged three photo runbys, one at each tunnel, and pulled into Guernsey about 1 p.m. (In recent years, BNSF has daylighted the middle tunnel.) The 900 cut off and went to the roundhouse to be turned, and some passengers walked down Guernsey's main drag to a café for lunch. (We'd hauled only soda pop and snacks on board, although some passengers brought packed lunches.) During our layover, C&S freight 78 left town ahead of us behind a typical diesel consist of an A-B-B-A set of C&S F7's spliced in the middle by an SD9.

We pulled out of Guernsey a bit after 2 p.m. and immediately staged a runby on the high North Platte River bridge. After two more runbys and a stop at Wendover, we headed south after 3 p.m. At 3:46, we made a photo runby at the former site of Hartville Junction, where Colorado & Wyoming's "northern line," from Sunrise Mine, north of Guernsey, connected with the C&S, which would haul the iron ore to the Colorado Fuel &

Iron steel mill at Pueblo. C&W was owned by the steelmaker. The Sunrise Mine branch was cut back to Guernsey after C&S gained access there over CB&Q's Casper Division.

AFTERNOON ANECDOTES

As the afternoon progressed, the weather began to cloud up off and on, with a few sprinkles of rain. This forced us to omit a couple of the planned runbys late in the day. By comparing photos and notes of mine and of others whose photos are in my collection, as well as CLASSIC TRAINS Senior Editor Dave Ingles, who was on board, we estimate that we had 28 photo opportunities, including 17 action runbys and the remainder still shots, counting pre-boarding at Cheyenne and three at Guernsey, once in each direction at the depot plus at the roundhouse.

I recollect quite clearly two incidents on the trip. Returning through Wheatland, a Sunday afternoon baseball game was in progress, and we whistled all the way through town, signifying the passing of the last steam train being pulled by a C&S locomotive. (Burlington 2-8-2 4960 would subsequently steam through here, however.) Someone told me later the game was stopped briefly to witness our passing!

The other incident could have resulted in some real trouble. Owing to our many planned photo stops, it's likely that little thought was given to the possibility that we might catch up with No. 78, the Guernsey–Denver time freight that had left Wendover ahead of us. But we'd canceled two runbys, and a few



Francis G. Gschwind photo; Jim Ehernberger collection

Our fourth photo run southbound was at 3:46 p.m. at the Hartville Junction site, southernmost point on Colorado & Wyoming's Sunrise (Wyo.) line, for interchange with the C&S.

miles north of Cheyenne, the freight stopped to make an inspection. I was in the cab (riding up there was permitted), and as we rounded a left-hand curve, our fireman, Carl Cornelius, jumped from his seat and yelled to the engineer, "STOP!" The rear brakeman on the freight was "flagging" from the way-car steps and had not hiked back along the track as required by Rule 99, which would have given our crew more than adequate warning of the train stopped ahead. (The C&S up here had no block signals, although the CB&Q proper through Guernsey had been CTC-equipped in 1956.)

After we stopped, Mickey Hansen dropped down from the 900's cab and swiftly marched forward. From the motions of his arms, and facial expressions, I am sure that the "short-flagging" trainman was scolded thoroughly. Most likely the trainmaster was informed, and followed up with discipline. At this point, the C&S certainly could not have afforded any more collisions!

Nevertheless, all's well that ends well, and upon our arrival back in Cheyenne, well after 7 p.m., everyone disembarked with great memories of a successful day, and with tons of photos. C&S gave us, for a modest fee even in those days, a great opportunity for a fine outing and to have a good time with friends, a unique experience that still resonates a half century later. ■

AND THEN THERE WAS ONE



J. David Ingles

C&S 2-8-0 641 works at Leadville in June 1960, two years and four months before she would make the last run of any Class 1 standard-gauge steam in everyday service.

As author Hol Wagner reported in his Fall 2002 CLASSIC TRAINS piece on the last of C&S steam, 2-8-0 646 was the last C&S steam engine to work in Cheyenne, on May 26, 1959, having succeeded 2-8-2 803 there and outlasting sister 2-8-0's at Denver's Rice Yard by a month. Engine 900, after hauling the return leg of a Denver-Cheyenne Rocky Mountain Railroad Club excursion on July 19 (a week after Jim Ehernberger's special) that had gone north behind 2-8-0 647, hauled a Denver-Cheyenne work extra to end regular C&S mainline steam use.

The qualifier "mainline" is necessary because of the Leadville-Climax branch, a 14-mile line in central Colorado that was isolated from the rest of the C&S system. Originally part of C&S's 3-foot-gauge South Park network, the branch ran from Leadville, on a spur off D&RGW's Tennessee Pass line, up to a big molybdenum mine and mill. In June 1958, 2-8-0 638 at Leadville came due for flues and was replaced by sister 641, which toiled five days a week until October 11, 1962, when she made the final run of a steam engine in everyday service on a standard-gauge Class 1 railroad in North America. Her replacement was SD9 828, rebuilt after being damaged in the fall 1958 Chugwater (Wyo.) collision.

The last-ever C&S steam run, however, was by 2-8-0 638 on December 16, 1962, on a "Rocky Club" excursion from Denver to Trinidad, Colo., where 638—which had worked in the area for years on coal-mine locals—went on display; the passengers returned to Denver behind diesels.—J. David Ingles

THREE DAYS *in December*

Steering clear of the “grunt buggies” on Canadian National’s Stratford Division during steam’s last big winter in Ontario

By James A. Brown • Photos by the author



How does one explain the love of trains? For me, my first recollection was one of horror at the age of three, standing trackside with my father as a doubleheaded Canadian Pacific freight bore down on us. Still, a seed must have been sown that day, for I developed a true fondness for anything that rolled on steel rails.

In 1956 I took a summer job, which lasted through my university years, as a relief leverman for Canadian Pacific. This new view “from the inside” revealed the realities of railway operations and the inevitability of the changes that would come, starting with the replacement of my beloved steam locomotives by diesels.

By 1958 my employer was largely dieselized in southern Ontario. Happily this was not the case on Canadian National, whose lines invariably crossed CPR’s at my interlocking towers. CNR steam power was still plentiful on the main lines, and reigned almost supreme on the many branches across southwestern Ontario. Even so, it was apparent that steam was on borrowed time.

While Father was not a “railfan,” he did have a more than passing interest in trains. So when I proposed that he and I take a few days in August 1958 to hunt for steam, he readily agreed. Two days into our journey, we arrived at St. Marys, Ont., on CNR’s Stratford–London secondary line. We went

into the station to inquire what might be running. There we met the day operator, Bob Buck. Bob, it quickly developed, was utterly passionate about steam locomotives.

Bob was an entirely engaging person, small in stature but brimming with knowledge of what was happening on CNR in the area and willing—nay, anxious—to share it all with us. He told us all about the status of CNR steam in the area, and laid out a plan of places we should visit and trains we should be on the lookout for in the next couple of days. We finally parted with profuse thanks, and a promise to keep in touch. Little did I realize that this chance meeting would develop into a long friendship.

Father and I thoroughly enjoyed the next few days, savoring the pleasures of steam locomotives, large and small, working in freight and passenger service, with scarcely a diesel to be seen. But the lines of dead engines at Stratford’s “Big Shop” and other locations were mute evidence that elsewhere on CNR all was not well for steam.

As 1958 wore on, I photographed steam around Toronto as time allowed. I also yearned for another trip to the Stratford Division, and in one of my letters to Bob I floated the idea of a St. Marys visit between Christmas and New Years. Bob had always offered to play host, and so I arrived in St. Marys on Sunday-only CNR train 141, sharp on time at 8:23 p.m., December 28.

Early on December 29, 1958, Pacific 5600 and Mountain 6024 are ready to leave Stratford with Nos. 28 to Toronto, 168 to Palmerston.



Bob was bursting with news from the moment I stepped from the overheated 5200-series coach into a true winter wonderland; it was bitterly cold, and snow had drifted everywhere. We toiled the several blocks to the Bucks' modest home, catching up as we went, and making plans for the morrow. Bob and his wife Marilyn were gracious hosts, and we visited long into the night. My temporary bedroom was their living room, where I slept soundly save for when the wall-mounted space heater periodically ignited with an explosive *whump*.

First order of business was St. Marys station, where we boarded local No. 168, from London. It was still dark when we arrived in Stratford at 7:05 a.m. The train was scheduled to carry on to Palmerston at 7:30, but for a few moments it posed very nicely adjacent to train 28, due out at 7:17. A job for the tripod. That done, we trooped upstairs in the station to chat with the day-shift dispatcher. Bob seemed to know *everyone* connected with the CNR in Stratford, and visiting was the order of the day until No. 29 rolled in from Toronto.

This train handled the "LONDON & PALM" mail car whose imprint was found on so many of my letters from Bob. We looked on as the RPO (from Palmerston) was switched into 29's consist, and the 4-8-2 that had brought 29 from Toronto was replaced by a 4-6-2, then boarded for an hour-long ride to London. The desperate cold of the night before



"Big Engine" 6214 stands impassively at St. Marys for a portrait that we nearly ruined through clumsiness, poor planning, and haste.

On December 30, Mountain 6071 (left) has just arrived Stratford with train 29, which will continue to London behind Pacific 5578 (right); meanwhile, 5611 waits to leave for Goderich.



had moderated slightly thanks to a brilliant sun, and the passing countryside glistened white under a deep blue sky.

We were on time into London. A good thing too, because my tour guide hustled me half a dozen blocks west of the station to an excellent vantage point for photos of Northern 6215 and Pacific 5609, on the Windsor section of the *Inter-City Limited* and local train 621 for Sarnia, respectively. The Grand Trunk Western GP9's on the Sarnia section of the *Inter-City* barely rated a glance, much less a photo. Steam was dying before our eyes, and these "grunt buggies," as Bob called them, were the usurpers. Bah!

After lunch it was off to CNR's roundhouse, on Rectory Street. Sadly, many of the stalls were empty and a number more housed dead steamers, likely awaiting a call that was never to come. We *did* find Pacific 5609, Hudson 5700, and Northern 6204 in steam, so our visit wasn't in vain.

Bob and I returned somewhat disconsolately to London station, there to await the departure of No. 170 back to St. Marys. Train 83 from Toronto had arrived before we got there, and its power was nowhere to be seen. The matter shortly resolved itself as the 6204 appeared from the roundhouse. Bob mused that 83 rarely changed engines at London, but it happened on December 29! Tripod time again.

We were dragging by the time 170 arrived at St. Marys, but we still had one more objective: a rendezvous with train 11. "It's the last train through here that regularly has big engines," Bob enthused. So we planned our strategy, having regard for the darkness beyond the platform where 11's "big engine" would stop. I've always preferred available light for night photos; to me, turning night into day with multiple flashes is dramatic, but unnatural. That said, desperate people do desperate things, and we unlimbered the tripod and a flash gun borrowed from Father, "just in case."

No. 11 rolled in sharp at 8:00 p.m., Northern 6214 on the point, and sure enough, it stopped where Bob had predicted. Then there ensued a comedy of errors, the sort of things that happen when you aren't familiar with what you're doing and don't have enough time to do it:

- I adjusted the tripod and tried to focus the Rolleiflex's



In contrast to the near-fiasco with 6214 last evening, our night photo of Pacific 5606 on No. 171 at St. Marys went like clockwork.

ground-glass focusing screen, difficult in the dark with the headlight off;

- Bob checked the flash, which worked! He fumbled to change the bulb, burning his hand in the process;

- No. 11's hogger, surely confused as to what was happening, threw his headlight on bright (we'd heard the two peeps of the communicating whistle);

- Bob waded through the snow to the cab, imploring the engineer to "wait just a minute";

- I opened the shutter and yelled at Bob to fire the flash—but he couldn't hear me over the hiss of escaping steam;

- Hand in front of the lens, I waved at Bob to fire the flash on the side of the engine;

- Bob took a step to move into position—then tripped

and fell down in the snow;

- When he recovered and got to the proper spot, I uncovered the lens and he fired the flash;
- The 6214 whistled off;
- Bob waved violently at the cab, burned his hand again while changing the bulb, and relocated closer to the camera;
- I uncovered the lens again, brushing against the camera;
- Bob fired the flash one last time, I closed the shutter, and No. 11 stormed off into the night.

Muttering to ourselves about how it *should* have worked, we shuffled home to supper and bed. I don't think I heard the space heater once that night.

Compared to Monday, our Tuesday was simplicity itself: Up to Stratford on 168 again, a beanery breakfast, roaming around the Big Shop, overseeing the comings and goings of the steam passenger trains, and wandering among the lines of dead engines.

Our planned conveyance back to St. Marys at day's end was train 171, at 5:30 p.m. Not surprisingly, Bob knew the conductor and engineer, and before we departed Stratford we had a conference at the cab of our engine, Pacific 5606. Would they give us a few minutes at St. Marys for a night shot? Yes, they would—but just one, OK?

In contrast to the circus of the night before, this effort worked perfectly. We were off the coach before it had stopped, no one fell in the snow as we raced to the head end, the hogger put his headlight on full and then withdrew into the cab. Tripod in place, frame the picture in the camera, a fast guess at the aperture setting, shutter open, steam wreathing the scene—and we were done. Our engineer reappeared, we thanked him, he waved, and 171 left town.

The next morning, December 31, dawned clear, still, and very cold. After breakfast Bob called the Stratford dispatcher, and was surprised to learn that the Sarnia way freight was running this day before New Year's. The thermometer outside the front window registered minus 18 degrees F, and the Buck family car wasn't at all happy with the prospect of an outing. Just as he was about to give up, Bob prevailed and we creaked and chugged along the snowy streets to a crossing on the Forest Sub, just west of St. Marys Junction.

With no wind, the sound carried well. We could hear the train whistling some distance before the junction, then easing off while the head brakeman headed for the switch. After a pause, the exhaust quickened, only to ease off again as the tail-end man relined the switch. By now the smoke plume was clearly in sight, the exhaust beats accelerating. Then over a rise it came, steam-shrouded Mikado 3470 in charge, and a toss of the fireman's hand in salute. Splendid!

We met Pacific 5548 on train 29, and then it was time for me to go. After making a tentative plan for a speedy return visit, I clambered aboard a Gray Coach bus. Bob was there at the door, waving, just as he had been those few days earlier as I arrived on train 141. Happy New Year!

Steam prevailed on CNR's Stratford Division for the first three months of 1959. But as Bob Buck's many letters chronicled, diesels were appearing in ever-growing numbers. I managed another visit to Stratford in January, and two more in late March, by which time steam was really winding down.

My March 28 ride back to Toronto on train 34 turned out to be my last on a scheduled steam train. I vividly recall standing in the rear vestibule as we thundered east through Shakespeare. The mileposts raced by at one a minute. The lowering sun gleamed on the rails. The haunting whistle called the crossings up ahead. The white exhaust from the

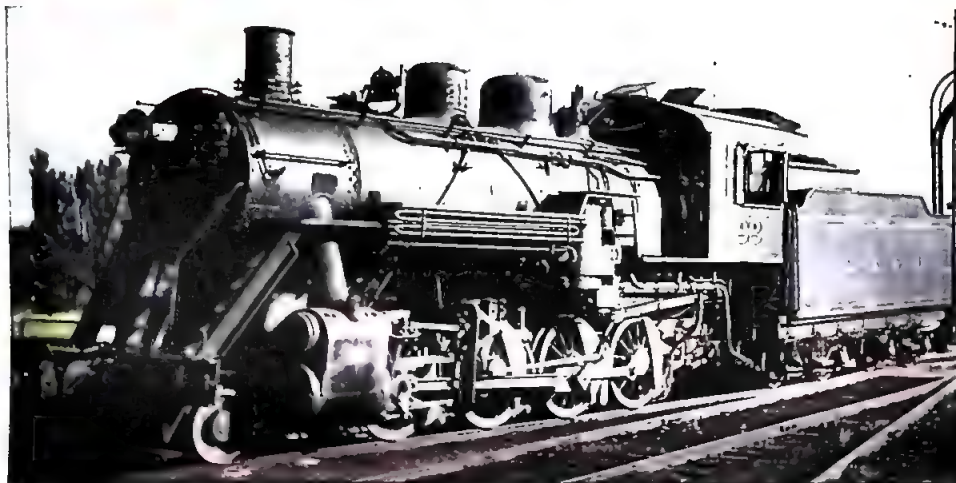


It may be December 31, but there's no rest for the crew of the Sarnia way freight; the fireman braves the 18-below chill to give us a wave.

locomotive trailed back over the path we'd taken, to infinity. The engine was 6214, the Northern that had been the cause of our antics in the dark at St. Marys three months earlier.

I didn't realize it then, but learned soon afterward, that Easter Weekend 1959 marked the mass withdrawal of steam from all the passenger trains we'd come to know so well over the past several months. Although there were occasional steam operations in southern Ontario for another few months, they were isolated indeed. The last active steamer on CNR's Central Region would be dispatched on July 26.

Pockets of Canadian National steam continued through early 1960, mostly in Manitoba. The end finally came on April 25, 1960, when Mountain 6043 rolled into Winnipeg with train 76 from The Pas. ■



Norm Herbert



Robert C. Anderson

Barely under steam, No. 22, moved by the crew, poses for the author (left) in June 1959. Sister No. 23 (above) hauls an M&HM tourist train toward Big Bay on August 28, 1974.

LAST GASPS *on the LS&I*

A stop at Marquette, Mich., in June 1959, paid off . . . barely

By Norm Herbert

Following my foray to Conneaut, Ohio, where I found two Nickel Plate 0-8-0's in steam [pages 46-47], I returned home to Detroit, and a few days later, headed north in search of more steam. A week or two hence, the date July 1, 1959, was staring at me, when I'd report for two years of active duty with the U.S. Army. I knew that the Missabe Road was still using steam [pages 40-45], so I drove to Duluth via the new Mackinac Bridge and Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

A friend told me to, on my way, check at Marquette, Mich., to see if the Lake Superior & Ishpeming was still using steam. Although this compact 149-mile iron-ore carrier was a Class 1 road, its annual revenues barely qualified, and it was more like a heavy-duty short line.

Regardless, LS&I was the most obscure of the late-steam Class 1's. Its Presque Isle roundhouse, on the city's north side, was nestled against the huge fill that held the two tracks leading to

the giant, four-track ore dock jutting out into Lake Superior's Marquette Bay, 75 feet above the water. Ishpeming, 20 miles west, also had an enginehouse.

LS&I had been getting Alco diesels since 1949, and in 1959 had 16 on the property, but kept a dozen 2-8-0's and was known to fire them up to supplement the diesels when traffic picked up. Upon arriving in Marquette late on a Saturday afternoon, I found a crew ready to put 2-8-0 No. 22 (Alco, 1910) into the Presque Isle roundhouse. The engine was on the turntable, and I think her fire had been dropped. I told the crew I was looking for steam before going into the Army, and they were helpful. With just enough pressure left in the boiler to move the engine, they inched her off the turntable so I could take photos. I thanked them profusely, snapped some shots of stored LS&I steam nearby, and left for the Twin Ports of Duluth, Minn.-Superior Wis.

My goals there included Great North-

ern and/or Northern Pacific steam, but I found only stored power. Just beyond the Twin Ports, though, I found active steam on Missabe and short line Duluth & Northeastern. I'm glad I took the time to make my trips before I left for the Army, though, for virtually all steam was gone when I returned in 1961.

I say "virtually all" because there is anecdotal evidence that LS&I occasionally used 2-8-0's into at least summer 1962, which would put it second-to-last among Class 1's running regular-service steam (after Colorado & Southern, page 91). In "An Unsolved Mystery It Remains," in Winter 2006 CT, Senior Editor Dave Ingles cites historian Larry Easton as having photographed LS&I 2-8-0 19 working at Ishpeming on July 7, 1962. And regardless of when, exactly, an LS&I 2-8-0 last ran in revenue service, a few had extended careers in the Marquette area on a tourist line.

Marquette & Huron Mountain Railroad was incorporated on December 1, 1962, and acquired LS&I's 27-mile Marquette-Big Bay branch and 11 2-8-0's. It is known to have run several, including Nos. 22 and 23. M&HM lasted into the mid-'70s, and most of the 2-8-0's found subsequent homes elsewhere, some for display and some for use. Grand Canyon Railway got four, Nos. 18-20 and 29, and Ohio's Hocking Valley Scenic one, No. 33, subsequently sold to Ohio Central. Several went to museums in Illinois and Wisconsin. GCR no longer uses any, but today No. 18 runs on San Luis & Rio Grande at Alamosa, Colo., and No. 34, late of Illinois Railway Museum, runs out of Cumberland on Western Maryland Scenic as WM 734. ■

THE ASTERISKS*

*On a half dozen otherwise dieselized railroads, steam lingered—
or was briefly revived—for a variety of specialized duties



Frank Kozempel

Pennsylvania Railroad ran its last steam-powered train, an I1sa 2-10-0 with coal hoppers, Cresson-Altoona, Pa., on November 27, 1957—missing by just over a month our January 1, 1958, cutoff date for inclusion in this “50 Years Since Steam” issue. However, there was still one PRR engine working in regular revenue service, a lowly 0-6-0 on lease to a weedy, 19-mile pike based at New Egypt, N.J. The Union Transporta-

tion Co. began leasing Pennsy engines in 1945, with B6sb 5244 coming in January '57. At least once she ran light to PRR's Camden roundhouse (above, on October 4, 1958) for repairs. Finally, on July 14, 1959, PRR sent a GE 44-tonner to the UT, and the 5244 steamed across the Delaware River bridge and down the main line to the big 46th Street enginehouse in Philadelphia, where she closed out 110 years of PRR steam.



A. E. Brown

Texas & Pacific ended regular steam operations in April 1952 and retired all its locomotives, but repeatedly was plagued by high water from the Red River over its main line near Boyce, La., west of Alexandria. To combat this, T&P in 1957 borrowed USRA heavy 2-8-2 454 from Burlington subsidiary Fort Worth & Denver, not yet dieselized. Then T&P had a better idea

—buy an engine in case this happened again. So in January '58 T&P acquired a lighter 2-8-2, FW&D 410, and renumbered it 400. Reconstituted, complete with a bright graphite look, it worked for T&P only in May '58, pictured here near—not in—high water with train 54. After two years of inactivity, T&P retired No. 400 in 1961 and placed it on display at Marshall, Texas.

Chicago & North Western is famous for fully dieselizing its Chicago suburban operations without acquiring any additional locomotives—a rearrangement of local freight service freed up enough diesels to do the trick on May 22, 1956. After that, the only active C&NW steam was in the Wisconsin/Upper Michigan iron-ore district and one engine each at Belle Fourche, S.Dak., and Chadron, Nebr. The last engine in train service dropped its fire at Ironwood, Mich., on December 28, 1956, although four others remained until 1960 at Escanaba, Mich., for ore-steaming (two Hudsons, stationary and without tenders) and dock-washing (R-1 4-6-0's 175 and 1385). R-1 444, stored at Chadron, ran light to CB&Q interchange at Crawford on June 13, 1958, en route to the Black Hills Central tourist pike at Hill City, S.Dak. She was the last C&NW steam engine to run on the system—until the road borrowed Mid-Continent Railway Museum's 1385 in 1982. The 444, pictured with crew and well-wishers at Chadron on her last run, now is at Denver's Forney Transportation Museum.



Rick Mills collection



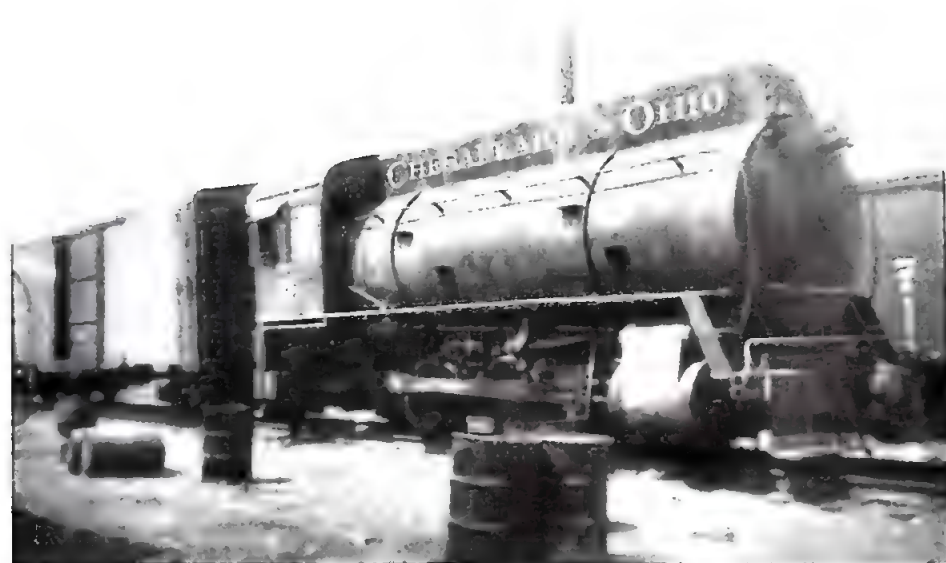
Thomas L. DeFazio

Reading Company T-1 4-8-4's closed out the carrier's regular, revenue steam operations in February 1957. RDG wasn't quite finished with its home-built Northern's, though: In October 1959 it reactivated No. 2124, followed later by Nos. 2100 and 2102, for what turned out to be 51 Iron Horse Ramble fan trips over the next five years. Active through nearly all of this, albeit in nonrevenue service, was 0-6-0T No. 1251, the switcher at the Reading, Pa., locomotive shops. Built at Reading in 1918, the lone member of the B-4a class was finally retired in February 1964 and today is exhibited at the Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania. The tall-stacked saddle-tanker simmers at the Reading coal dock in February 1957, framed by the tenders of stored T-1's.

Seaboard Air Line considered itself "fully dieselized" in June 1952 . . . but conveniently ignored oil-burning 1936 Baldwin 0-4-0T No. 1001, which the road retained to switch customers served by sharp-curvature trackage in Columbus, Ga. She's pictured in October 1957 awaiting duty next to GP7 1727. The unremarked holdout saddle-tanker was retired in May 1958 and put on display in Columbus.



Larry Goolsby collection



Alan Beyer

Chesapeake & Ohio, a major coal hauler, was initially a steam stalwart, ordering a trio of colossal steam-turbine-electrics in 1946 and buying new conventional locomotives into '49. But then a change of heart brought diesels in fast, and the road ended everyday steam operations in September 1956. Make that "everyday coal-fired steam operations," for C&O still used three 0-6-0F's—"fireless" engines that were charged with steam from a stationary source periodically. Built by H. K. Porter in 1949 to switch chemical plants at South Charleston, W.Va., where sparks were a special hazard, Nos. 35-37 stayed on the job until 1964. ■

Return trip to Tucumcari

A 1963 stop at a New Mexico railroad town rekindled memories of a childhood train journey



Tucumcari, July '63: Rock Island FP7 409 on train 40 awaits its 6:55 a.m. departure time; train 22, with an RDC3 on the rear, will leave at 7.

It was a hot day in the summer of 1963. I was driving from my home in Iowa to southern California. I thought I might be able to make it to Tucumcari, N.Mex., before stopping for the night. I studied a road map while eating a hamburger in a cafe beside U.S. highway 54 in southern Kansas.

Tucumcari!

Memories of the only other time I had been there began to flood my mind. It was 1944. My 35-year-old dad, the father of four, had received notice of being drafted into the Navy. As was the case with thousands of other families in those wartime days, our lives had to undergo some radical adjustments. My mother, sisters, brother, and I would move from our California home to Little Rock, Ark., to live with an aunt, uncle, and two cousins. There were frantic days of packing, furniture disposal, and planning. I remember dad's sadness at having to sell the 1942 Hudson. Suddenly we were spending our last night at home in California.

Late in the afternoon one Thursday in April, we drove to Los Angeles Union

Passenger Terminal. We children had been told in a no-nonsense way that we had to stay together at the station. I think those words were intended for me, the 10-year-old railfan. LAUPT was teeming with people, coming, going, waiting, jostling, calling to each other. Many were in military uniforms. Dad managed to find a red cap to help us with the two large black metal suitcases that would accompany us. Luggage in those days was designed for function, not decor. Two big trunks had been checked through.

My sisters, twins aged 4, my 6-year-old brother, and I held hands as our family followed the red cap through the underground concourse and up a ramp to the platform. We found our Pullman toward the rear of Southern Pacific train 4, the *Golden State Limited*. It was a 10-section/1-drawing-room/2-compartment car that would be switched out at Tucumcari on Saturday morning to continue on to Little Rock in Rock Island 112, the *Memphis-Californian*. The six of us crowded into the car's drawing room and found seats. Dad

talked to us about how the war should not last much longer and we would be back together before long. Mother was trying to hold back tears. My younger siblings were asking for some toys they knew we had brought along. I sat by a window watching the bustling activity on the station platform.

"Do we have time to go up and look at the engine?" I asked. Dad and I had usually checked out the motive power on our train-watching jaunts to the Santa Fe in Pasadena, SP in Alhambra, and UP in East Los Angeles.

"No, Dick, I think we should all stay together. When I get back after the war we will have a lot of time for looking at locomotives." He paused. "And we will, for sure!"

The porter said it was time for visitors to leave the train. We crowded to the window to exchange waves with Dad as he stood on the platform. Then, smoothly and quietly, the train began to move and suddenly Dad was no longer there.

I recall only bits and pieces of that trip. We stopped at Palm Springs just before we children bedded down for the



Three photos, Richard J. Anderson

Diesels of five models, three builders, and two railroads idle in the Tucumcari engine terminal. Top: SP General Electric U25B's and RI Alco RS3 497. Above: SP Electro-Motive F units; RI Alco FA 140 (repowered with an EMD engine), F's, and U25B's; and SP EMD low-nose Geeps.

night. My sisters had the lower berth, my brother and I shared the upper, and my mother slept on the drawing room's couch. I looked out at Tucson about noon the next day and remember the brightest sunshine I had ever seen.

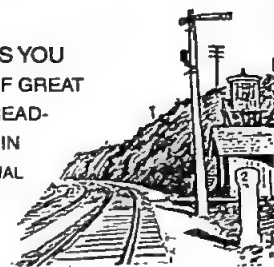
Dinner in the diner that night was quite an experience. We had to wait in line for a long time before we could be seated. Lots of people were packed into that narrow corridor next to the galley, but the humor and spirits were good. Since there were five of us and the tables seated four, an elderly couple invited my brother and me to sit with them, across the aisle from my mother and sisters. I was uncomfortable being with strangers, but perked up at the dining car food, seemingly better than our ration stamps had been enabling us to have at home. I thought the railroad

must have a ton of ration books.

The train was stopped in Tucumcari when we awoke the next morning. We got dressed and then waited in an empty compartment while the porter made up our drawing room for daytime use. I looked out through escaping steam at the dull sky. Tucumcari seemed a shadowy kind of place. But I still remember the one thing that really attracted my interest. It was a standard wooden caboose body, dull red in color, that had been placed on concrete blocks not far from the tracks. I could read the black-on-white-lettered sign attached to its roof: "This caboose is not the property of the S.P. or R.I." I wondered why it was there. Pretty soon we felt the thud that I knew must be a switch engine preparing to move our car into the consist of the Rock Island train. The track-

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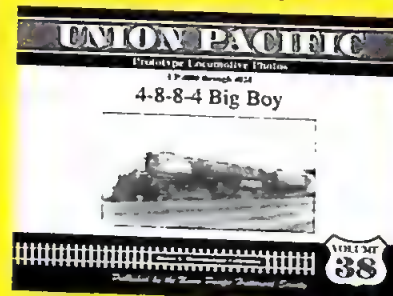
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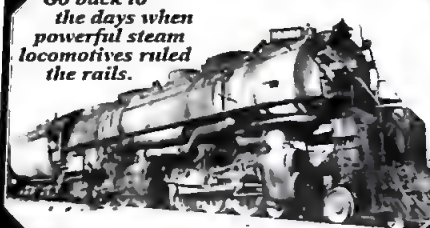


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The Way It Was

side caboose slid from view, but it has not slipped out of my memory.

After leaving Tucumcari, there was a call for breakfast in the diner. We moved right out, expecting another wait for service. But much to our surprise the Rock Island diner was almost empty. This made the breakfast taste even better.

My aunt, uncle, and cousins were at the station in Little Rock to meet us Sunday morning. We had to wait to claim the trunks that had been checked through from California. It was a happy wait for me. First there was the noisy departure of the gas-electric car on train 631 south to Winnfield, La. Then I watched the locomotive that had pulled us into Little Rock uncouple and move away, to be replaced by an engine that would take the train on to Memphis. Dad and I had never seen a change of engines in all of our train-watching.

Back for a second look

I had a lot of time to think about that 1944 trip. It was a long drive along Highway 54 toward Tucumcari that summer afternoon 19 years later. The next morning I was at the Spanish-style station in time to see SP train 40 pull in late from Los Angeles. A long string of head-end cars was trailed by a single Harriman coach. Several of the head-end cars were switched out and coupled behind Rock Island FP7 409 on an adjacent track. A Budd RDC3 was added last to complete train 22 for Memphis. No more heavyweight Pullmans to switch around at Tucumcari! The Memphis

train pulled out, followed shortly by the remainder of train 40 to Chicago.

I walked along the platform, trying to ascertain where our sleeper might have been stopped in 1944. I knew it was west of the station, because we passed that building as we pulled out for Little Rock. I thought that at long last I might solve the mystery of that caboose that was "not the property of the S.P. or R.I." I walked through the underbrush near the platform, looking for any remnants of a concrete-block base. Alas, no sign of it whatsoever. Further, no one I met in or near the station could tell me anything about it. I checked out the SP-RI engine facility while waiting for the *Golden State* ("Limited" had been dropped with the train's postwar streamlining), to arrive from Chicago. I hoped to photograph a change of motive power, but No. 3 arrived behind a quintet of SP E and F units that were going to run through to Los Angeles. I photographed it anyway, then got back in the car to continue west on famed Route 66 to California.

World War II provided me with an interesting train ride to Little Rock. It provided my dad with a trip to Okinawa aboard a Navy landing craft. Our family was reunited in late 1945. By then more and more of the trains we watched together were diesel-powered. I have many happy memories of those days. And I still wonder from time to time about that dark red caboose up on concrete blocks in Tucumcari that was not the property of either the S.P. or R.I. railroads.—Richard J. Anderson



Richard J. Anderson

Three SP E units and two F's roll into Tucumcari with the Chicago-Los Angeles *Golden State*.

GG1 at Swarthmore

Wartime equipment shortages brought some exotic visitors to a lowly Pennsy commuter station



George Gillespie

Stately GG1 4903 heads a westbound rush-hour commuter train at Swarthmore, Pa., sometime during World War II. A mainline motor like this was rare on PRR's West Chester branch.

As were many railroads during the busy World War II years, the Pennsylvania was hard-pressed for equipment. Many of us remember seeing locomotives and cars in strange places all over the country. A thrilling example of this for me was PRR's use of GG1's in commuter service on its line out of Philadelphia to Media and West Chester, Pa.

We can recall those wonderful motors speeding from New York to Washington or Harrisburg with the *Congressional*, *Broadway Limited*, *Silver Star*, etc., and the hourly New York-Philadelphia "clockers." The G's could also be seen in mainline freight service. But to find them on a branch line that normally hosted only M.U. cars and small steam engines was unheard of.

My first sighting of a G at the Swarthmore station followed my friend Bus Blundin's question, "Did you see the GG1 on the 5:42 train yesterday?" I had heard a G horn around that time, but passed it off as having come from the main line to Washington, a mere 2 miles from our house. However, I made sure to be at the station the following afternoon—with my camera.

Why were the GG1's being used on the West Chester line? With gas ration-

ing and the subsequent increase of commuter traffic, there just weren't enough M.U.'s to accommodate the need. So the PRR brought in locomotive-hauled cars, including some from the Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines that were not needed during the off season, and even some old wooden coaches.

The Media/West Chester trains operated out of underground Suburban Station in Philadelphia, so steam power was out of the question. Instead, the call went out to the reliable GG1. This combination of locomotive power and the odd coaches was used on two outbound late-afternoon schedules and two morning inbound trains.

Bus and I often speculated how the Crum Creek trestle just west of Swarthmore carried the weight of these heavy locomotives. If you stood at creek level, you could see the base plate of one of the piers rise and fall a good inch and a half even as a relatively light M.U. train crossed.

As a 15-year-old, it was very impressive to stand on our humble commuter platform and touch one of those great electrics. I've often thought of the GG1 as my No. 1 locomotive. Not a surprise, I guess, considering the initials we share.—George Gillespie

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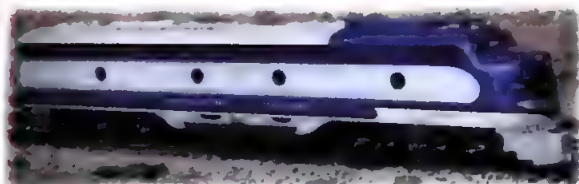
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The Way It Was

Santa Fe train 76 and 17 tons of sand

What happened when a PA on the *San Diegan* slammed into a dump truck at 65 mph

On December 22, 1965, I was the engineer on Santa Fe Railway Los Angeles-San Diego train 76, one of the *San Diegans*. People were heading home for the holiday and all trains were loaded almost to capacity. We departed Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal on time at 12:01 p.m., with two Alco PA diesels and eight stainless-steel Budd-built coaches.

We made our station stops at Fullerton and Anaheim, and the Alcos were quick in acceleration. They would pick up the train fast and be at track speed very quickly. Leaving Anaheim, it is 2 miles to a sweeping curve boarded for 65 mph. At the east end of the curve was the State College Boulevard road crossing, which was protected by automatic signal flashers and signs indicating a railroad crossing.

As I approached the crossing at the prescribed 65 mph, I could see the red flashers working. I was sounding the air horn long and loud. We were almost at the crossing when suddenly two large dump trucks, running bumper to bumper, reached the crossing. The leading truck somehow made it across, but the second truck did not. We struck it dead center, with a loud crash. One moment I was looking at the track ahead, then the next all I could see was blue sky.

The engine rose up, twisted, and turned on her right side. We were violently slammed along the ballast with sand, rocks, and pieces of debris coming in the cab window on my side. Ed Seybels, my fireman, was thrown from the left-side seat down on top of me, then back against the rear of the cab. We traveled about the equivalent of a city block amid sounds of tearing metal, with dust and glass flying inside the cab. I could see we were heading for a



Stan Kistler

PA 61, whose long nose may have saved its crew 14 years later, in 1951 flew green flags in leading First 24, the *Grand Canyon*, at Caliente, Calif.

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building, and I thought we were going to crash into it. Suddenly all the noise stopped, and the engine came to rest just short of the building. I couldn't believe how quiet it was.

Ed was behind me in the sand and debris that filled the bottom of the cab. "Eddy, we better get out of here, she might catch on fire!" I said.

The left-side cab window was the only way out, and I climbed up on the control stand and was able to reach the handle to open the window. I managed to get it open and told Eddy to get up on the control stand. He was dazed but managed to make it. We both got out of the window and were standing on the left side of the engine when the conductor came running up to see if we were

OK. We were about 10 feet off the ground and he told us to stay put until the fire department arrived with a ladder. Both Eddy and I were covered with blood from many cuts and abrasions.

There was a 2-gallon glass drinking-water jug mounted in the center of the cab. When it shattered in the collision, flying glass from it had cut us up considerably, including a large cut on the side of my neck. In the emergency room at the Anaheim hospital, a doctor told me that the cut was a sixteenth of an inch from severing my jugular vein. Both Eddy and I had bruises all over our bodies. We were taken to the Santa Fe hospital in Los Angeles and released on December 24 so we could be home for Christmas.

The two locomotives, Nos. 61 and 51C, never worked again. They sat on a track at the San Bernardino shops for a long time and were finally scrapped. I shall always consider myself very fortunate in that we were on an Alco PA on this trip instead of the EMD F units that were more commonly used on the *San Diegans*. The Alco's long nose, constructed of heavy-gauge steel and reinforced with heavy steel bracing, took the brunt of the impact and, I believe, saved our lives.

There were injuries among passengers on the train, but no fatalities. The first coach behind the engines was telescoped and crushed through the vestibule and restroom area, and came to rest in a parking lot adjacent to the



Bob Borcharding

Lucky timing at La Vergne

Dome cars may have been developed for the viewing of scenic wonders like the Rocky Mountains or the upper Mississippi River valley, but as every railfan who has ridden one knows, they were unsurpassed as windows on the world of railroading. Proving the point is this shot from a dome on Burlington Route's Twin Cities-bound *Morning Zephyr*,

8 miles out of Chicago Union Station at La Vergne, east end of the Q's triple-track "Raceway" through the suburbs to Aurora, Ill. Just as CB&Q 21 flashes under the Illinois Central Iowa Division overpass, IC 4-8-2 2436 sails overhead with train 15, the *Iowan*, for Sioux City. This meeting of steam and stainless steel occurred in August 1949.

right of way. The second car sat a short distance away, turned over and almost completely on its side. This was the car in which most of the passenger injuries occurred. The next four cars were derailed but remained upright, and the last two were not derailed.

The driver of the truck we hit was instantly killed. Both trucks were loaded with 17 tons of sand for a building site in the area. It was learned later that the drivers had stopped at a cafe and had stayed too long, thus they were late for the delivery deadline of the sand.

Wrecking crews managed to clear the accident area and place a shoo-fly in service about 10:30 p.m., some 10 hours after the wreck. About a week or so later, it was reported that crossing gates would be installed at the State College Boulevard crossing.

While many years have passed since this incident, I well remember the wild ride Ed Seybels and I, and our passengers, experienced that day in 1965 on train 76.—*Jack O. Elwood* 

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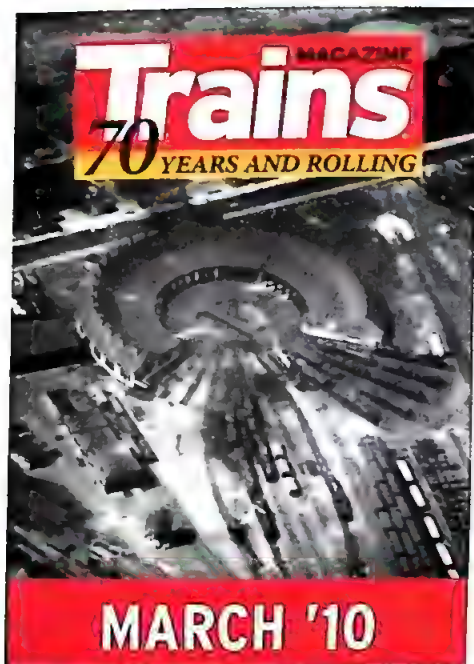
Five photos: Ara Mesrobian, William E. Hopkins collection



Waning days of the West Penn

Built to the 5-foot, 2½-inch gauge used on several Pennsylvania traction systems, the West Penn Railways serving the southwestern part of the Keystone State was one of the last pure interurbans in the country. Beginning as a group of smaller lines with a charter date of 1891, the main line ran from Uniontown through Connellsville, Scottdale, and Mount Pleasant to Greensburg, opening in 1904. With many branch lines, including a second line between Uniontown and Connellsville called the "Back Line," the West Penn did a remarkable job of serving the coal and coke regions of Connellsville. The main shop was located on the west side of Connellsville. West Penn's signature cars were the big, orange, center-door, 700-series mainline cars, most of which were built at the West Connellsville shops during 1912–25. Because of the line's many grades, West Penn cars used magnetic track brakes and hand brakes, not air. West Penn service ended with much fanfare in August 1952. Remarkably, a sign believed to have been painted around 1910 in two-foot-tall letters on the carbarn is still legible today; it reads: FAST, FREQUENT TROLLEY SERVICE — LIGHT AND POWER. Clockwise from top right: Southbound car 721 takes siding at Swedetown, near Scottdale, for a meet on July 8, 1951. Another view of the 721 shows it at the Uniontown terminal in November '51. Cincinnati-built 288-series cars and a 700 stand at West Connellsville Shops in July 1951. Car 733 for Uniontown descends Crawford Avenue in Connellsville, one of the West Penn's steepest grades, on October 11, 1951. Car 730 for Greensburg meets another 700 working the Latrobe connection at Hecla Junction in October '51.—William E. Hopkins





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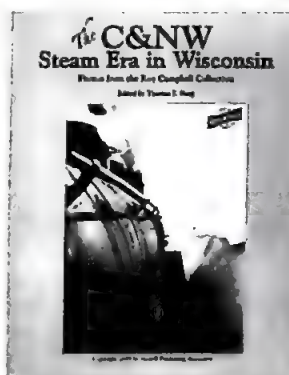
This oversized album of 297 black-and-white and color photos charts steam railroading from the late 1930s through the early '60s, the best-remembered zenith and final years of the steam era. Produced in association with the Center for Railroad Photography & Art, and compiled by its president, John Gruber, it features the work of some of the greatest rail photographers, including Frank Barry, Lucius Beebe, Charles Clegg, Jack Delano, Donald Duke, James Gallagher, Philip R. Hastings, Richard H. Kindig, J. Parker Lamb, O. Winston Link, David Plowden, Jim Shaughnessy, Richard Steinheimer, and Gruber himself. The book's chapters cover short lines, narrow-gauge railroads, stations, grand passenger trains, freight service, railroad people, and preserved locomotives. Never before have so



many wonderful railroad photos been presented so beautifully at such a reasonable price.—Robert S. McGonigal

Classic Steam: Timeless Photographs of North American Steam Railroading. By John Gruber. Fall River Press, 122 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011; available at Barnes & Noble retailers; www.barnesandnoble.com; 12½x12 in.; hardbound; 224 pgs.; \$19.98.

Other Products

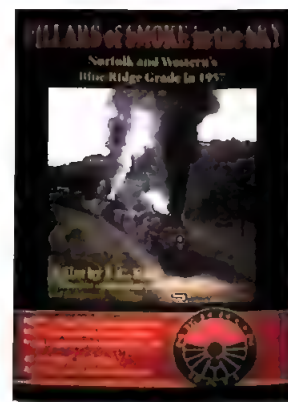


This book, like others from Merrill Publishing, features black-and-white photos from the extensive collection of the late Roy Campbell. Presented are 277 images of Chicago & North Western steam trains and facilities in Wisconsin, where C&NW had more mileage (2,254 miles in 1915) than any other road. Although many of the photos date from the 1920s-'30s heyday of the roster shot, most are action views or scenes rich in atmosphere. There's a class E Pacific fighting snow in Milwaukee, overviews of the yard at Adams, and an R-1 Ten-Wheeler with a milk train on the K-D Line at Twin Lakes, to name a few. Several views from the turn of the century and earlier are priceless glimpses of the railroad in its ascendancy.—R.S.M.

The C&NW Steam Era in Wisconsin. Edited by Thomas E. Burg. Merrill Publishing Associates, P.O. Box 51, Merrill, WI 54452; www.merrillpublishingassociates.com; 8½x11 in.; softcover; 162 pages; \$39.95.

As Roger Cook and Karl Zimmermann relate on pages 58–67, the Norfolk & Western of 1957 represented one of the last great steam shows. Some months before Roger and Karl visited Roanoke at the end of '57, Michigander E. C. Eddy spent several days on the N&W, riding the *Pocahontas* between Cincinnati and Norfolk and later spending time at Roanoke and on the Blue Ridge grade east of there. Armed with 16mm color movie film and the full cooperation of the railroad, Eddy documented operations on the grade both from trackside and aboard the great articulateds that worked the hill. Eddy then edited his film (and added explanatory narration and train sounds he recorded during his visit) into this marvelous program, which was recently rediscovered and converted to DVD.—R.S.M.

Pillars of Smoke in the Sky: Norfolk and Western's Blue Ridge Grade in 1957. Herron Rail Video, 2016 N. Village Ave., Tampa, FL 33612; 800-783-3886; www.herronrail.com; 45 minutes; \$34.95.



Drawing up a passenger list, 50 years later

Who were the 27 on the Jim Ehernberger special behind C&S 900? After a little work, now we know

When author Jim Ehernberger and I began trying to identify all who rode the Colorado & Southern excursion he arranged in July 1959 out of Cheyenne, Wyo. [pages 86–91], we faced challenges. No passenger list is extant, no formal group photo was made, and the majority of riders are deceased. Both Jim and I, though, had taken photos showing passengers off the train during runbys, so we had a starting point. (I was on board because our family was vacationing in Colorado, but my late father, John, had to return to work in Michigan temporarily, extending our vacation; he returned to Denver on the day of the C&S trip.)



Georgia and Jim Ehernberger

Jim sent a list of 20 people who rode, and I identified two more in my shots. We contacted two other friends who were there, Dave Gross of Denver and Dick Wallin of Illinois, plus a third, Hol Wagner of Denver, who was not there because he was “just too young”—see my B&O steam piece, pages 32–35. (Incidentally, it was on this trip that Wallin and I first met—Dick, then a Millikin University student in Decatur, Ill., was spending the summer in Colorado.)

At the time, the late Bob Richardson reported in “Iron Horse News,” his Colorado Railroad Museum newsletter, that 26 passengers rode. Eventually, the five of us were able to identify all 26, plus a 27th, the late Everett VanZee, a C&S fireman from Cheyenne, whom Jim says was along as a volunteer.

Here is commentary in Jim’s own words: “Looking back now 50 years, I can verify that numerous friends who have become, or became, well-known in rail-enthusiast circles were aboard the C&S 900 special. Denver fans contributed the greatest support, including noted photographers and historians Dick Kindig, Otto Perry, and Dan Peterson. Artist Howard Fogg, of Boulder, was along, as were Cornelius Hauck and Bob Richardson, who’d just opened



Two photos, J. David Ingles

Dick Kindig (red shirt) and Dave Gross (at left, carrying tripod) lead passengers on the C&S 900 special back to the train after the North Platte River bridge runby at Guernsey, Wyo.

the Colorado Railroad Museum at Golden. Hauck gets the ‘farthest-away’ award as he was from Cincinnati (and still lives there). Photographer Francis Gschwind, who still resides in Callaway, Nebr., came especially for the trip.”

From our photos and recollections, we’ve verified these additional passengers: Jim’s mother, the late Georgia Ehernberger; deceased Denver photographers and “Rocky Club” members John Buvinger, Ken Crist, Bill Gordon, Ed Haley, and Jack Riley; the late Mike and Ann Blecha of Denver; Stuart Anderson and his future wife Audrey, of Boulder (then and now); Dick Lind and the late Mike Trent, then both of Boulder; the late Newell Melcher of Lafayette, Colo.; and Larry McMurtry and Beyer Patton, then of Fort Collins, Colo. (McMurtry now lives in Albuquerque and Patton in Golden).

The ladies of Chugwater

Jim Ehernberger sends this priceless anecdote related to Colorado & Southern’s September 17, 1958, head-on collision in Chugwater, Wyo.: “A woman in

Chugwater, Gladys Cashner, has just died at age 105, and therein is a story. The Masonic Lodge building was across the tracks from the town, and on the night of the collision, the Eastern Star ladies were having their meeting, which probably started about 7, ahead of the wreck. Probably having music and talking, they didn’t realize it had happened, only one block away. Gladys Cashner was married to the town banker, and he always said they were so busy talking that they didn’t hear the wreck. About 10 p.m., after their meeting, they found the only public crossing blocked, so the women all crawled under the cars . . . in their dress-up clothes! Gladys did not like her husband telling the story.”

Indeed, it’s a small world

The rail historian community is so small that it is not surprising that several of Jim Ehernberger’s friends on his C&S special were, or became, “known names.” Ditto for this issue: Consider that two authors, he and Frank Barry, ran into each other in Cheyenne in March 1957 [page 80]. Barry, in fact, sent us this photo [below] from his collection, taken by Jim. Roger Cook and Karl Zimmermann, who in ‘57 took the train to Roanoke, Va. [pages 58–67], by March 1960 could drive to some of the last citadels of steam, including Montreal and its Eastern Townships, in search of active Canadian Pacific locomotives. Well, guess where they were on the 29th—Megantic, where they met, and had dinner with, David Plowden [pages 22–31]!—Dave Ingles ■



Jim Ehernberger; Frank Barry collection

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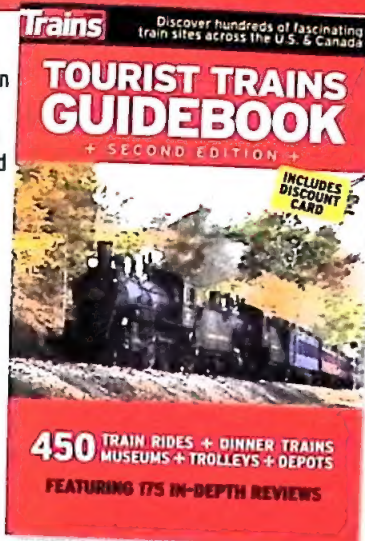
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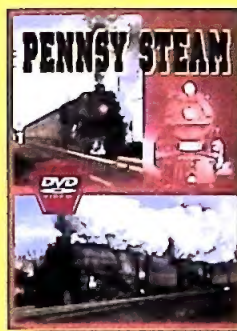
Train time in Bangor

Up in Maine, Electro-Motive E7's stand outside the big trainshed at Bangor Union Station on July 24, 1950. At left is maroon-and-gold Boston & Maine 3813, preparing for departure at 4:50 p.m. with the *Flying Yankee* to Boston; she'll use Maine Central trackage as far as Portland, then ride home rails to North Station. Across the platform, blue-and-gray Bangor &

Aroostook 700 couples to the *Aroostook Flyer*, due out at 5 p.m. sharp for Van Buren, 230 miles north on the Maine-Quebec border. Out of view to the left is Union Station's clock-towered, Romanesque Revival-style headhouse; built in 1907, the handsome building survived Bangor's Great Fire of 1911, but not urban renewal projects in the 1960s. ■

CLASSIC

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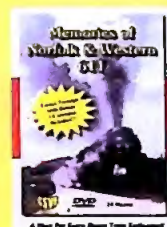
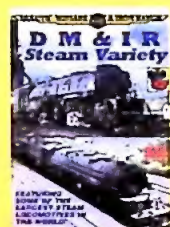
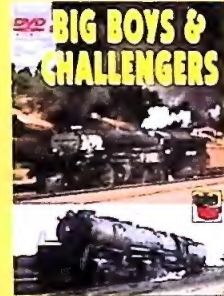
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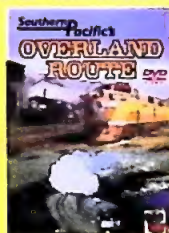


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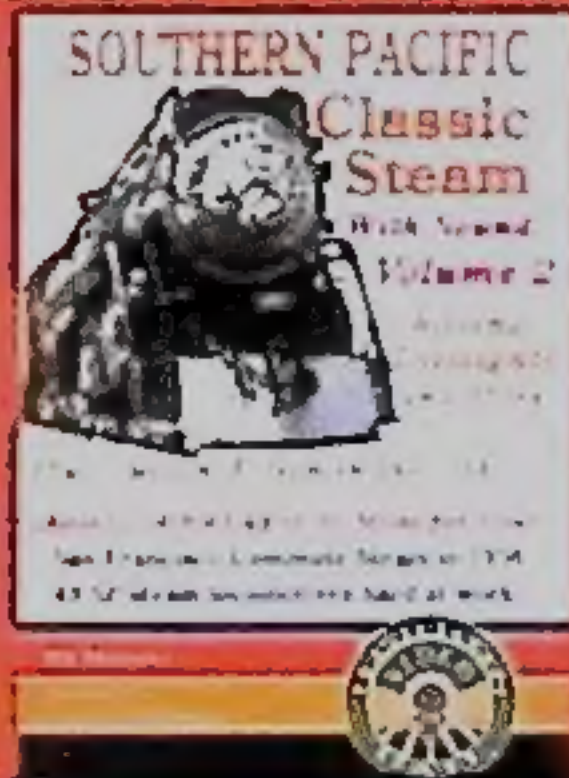
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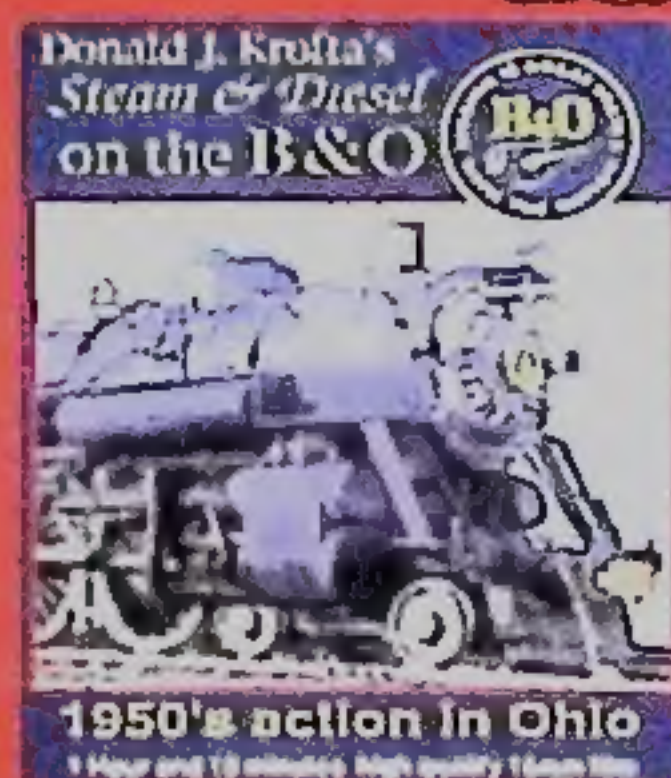
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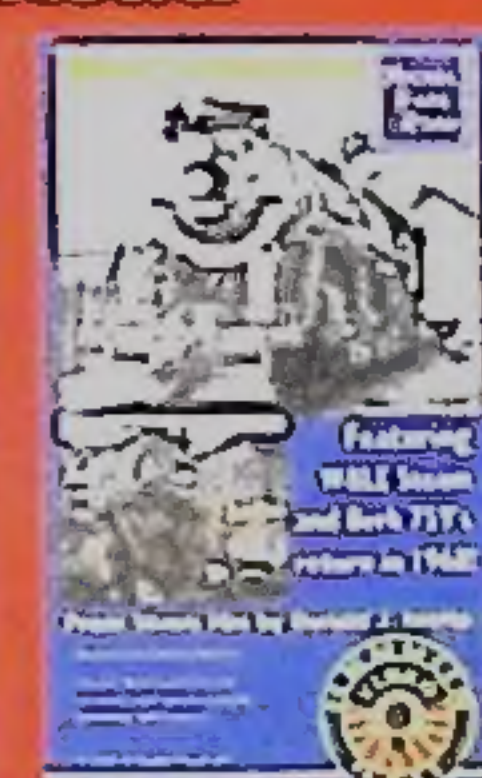
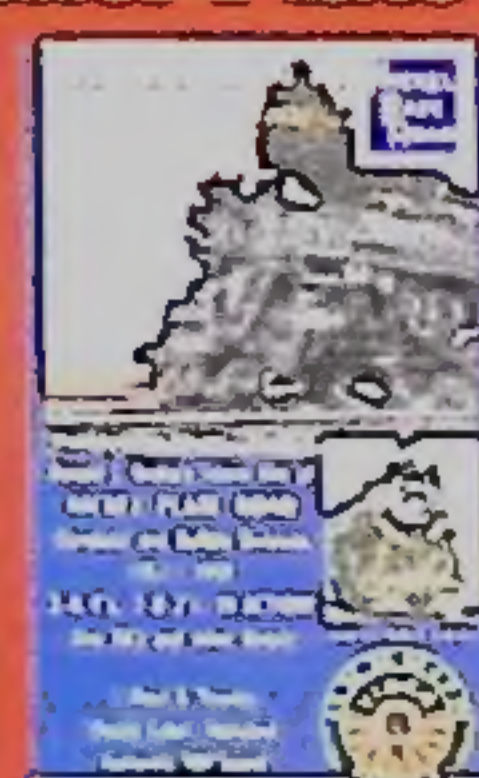
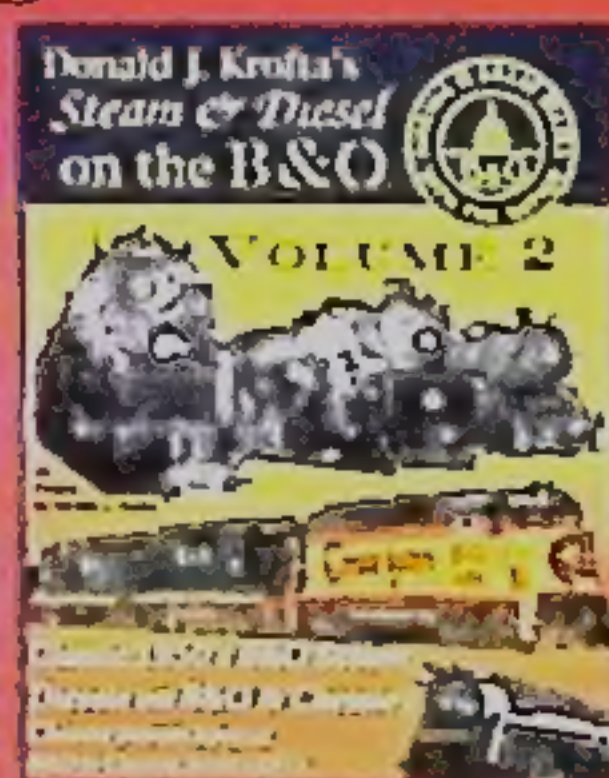
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